THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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5c. THE COPY

Albert J. Beveridge—Henry H. Curran—J. P. Marquand—Frank Ward O'Malley
Holworthy Hall—Maximilian Foster—Sam Hellman—Frederic F. Van de Water

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THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

By Albert J. Beveridge

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE first political speech I ever heard was typical of the oratory upon which most of us were brought up. Also it showed that, if he had lived, Abraham Lincoln might, perhaps, have been overthrown by the postwar politicians; for Lincoln's supreme idea was the reconstruction of the South on the basis of brotherhood and good will—genuine reunion—whereas the rally-round-the-flag politicians wanted the South treated as a conquered province—genuine disunion.

So the words for which, above all others, the American people and the world now love and revere Lincoln, "with malice toward none, with charity for all, . . . let us . . . bind up the nation's wounds"—not only the wounds of the North, the East, the West, but the wounds of the whole nation—did not fit the plans of those who, for political purposes, wished to keep the war going long after it was over.

Therefore they fanned the embers of hatred. They kept old war passions alive and even incubated new ones. Thus came a recrudescence of that emotional speech making which in America was one aftereffect of the French Revolution—speech making which violates every principle of oratory, and which has done much to destroy that noble art in the United States.

The only Republicans in the county where we lived in my childhood were Union soldiers, among the most ardent of whom were my father and brothers; and when we had a political rally all of them came to the county seat, a little country town whose dirt streets were axle-deep with mud or ankle-deep with dust. On the edge of the village—for it was no more—was a grove of oak and walnut trees, where we Republicans held our meetings. The Democrats held theirs a mile away on the other side of the county seat in a wood made up mostly of hickory trees.

The Era of Animosities

IN THE early '70's, when I was a very small boy, there was a Republican gathering in our Republican grove. The speaker was a well-known politician of the period and a typical postwar stump speaker, who grew more furious at "the rebels" as the war receded in time.

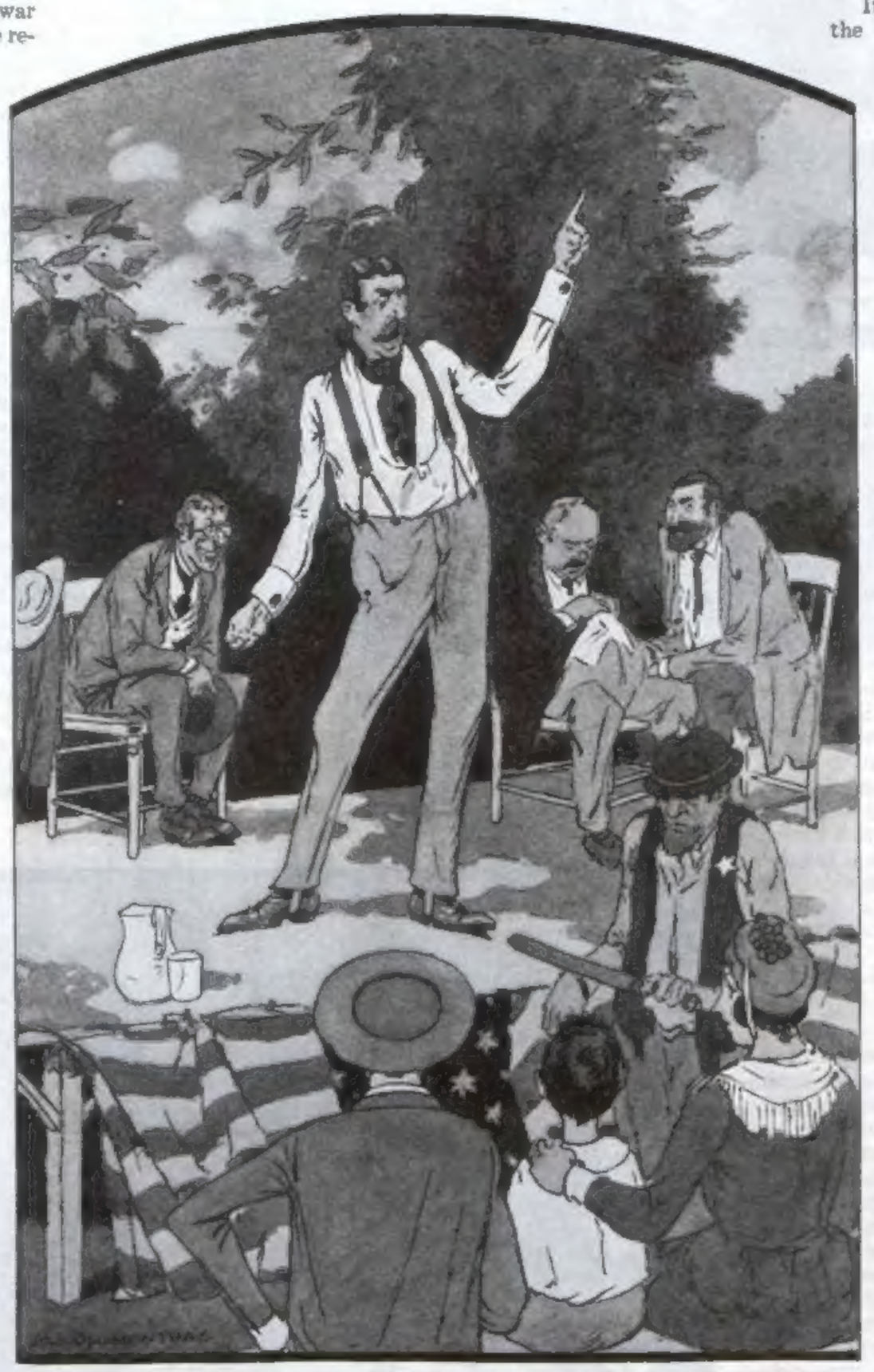
Long, thick, inky black hair flowed over his collar, and immense black mustaches added to his formidable and ferocious appearance. The August sun made the surrounding prairies shimmer with heat, and even in the shade of the trees men mopped their brows, women fanned crying babies, and all were as uncomfortable as they were enthusiastic.

I sat between my parents on the front plank, which at either end and in the middle rested on logs. The speaker, escorted by the committee, mounted the flag-draped platform, was introduced, threw off his coat and vest, tore his collar and tie from his neck, replaced them with a red bandanna handkerchief which made him look more militant than ever, ran his fingers through his mane and began.

"Comrades! And you, the mothers, wives and sweethearts of my comrades! Who murdered our comrades? Rebels! Democrats! [Tremendous cheering. A voice: "Give'm hell, John." More cheering.] Who tried to shoot the Stars and Stripes from the heavens? Rebels! Democrats!" So the orator in a crimson torrent raged on, waving the flag, pounding the table, gesticulating wildly, shaking his head like an infuriated bull and working himself up to boiling heat, physically as well as emotionally. At last came a picturesque and blood-curdling climax.

It was a great speech, everybody said, and so the little barefoot boy believed it to be. After singing Marching Through Georgia, the farmers and their families got into their big wagons, some with fifers and drummers from out townships, and started homeward, hurrahing for our candidates. All were as happy as they were patriotic.

The very next week, under the protection of a Democratic farmer who lived near us, I went to a Democratic meeting in the hickory grove. We took our politics seriously and none of my family would attend; but I wanted so badly to hear the Democratic speech that my parents finally consented, although with reluctance and misgiving.



It Was a Great Speech, Everybody Said

Keeping Old Sores Open

AS TO violent delivery, exaggerated statement and lack of argument, the Democratic speech was almost identical with the Republican speech I had heard a few days earlier—all was denunciation, only the thesis was reversed. We Republicans, it seemed, were rascals, scoundrels and ought to be in jail, every last one of us. Again the acrobatic rage of the speaker, again the shedding of garments, again the lurid adjectives, again the senseless cheering, again the shouted encouragement from excited partisans to give'm hell, again the general acclaim that it was a great speech, again the small boy's acceptance that it was a great speech.

I was angered and mystified. How could we Republicans be such a bad lot? And, besides, had not our Republican speaker called these Democrats "rebels"? It did not connect up, but, still, I was hot for my clan. However, it was a great speech; there could be no doubt about that outstanding fact. So was the verbal and emotional tempest I had heard the week before, a great speech.

The greatness of these two speeches was the one thing everybody agreed to. The partisans of neither side repeated any arguments of either speaker—there were none to repeat—but there was ardent rivalry as to which speech was the greater. The word "great" was worked by everybody until the sweat of exhaustion poured from every letter of it.

Such were the performances that, for several decades after the Civil War, were called oratory. Even today we sometimes hear the same kind of public speaking, especially during political campaigns—the same furious delivery, the same extreme misstatement, the same unfairness, the same animosity, the same ignoring of fact and reason. But it is now fast disappearing, and it is to assist, however feebly, the restoration of the art of public speaking that I write these lines.

At this point it may, perhaps, be helpful to make mention of the circumstances which began to open my eyes, albeit dimly at first, to the errors of the oratory described. When I went to college oratorical contests were in vogue. I needed the money and simply had to take the prizes; it was a matter of necessity rather than of ambition. I looked with freshman awe upon the college orators of the upper classes, but their methods seemed

artificial and unconvincing. Country-bred youth though I was, I could see that; and others, I found, thought the same.

Not until my senior year did we have a professor of oratory. I got no instruction or training until then, and had to think out for myself the elements of the subject. So, finally, I concluded that the basis of public speaking is this:

An audience is a composite person; therefore what will please, persuade or convince an individual will do the same with a collection of individuals. The only difference is that since an audience is larger, tone and gesture should be stronger, but only enough stronger to fill the eye and ear of that composite person. From this idea flow the rules of the art of public speaking which I shall presently state.

Not until my twentieth year did I have an opportunity to hear a real orator, a master of the art; and that event confirmed the soundness of the theory set out above. In a Middle Western town where I then chanced to be—I was a book agent that summer—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll delivered one of his celebrated lectures. In every respect he was the reverse of the stump speakers described at the beginning of this article.

In the first place, he was perfectly attired, freshly shaved, well groomed, neatly turned out in every particular. He came to the front of the platform in the most natural manner and, looking us in the eye in a friendly fashion, began to talk to us as if he were conversing with each of us personally.

He stood still, made no gestures for a long time, and when they came at last they were seemingly so spontaneous and unstudied that we scarcely noticed them, so much a part of his spoken word did they appear to be. His gestures added to the force of his remarks. Only once did he show emotion, and then it was so appropriate, so obviously sincere, gestures so well expressing the physical reaction of his sentiments, that even this outburst was engaging.

The Speech is Supposed to be an Intellectual Performance, Not a Physical Feat

In short, everything about Colonel Ingersoll was pleasing, nothing was repellent—a prime requisite to the winning of a cordial hearing from any audience, big or little, rough or polite. Above all, he was the master of his subject—he knew all that was to be known about it at that time. Even the lilt of his rhetoric was made attractive; and be it said, in passing, that his blank-verse style was the only thing in the oratory of Colonel Ingersoll the good taste of which might, perhaps, be open to criticism.

At any rate, considered exclusively from the point of view of oratory as an art and without reference to his opinions, Ingersoll was one of the four greatest public speakers America has produced—that is, one of the four greatest artists. If we are to credit tradition, the others were Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips and Patrick Henry.

In the case of Patrick Henry we deal with a genuine case of that misused and overworked word, genius. By means of his natural gifts Henry supplied all that example and study can give, although it is certain that he bestowed a great deal of thought upon the subject.

Oratory as a Fine Art

BEFORE taking up the basic rules, the observance of which constitutes the art of public speaking, we must get it firmly in mind and bear it in mind all the time that oratory is an art in the sense that music, painting, sculpture, and the like, are arts, or rather phases of art, since art is one and the same thing however manifested.

For art is the most finished expression of truth in its myriad aspects, with the least possible obstruction in that presentation, so that those who hear or look can get most clearly and easily the thing presented. It follows that art is the highest functioning of the mind and soul of man; and it follows, too, that it requires the utmost instruction, training and practice to become an artist of any kind.

Take music, for example: Nobody would dare play upon the piano or any musical instrument without having studied not only that instrument but the elements of music. If possible, singing is even harder. Or take acting: Years of practice after correct teaching are essential to the making of the accomplished actor—one who performs so well that the auditor is made to feel that all is natural and without effort. Was it not Emerson who said that a company of the poorest professionals is better than a company of the best amateurs?

Or painting! It would be absurd to attempt to produce a masterpiece on canvas without learning even the principles of drawing, to say nothing of having a knowledge of colors. But these essentials are only the A B C's of the education necessary to produce a good painting of any kind.

And so with any phase of art whatever. Nobody would think of attempting it without information and training. For that matter, shoeing a horse, driving an automobile, laying brick, keeping books, running a furrow, selling goods—nearly everything requires knowledge and experience. Yet, curiously enough, most of us feel that we can practice without knowledge or effort the two oldest and noblest of the fine arts, writing and speaking.

For the purposes of this article the origin of this obsession, though interesting, is, perhaps, not important. It is enough to know that it is quite general. So, since public speaking is one of the two methods of shaping public opinion, let us look into the rules and principles of this art—rules and principles which the speaker must understand and obey as much as the musician, singer, actor, painter or sculptor must understand and obey those of his or her art.

For public speaking is steadily becoming more important. New ideas are being advanced, some excellent, others unsound, the advocates of all striving to influence the public. The press has not and never can take the place of personal appeal; though justly influential, it is not decisive. So it is indispensable that leaders of opinion shall be able to state their views effectively by word of mouth. This is especially true of legislators and executives, particularly the latter, since they must present policies and plans to the people with clearness and force.

Of course one must have some natural aptitude for speaking, just as is the case with singing, painting, writing, salesmanship, inventing or anything else. All the rules in the world and a lifetime of practice could not make a Fritz Kreisler into a Henry Ford, an Edison into a Paderewski, or a Theodore Roosevelt into a John D. Rockefeller. But, assuming the natural endowment, knowledge and practice of the rules of the art are indispensable to the making of the finished orator.

Though the natural-born orator has advantages, any young man of average intelligence with uncommon industry and determination can become an acceptable public speaker. But he must study and work hard to gain that end. If he does so, however, and keeps everlastingly at it, he will, at last, do better than one who has oratorical gifts and does not improve them.

Shall we, then, consider what constitutes the art of public speaking?

As to composition and structure of the speech, the rules of that art may be summarized thus:

Speak only when you have something to say.
Speak only what you believe to be true.
Prepare thoroughly.
Be clear.
Stick to your subject.
Be fair.
Be brief.

The maxims as to delivery can be stated more appropriately when we reach the discussion of that phase of speech making. So let us now take up the rules just mentioned.

First of all, then, speak only when you have something to say. Be sure that you have a message to deliver. With reference to your subject, let your feeling be that of the inspired preacher, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." Have ever in mind Carlyle's dictum that nobody has a right to speak in public unless he is so charged with the subject and the time and occasion are so ripe for the hearing that every word will be fruitful of a deed—that is, conviction and action on the part of those who listen.

Insincerity Fatal

THIS means, of course, utter sincerity. Never under any circumstances or for any reward tell an audience what you yourself do not believe or are even indifferent about. To do so is immoral and worse—it is to be a public liar. Even from the lowest point of view, to speak against convictions or without convictions is fatal to the speaker; sooner or later the public gets on to the situation, and the speaker's influence is destroyed.

Thereafter people may go to hear such a person, but they do so only to be amused and entertained, not for instruction and guidance. To the hearers the speaker has become nothing more than a play actor—not nearly so much, indeed, since the actor performs for entertainment as an exhibition of art, whereas the speaker described sails under false colors and is neither orator nor actor.

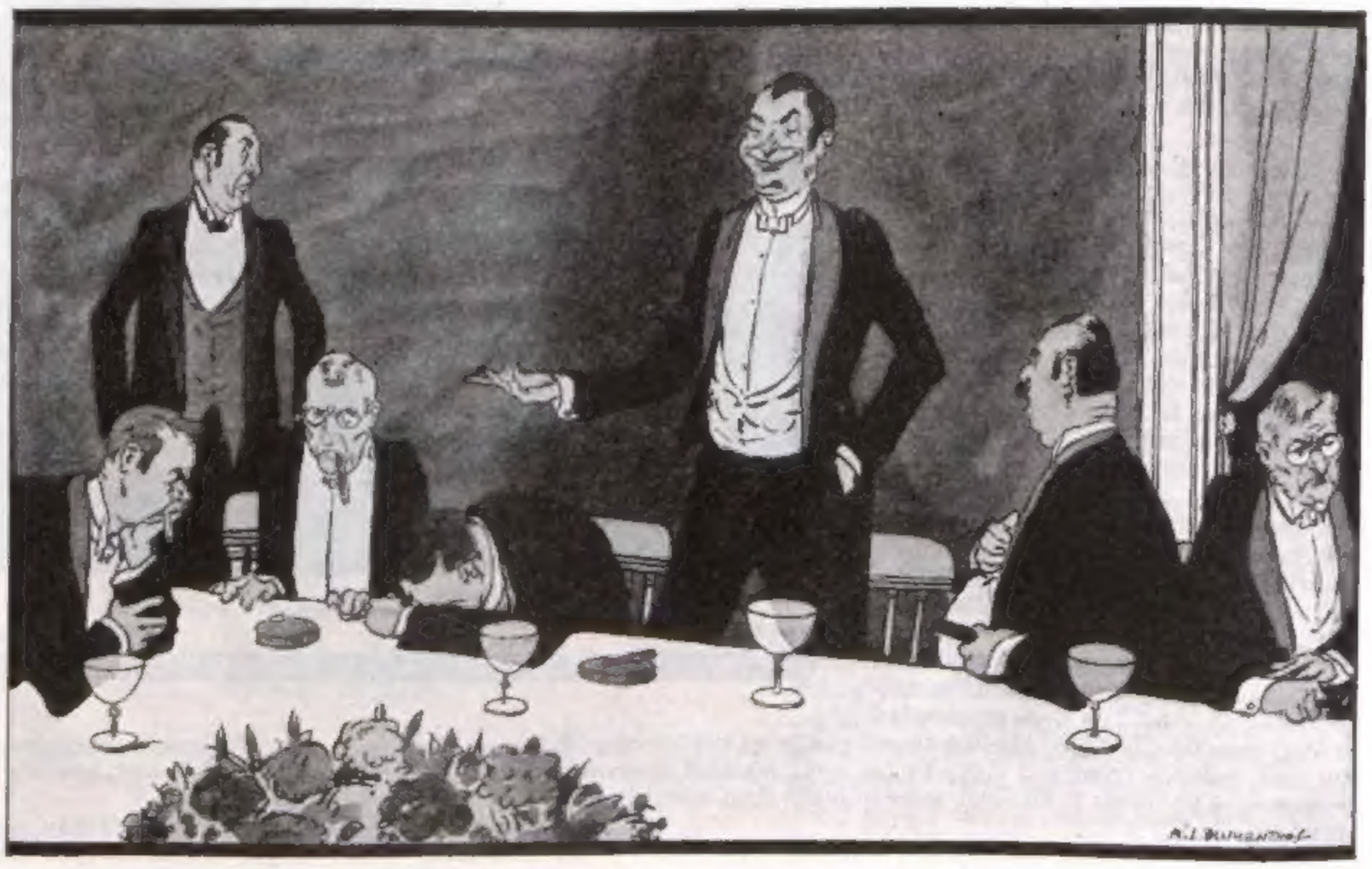
Many years ago a distinguished speaker with rare oratorical gifts and thoroughly familiar with the mere technical rules of the art lost his public influence because he was seldom in earnest, and the idea of his insincerity became general.

He was as inconstant as he was felicitous, had no principles, could argue on one side as ably as on the other, and often did argue on both sides of a question. Moreover, he resorted to meretricious devices in delivery.

For example: Once in a campaign he achieved a triumph before a great audience by answering aptly and well a difficult question put to him during his speech by a man who, seemingly, was merely one of his hearers. A commercial traveler who was present was so captivated that he went to hear the celebrated orator at a meeting some days later in another state; and at the same point in the same speech the same man asked the same question, which was answered in the same way. It turned out that the questioner was the speaker's secretary. Other incidents of the kind became known, all illustrative of trickery.

The outcome of the whole matter—variableness, facility in wabbling, sensational devices—was that the public lost faith in this man's intellectual integrity and thereafter people went to hear him only to be diverted.

(Continued on Page 146)



Few Things are More Distressing Than an Attempt at Humor by One Who Cannot Carry it Off Well

HUMDRUM HOUSE?

"Yes, Miss; Cut. It Was Cut Just Outside the Library Wall." His Voice Quavered Anew as He Spoke

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE November night came on ominously. It was pitch dark, as black as a pocket; the wind, too, with the falling of the sun, had whipped around into a gale; and as the northbound express, already late, slacked down for the stop at Naumkeag Junction a sudden flaw of sleet chattered against the car windows, the frozen pellets rattling on the glass like shot. A dirty night, no mistake! It was getting dirtier, too, as the night wore on.

The station, a huddle of dingy sheds set down in the open railroad yard, stood where it got the full sweep of the booming gusts; and out on the platform, once he'd quit the warmth and lighted comfort of the train, Blandon halted irresolutely, staggered by the darkness and the storm. In Sunda, the place he'd come back from that week, it would be warm and starlit tonight, a spicy balmy air wafting in across the Straits; on the beach, too—the strip of yellow sands backed by its wall of lush, tropic jungle—the white curd of surf would be crumbling softly, crooning a lullaby. Sunda, though, was ten thousand miles or so across the world. This was New England—Massachusetts; and as still another gust whooped down on him, buffeting him like flails, Blandon cursed the chuckleheaded impulse that had let him in for the journey he was on.

A fool's errand—that was what it was! A fool's waste of time and energy; and, if so, it's certain he should have been a judge. Few could have been better judges, perhaps, as the past few years might testify.

The war was, of course, dim history by now; but ever since the morning of November 11, 1918, when he had crawled out of an Argonne shell hole, bewildered by the sudden quiet, the curtain to all the murderous excitement he'd been through, it had seemed Jerry Blandon's luck to get mixed up in a surprising number of just such doings as the haphazard business he was on tonight. The war having ended, it was as if it had ended with it, too, any taste he may have had for the cut-and-dried routine of daily life, the orderly and ordinary. So it seemed, at all events; and that was why in New York that morning he had chucked a few things into his bag and hopped aboard the first train for the north. It was a whim, a mere impulse, like all the rest.

A calendar was pinned to the wall of the furnished room that for the moment he called home; and as he awoke and his eye caught the date he had sat up with a jerk among the pillows. The day was November eleventh—Armistice Day; though he had no need of the calendar to tell him that.

For an instant the dowdy lodging and its surroundings faded from his sight, and into his mind's eye swam the fragmentary picture of another time and place—France, a strip of No Man's Land. In the foreground, curiously, was the same shell hole from which he had crawled the moment the firing had stopped; the firing, though, hadn't stopped as yet. Somewhere over by Etain a battery of Fritzy's 77's had the range; and in the hole a knot of khaki-clad figures lay low, hunting cover, Blandon one of them; and another, Norris Colquitt, his pal and bunky.

A shell had just burst on the crater's edge, showering them with dirt; and wiping the mud from his face and eyes he'd jogged Colquitt with his elbow.

"I say, Norry, listen. If ever we get out of this, let's celebrate. Understand? Promise you'll get together with me every year and make a day of it!"

He recalled an echo of his chattering earnestness. He remembered, too, the grin Colquitt had given him. "All right, Jerry, if you say so."

"You bet I say so!" Blandon had averred. "November eleventh, don't forget!"

Solemnly, too, he had made Colquitt shake hands on it; but as he'd stared at the calendar this morning a sudden twinge stabbed him to the quick. It had been four years since he'd last laid eyes on that one-time sworn pal of his; worse than that, it had been as many years since he had so much as let Colquitt hear he was still on earth. With Blandon, however, any impulse was to act; and an hour later, his bag packed and his ticket bought, he had stopped at the telegraph counter in the Grand Central Station long enough to scribble a hasty message

NORRIS COLQUITT,
WICKSHIRE, MASS.

Still alive and haven't forgotten the day. Meet me on the 5:29 at Naumkeag Junction.

J. B. BLANDON.

Naumkeag, it appeared, was the nearest stop to Wickshire, Colquitt's home address. For Wickshire itself, as also it appeared, there would be no train till the day following; and, with the impulse hot in him, naturally he hadn't considered waiting till then. Long before the train, however, got up into the Massachusetts hills Blandon had begun heartily to repent his helter-skelter haste. The bubbling impulsiveness of the telegram he regretted too. A lot can happen in five years' time; it had happened to him, at any rate, he remembered; and as the hours passed and the train rumbling along flitted on its way through the crowded New England landscape he had sat slouched down on a seat in the smoking car, scowling through the window at the passing view. The towns and villages and their endless congeries of shops, mills, factories and foundries signified little to his idle eyes. All were alike. They were one and all cut from the selfsame piece and pattern. Dumps! Burgs! One-hoss holes-in-the-ground! A man, in fact, might as well be dead and buried as to try to live in them; and after Papeete and Penang, Shanghai and Singapore—these or the other places he knew—the mere sight bored him till he yawned.

That wasn't all of it either. What if Norry Colquitt had gone and got himself mulled up in the life of some such burg as these? The mere thought had given him the jumps. Such things happen, though; and, in the five years he'd rambled around from pillar to post in search of whatever it was the end of the war had ended, too he had run into

more than one old pal who had turned soft—that is, gone back to grubbing in some mill or shop or business office. What's more, the meeting with them hadn't been what you'd call enlivening. One and all, they had changed a heap since the old foot-loose days over in France; and if Colquitt, too, had changed —— Gad! How was he sure Colquitt would be even glad to see him? Besides Colquitt, too, were the other people he'd have to stack up against. What had he let himself in for anyway?

Two other passengers had alighted with him at the junction. They were a portly, well-dressed man and his companion, a woman of the same fat, complacent sort; and a grunt came from Blandon as he saw them on ahead and fighting their way against the gusts. They were a sample of the kind, no doubt, he'd have to stack up against—business people, home folks. Pshaw! The two had sat at the same table with him in the dining car, and halfway through the meal he had awakened abruptly to their talk. It was nothing much, merely talk; but in the mood he was in, it had managed aptly enough to get in under his skin. With a set jaw he'd sat and listened.

The train was just passing through a town—another dump, a burg like all the others. In honor of the day flags were flying and somewhere a band was blaring out a quick-step. Then, on the near-by village green, a column of khaki-clad figures heaved into view; and as they caught the eye of the pudgy, fat-jowled man across the table a choleric snort emerged from him.

"Soldiers, huh! Can't forget the war yet, can they? Why the devil don't they get back to work?"

That wasn't all. Regardless of the service button in Blandon's coat lapel, as the train sped on the fat man had opened up, damning the war in general and soldiers in particular. To them he attributed all the unrest and idleness blocking the world's progress, business especially. "About time th' loafers forgot th' war and got down to brass tacks again!"

Blandon was tempted for a moment to turn loose on him. He hadn't though. Pushing back his chair, he had left his meal unfinished and returned morosely to his seat in the smoking car. Birds like this represented the world's feeling toward men who'd done their job in France. The war was over, that was all; soldiers weren't needed any more; and though it once had been the style to make a hero out of every lad in khaki, it was nowadays just as a girl—one he'd trailed for a while—had once put it to him. "The war was your job of course; but aren't you ever going to get another?"

He hadn't forgotten that.

He hadn't forgotten, either, the girl who said it. Incidentally, she hailed from somewhere up in this same neck of woods—Massachusetts; though never mind about that. What did she mean—a job? If work was what she'd meant, what did she call what he had been doing since the war? A job, eh? He'd had more jobs than he could remember; though never mind that either. The point was, if Norry Colquitt, too, had turned soft, his life spent in drudging away in some mill or shop or business office, what kind of front would he put up when his old skeesicks, his bud and bunky, dropped out of the blue on him like a brick off a chimney top? That was the question.

One way or the other, though, it was too late now to turn back. The express, its car doors closed, already was under way; and as it swept on out of the station, its tail lights blinking around the turn of a near-by bend, Blandon watched it go regretfully. Then, swinging on his heel, he faced about, his eyes as he stalked along searching the platform eagerly for a first glimpse of his pal's familiar figure.

There was no Colquitt to be seen. Colquitt hadn't come to meet him!

A half dozen cars were lined up at the station; and uncertainly Blandon made his way toward them. Perhaps Colquitt hadn't shook him down after all. Four of the cars were trucks, drays from the spinning mills at Blackhall; while the fifth was a small touring car, a fliv. If Colquitt had sent for him instead of coming in person it would be a rig like the flivver, he figured; but as he walked toward it the car got under way and scuttled off up the road.

That left only one other car, this a huge high-powered limousine.

The machine, its varnish and polished metal glinting in the rays from the station lamps, stood at the farther end of the platform; and he edged toward it doubtfully. His doubts, too, were of short duration. The car hadn't been sent for him, that was certain: for a chauffeur in livery had the door open and a man and a woman, the same fat, well-fed pair from the train, already were clambering aboard.

A Top-Light Inside Gave a Glimpse of His Face—a Rat's Face, Putty Hued and Crafty

Blandon halted blankly. If his telegram hadn't been delivered—that, or if Colquitt deliberately had given him the sack—it meant he was left stranded for the night. But Norry, he felt sure, never would turn a trick like that on him; there was some mistake, he was certain; and convinced of it he turned back through the darkness to where a light gleamed from the station window.

Inside, the station agent was shutting up for the night. "Ain't got any phone," he replied crustily to Blandon's query. As crustily he added, "You can't phone Wickshire, anyways; not tonight. The storm's put the wire out o' biz."

"Can I get a car?" asked Blandon.

No. There was no garage at Naumkeag. The nearest was at Blackhall, three miles east; and if Blandon wanted a car he'd have to hoof it there. Evidently in a hurry to get home to his evening meal the man was slamming down the ticket window when Blandon stopped him.

"I'm a stranger here. I've got to get to Wickshire somehow. How far is it to walk?"

"Seven mile; near to eight," grunted the agent.

Blandon was stumped.

The sniff of phosgene gas he had picked up somewhere around Ipieds at Château-Thierry was a patent reason why he couldn't hoof eight miles of a country road on any night like this; still he must do something. The last train back to New York had gone; there would be none other till the morning; and, his face puckered with concern, he made a last try at the station agent.

"See here, my friend, can't you help me? Tell me how to get to Wickshire tonight, and I'll be glad to make it worth your while." Then he asked, "Do you know Norris Colquitt there?"

"Colquitt?" The man started, then gave him a sudden look. "Is that where you're going?" he asked curiously.

It was, yes, providing there was any way to manage it; and when Blandon nodded, for a moment the agent studied him covertly.

"Say," he said abruptly, "are you a detective?"

It was Blandon's turn to stare.

The look of lively interest in the man's face was unmistakable. Its gleam, too, of vulgar, prying curiosity was as evident. Blandon, however, was not concerned with that. A detective?

"What do you mean?" he demanded sharply. Then, struck by another thought, he added as sharply, "Is anything wrong at Mr. Colquitt's?"

An evasive unintelligible mumble came from the man behind the window; and his eyes narrowed, his brow ruffled with a scowl of mixed surprise and resentment, Blandon peered at the fellow. The colloquy, however, was destined to go no further.

"I say!" he was saying, his own tone crisp, when the door behind him was thrown open, a cloud of sleet and snow volleying into the waiting room as the wind swept through it. Then the man who had entered turned and braced his shoulder against the door, grunting as he sought to close it. Big and muscular as he was, though, it was a toss-up whether he or the wind would win the struggle. The gust waning, however, the newcomer got the door shut, and swinging around he stared across the dimly lighted waiting room.

A heavy storm coat enveloped him, its collar turned up about his ears; his features were further hidden, too, by a cloth cap drawn down about his brows. From under its peak he scowled with a frank surliness at the man beside the ticket window.

"Are you J. B. Blandon?" he asked; demanded, rather.

Blandon breathed with relief. A smile, too, leaped into his eyes as he turned to the newcomer. Good old Norry! Norry, of course, hadn't turned him down.

"You're from Mr. Colquitt's, aren't you?" he exclaimed.

The man nodded, the nod brief. "The car's outside. Come along," he directed gruffly.

Blandon was only too glad. Picking up his bag he followed.

The dim light, the way, too, his guide was shrouded in cap and storm coat, left little to tell what he was. He might be a servant, a chauffeur, or, for that matter, he could have been as well a member of Colquitt's own family. One or the other, though, his curt brusqueness was something not to be mistaken; and, leaving the guest with his bag to struggle along as best he could, in crusty silence he stalked on through the gloom, heading toward the farther end of the platform. Out there the headlights of a car flared into the dark.

The machine was another big, high-powered limousine like the one the couple from the train had clambered into; and as Blandon saw, it must have come full tilt over the road from Wickshire. Fore and aft it was splashed and spattered with mud; its windshield and windows, too, were caked with frozen snow. He gave little heed to that, however. Quickening his step, he ranged up beside the man.

"Mr. Colquitt's all right, isn't he?" he ventured. "Nothing's wrong with him, I hope?"

"Wrong?" Over his shoulder the fellow in the storm coat darted a sudden look at Blandon. "What do you mean—wrong?"

The sharp aggressiveness of his tone was disconcerting, and Blandon glanced at him queerly. "I was just asking, that's all," he parried.

His companion still peered at him as he strode along. "Why were you asking?" he repeated.

Blandon lightly laughed. "It's nothing," he replied. "Just something the station agent asked." He laughed again. "He wanted to know if I was a detective."

The man beside him stopped abruptly. "A what?"

"A detective," repeated Blandon; and he was conscious that in the darkness the other's eyes were fastened on him in a look of lingering and penetrating intentness. Then he drawled, "You're not one, by any chance, are you?"

"What's that?" Blandon snapped.

A grunt was the man's reply, and under his collar Blandon felt his skin grow hot. It was the man's tone, though, as much as the question he had put, that roused his ire; and as the fellow strode on again, heedless, it seemed, of either Blandon or his rising wrath, Blandon tracked after him, his anger on the hair trigger now.

"See here!" he said, his tone direct; "I asked you a question. Is Mr. Colquitt all right? I want to know if he got my telegram, or did someone else send you to meet me?"

There was a momentary silence. Then his companion spoke, his tone a little less abrupt and brusque. "Mr. Colquitt's away. Mrs. Colquitt got your wire."

"Mrs. Colquitt?" inquired Blandon.

"Yes. Mr. Colquitt's wife."

"His wife?"

Another grunt. The hulking figure shot down another glance. "You knew he was married, didn't you?"

It was news to Blandon. It was news, too, of a nature to add to his other uneasy perplexities the question of the welcome that awaited him at Wickshire. With Colquitt away from home, things were at the best somewhat mixed; but to find himself set down like this, alone in a strange household with a woman he'd never heard of before, much less seen—phew! "My eye!" Blandon was mumbling to himself when there was a sudden interruption.

They were halfway along the platform, his companion striding on ahead, when with a start, then a muffled exclamation, the man stopped short. The next instant a shout leaped from his throat; and hurtling forward, his stalwart figure propelled at a gait one hardly would have thought likely for a man of his weight and stature, he darted into the darkness. Blandon stared, bewildered. Racing on, the man tore open the flap of his storm coat; and with a hand beneath it he fumbled at his hip. A moment later, as he lunged on under the rays of a near-by lamp, a glint of blued metal flashed into view in his hand.

It was toward the limousine he ran. A figure creeping up out of the gloom had stealthily opened the front door of the car, and already at work on the starting mechanism and the gear shift he was striving to get the car under way. A top-light inside gave a glimpse of his face—a rat's face, putty hued and crafty. It was all quick as a flash, however; for all at once the man in the car seemed to sense the nearness of that bulky figure charging toward him; and with a quick frightened glance, then a squeal of sudden fright, he squirmed out from under the steering wheel and tumbled rather than jumped to the ground alongside. The next moment he was gone, lost in the blank wall of darkness and flying snow.

"I say, that was close!" drawled Blandon as he reached the car. Close, in fact. In another moment the marauder would have been off with the car, leaving them stranded, out of luck; and with a chuckle Blandon added, "Seems like a regular place, this burg. A little life in it, after all. I wouldn't have given it credit for that much excitement!"

To this, however, his companion made no reply. He stood at the platform's edge, the pistol still gripped in his hand; and after a moment a mumbling, half-heard mutter came from him. "Queer!" he growled. "Damned queer!" His jaw set, he kept on staring into the wall of darkness.

Blandon eyed him curiously. The man's face, like his voice, was filled with a wondering concern.

"What's queer?" he inquired.

His companion turned from him evasively. "Nothing," he mumbled.

Nothing? Blandon took another look at him. "The fellow tried to steal the car; that was all, wasn't it?" he remarked.

A growl, sulky and contemptuous, rumbled from the other's throat. "That's what you think!" he returned.

Blandon gaped at him.

The remark, this and the look of uneasy wonder that still wried up the chauffeur's face were enough to excite anyone to wonder; and filled with it, he gave his companion a closer, more searching look. Who was the fellow anyway? Was he a chauffeur or what? He still stood at the platform's edge, the pistol in his hand, and Blandon eyed it momentarily. It was an army gat, he saw—an automatic of the usual service type; and though guns of that sort were familiar enough to him he was himself willing to admit now that something in the wind was queer. As queer as anything was the fact that Colquitt's chauffeur—if he were that—should go about armed like this. As queer, too, was the man's lurking uneasiness, his patent apprehensiveness at what had taken place. Thrusting the pistol into his pocket he clambered aboard the car. "Get in!" he directed crisply.

Blandon silently obeyed. Putting his bag into the car, he climbed in after it; and the chauffeur started the engine.

"Damned queer!" Blandon heard him mumble again. Then, as the limousine got under way, over his shoulder he shot a question at the passenger. His tone and the question he put were as if he had been briefly reminded of something. "You got a gun?" he demanded.

Blandon had no gun. It had been a long while since he'd thought it needful to tote a gat; and in any neck of woods like this it never would have occurred to him.

"Why do you ask?" he inquired.

Another growl. "I want to make sure, that's all."

Did he, though? That, too, was queer; and Blandon drawled, "Why do you wish to make sure?"

His companion didn't trouble himself to reply. Stepping on the gas he shot the car ahead; and as it plunged on into the gloom, bounding and bumping over the frozen ruts, Blandon leaned back among the cushions, his mind again stirred curiously with the uneasy reflection of what awaited him at his journey's end. About it, one thing, at any rate, seemed certain. If it was a welcome he wanted, its beginnings were warm enough.

II

FROM Naumkeag Junction the road to Wickshire runs for a piece along the flat level of the Blackhall Valley, after which it turns westward from the river and strikes into the high ground of the Pamquid Hills. The country here changes swiftly. The towns and hamlets with their open fields drop behind; and in place of these a ragged woodland walls in the road on either hand. It is not till the highway breaks down along the opposite slope from the river that the country widens out again, and towns and villages with their open fields reappear.

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As the Hooded Footpad Looked in at Them He Had Cried Out Sharply, the Cry a Squeal as of Alarm

FEWER AND BETTER, OR NONE

By Henry H. Curran

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Admitted! Immigrants Going Aboard the Ferryboat at Ellis Island, on Their Way Into the United States

MY JOB is running Ellis Island. In the almanacs they hang a heavy title to it. They call it United States Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, and that is all very regular and comfortable—just another variety of commissioner. New York is a cluster of islands surrounded by commissioners, anyhow; one more or less disturbs nobody.

But the minute I say the words "Ellis Island," then what a difference! The arched eyebrow, the drawn look of pain, the gasp of amazement—they all come marching up together, with a big question mark in front of them.

"Er—Ellis Island?"

"You're the one who ——"

Yes, good friend, I'm the one who. Steady now—easy! There, that's better. And you don't have to explain your emotions or even finish the sentence. I'll do that for you by saying that I'm the one who sees more immigrants go by, year in and year out, than anybody else in the world you ever heard of. And the more I see go by, the stronger is my wish that fewer would go by—a smaller quantity and a better quality—or, with certain exceptions, none at all for a while.

Perhaps that will surprise you. If it does, let me say that it surprises me even more. The last thing in my mind when I took hold of this Ellis Island job in July of 1923 was that within a year I should come to the settled conviction that our United States of America will do better for a time without more immigrants. In point of fact I thought nothing about it then. The handling of the immigrants who were already swarming at the gate took every waking minute. The straightening out of human woes and tangles, caused by provisions of our present law, gripped every moment and every emotion. The immediate problem eclipsed all else. But every day the immigrants were going by in the thousands, and it is from this actual experience of living with them that old doubts, old half-formed queries of other years have ripened into a definite belief in restriction of immigration. Let me tell you why I believe in that.

The City of Immigrants

MY FIRST glimpse of the immigrant came when I was ten years old. A mile from my village a contractor was digging away the side of a hill. All about the hill was the countryside—green trees, fields, flowers; it was only where the digging went on that the deepening gash of yellow clay showed mankind's determination to destroy beauty where he can. But that was nothing at all beside the life and habits of the twenty Italian immigrant laborers who did the digging. They might have belonged to any one of a dozen other nationalities; they just happened to be Italians this time. They lived together in an old freight car anchored at the foot of the yellow gash in the hillside, near a stream. The defiance of sanitation was beyond description. They had no recreation beyond shooting off the song birds of the neighborhood. They worked hard, for small pay, and spent nothing. They knew no English. Disliked, at times feared, these immigrant slaves formed an unclean oasis in a clean American countryside, exploited and degraded by our own American employers who had imported them for the dollars that were in it. The whole of the blame falls on the American; those Italians were mere instruments in our own greedy hands. They needed the money and they knew no better.

But were they a helpful addition to the nation's life? All over the land we have planted—and still plant to this day, as they come through Ellis Island—these same colonies of cheap labor. Will an American ever work in one of them? Will American men perform the honorable labor of America as long as we thus degrade the immigrant into the doing of it? No, he will choose different company. And the longer we let the foreigner do our hard work, the sooner we shall become soft ourselves—a race of white-collared tenderfeet. To reflect that every foreign laborer of that kind may for the asking, and within five years after he leaves Ellis Island, acquire the right to an American vote is to add further anxiety. His vote is just as valuable as yours and mine.

My next glimpse of the immigrant came ten years later, and this time it showed an American attitude toward him that does us credit. For five summers I labored for the Tribune Fresh Air Fund in New York, toiling up and down the tenements, taking the youngsters of our foreign colonies out to the country for two weeks of fresh air, fields and woods and all the rest. Good people in the country took care of the children with kindness and without pay; good people in the city paid the transportation and other expenses. But always the little beneficiaries of this American partnership in well doing were foreign-born children of the slums, which means children of the immigrants.

In those days the foreign colonies in our cities were smaller and fewer. But they were just as foreign, just as hapless, as they are today; and already Americans of city and country had struck hands in an effort to lighten their lot. Now the burden has become more familiar and far greater. Philanthropic private funds, state and city, public funds—all in the hundreds of millions—are poured year after year into the foreign colonies in every conceivable form of welfare work. Baby care, mother care, hygiene, special education, boys' clubs, men's clubs, kindergartens, nurseries, systematized recreation, art schools, trade schools, attempted Americanization—is there anything we do not do, or try to do, for the stranger within our gates? If we exploit the labor of the adults with one hand, we help the lives of the children with the other. We strike a balance. One side of the ledger is bad, the other good; for such is our curious American way.

But, once again, can we longer bear this increasing burden, with comfort, or even safety, to the immigrants as well as to ourselves? Every one of our cities harbors these foreign oases, in slums that for half a century have been the despair of those who would give every child a chance at God's sunshine. Ellis Island sees a quarter of a million more foreigners go by every year, bound for the slums of the big cities. When shall we realize that there is a point of saturation? When shall we pause to reflect upon the American city slum as a training school for citizenship? For they will vote, these new arrivals—in five years, most of them—and their votes will be just as valuable as yours.

My last look at the immigrant before I came to Ellis Island was spread over a span of a dozen years, and it was partly political and partly governmental. Perhaps it is fair to call it more than a look. In point of fact, I have lived with immigrants most of my life. Even my newspaper days were devoted almost entirely to the news of ships and immigrants, and no one can live long in New York in any capacity whatever without realizing that he lives in a city of immigrants.

Truckling to the Foreign Vote

BUT the work of the city's government threw an entirely new light on the problem, and, as a city official, a new refraction of it met me every day. The struggle of the American laborer to live like an American was still in the picture; the unending threat against his home of those whom we import, "not for what they can do, but for what they can do without." The distribution—by city government and for the relief of the newly arrived victims of our slum life—of millions of dollars taken annually from the pockets of American taxpayers and rent payers, was more than ever evident. If you take part in the work of American city government you know that better than anyone else.

But more than that, you learn, as a citizen who is politically active, the sound of these strange new whispers that have to do with the vote of this or that foreign nationality, in America. You witness, with amazement, then disgust, the solicitude of politicians for this or that vote—the Patagonian vote or the Mesopotamian vote or the vote of whatever the country of origin may be. Never once do you hear of a bid for the American vote—if there be such a thing. Personnel and policies of government are both dedicated to a division of power among foreigners, nation by nation, in New York. That is the way campaign slates are made and that is the way campaigns are won.

Politicians will tell you it is pure coincidence, this apportionment of American elective offices among foreign constituencies. They say the sound of the judicial slates of New York in 1923 was pure coincidence; but as an echo of the concert of Europe, it was a very tuneful coincidence.

Of course, we all go back to different national stocks, whether our American family tree be two hundred years old or twenty minutes old. Our names tell the varied story;

but whatever they be, we are either Americans at heart or we are not, regardless of name. Many of our recent arrivals are not Americans at heart and never will be. We do not ask it of them, nor expect it; their hearts are with their fatherlands for life, and that is normal and natural. Most of us would feel the same if we suddenly emigrated to Europe; down deep we should remain Americans for life

But the difficulty here in America is that we are a self-governing country. Our whole American experiment rests on our individual capacity for self-government, and as a nation we are still o'er young, still an experiment. A hundred and fifty years is no more than a tick of the clock, against the ages. Yet so lightly do we take our experiment that we allow the foreigner to join our self-governing electorate almost before he has had time to step off the Ellis Island ferryboat. No wonder he votes not as an American but as the foreigner that he still is! And the American politician, knowing that full well, panders to his foreign feeling in order to get his foreign vote, because his vote is just as valuable as yours and mine.

So there, if you please, are three impressions of immigration formed prior to the opportunity that is now mine of studying the thing at Ellis Island, on the spot, at first hand. Yet those impressions are part and parcel of Ellis Island as it is today, because they are confirmed and sharpened by each day's contact with the immigrants themselves.

Cheap labor, slum colonies, foreign loves, hates and points of view expressed in foreign votes in American elections—all of them find their first echoes in the footfalls of the immigrants as they go through the gate at Ellis Island. Let me point that up a little right now.

The day after President Harding died a Greek came to Ellis Island. He was an immigrant, straight from the far shores of the Mediterranean, straight out of the steerage of a ship deep laden with Levantines of every kind. In the great high-vaulted hall he sat at the end of a long bench, one of a thousand waiting their turn at inspection. To the government interpreter who was passing he seemed nervous and ill at ease.

Ignorance of Future Voters

"ARE you in trouble?" asked the interpreter, his attention attracted to this foreigner who seemed so much more volatile than his fellows.

"No, no; no trouble." The interpreter started to go on, then felt a tug at his coat. "But wait, tell me ——" pursued the Greek.

"Yes, go ahead."

Now the story would come out.

"Tell me, has the revolution begun?"

The immigrant from Athens was quivering in his excitement.

"What revolution?"

"Why, yours—your American revolution."

"What do you mean?"

The interpreter became suddenly suspicious, on guard for a red. Then the Greek saw he had put his foot in it. He hurried to explain.

"Your President, he dies. You make a new President. But first, the revolution—it should begin today"

"Ye-es?"

"Yes, today. In my country—don't you see? In my country the king dies; next day comes the revolution—always the next day. And now it is already twelve o'clock; but I hear no guns. You are late."

It took the interpreter a long time to explain. But the Greek was admitted, legally and properly, and in five years he will vote for an American President, senator, congressman and all the rest in this self-governing country of ours. I wonder if he will be ready and trained for that vote, steeped in the responsibility of it, practiced in its intelligent exercise, by a life of contact with revolutions. Yet he will vote, and his vote will be just as valuable as yours and mine.

Speaking of which, a telegram came to me last summer bearing the name of a congressman. This time also it was a Greek immigrant who was involved. For some reason the Greek had been detained here at Ellis Island and ordered excluded. It seemed as though he might soon go back to Greece—deported. Of course, the fur flies whenever an unfit immigrant is ordered to be deported. That we expect. The sisters and the cousins and the aunts close in, the lawyers and the friends gather about—all of them Americans—and a dozen other varieties of American get on the job to haul the unfit foreigner into America.

Political Pressure Exerted

BUT this congressional telegram was a new one, for me. The exact words of it I do not remember, but the burden of its song I remember very well indeed. It gave the name of the Greek and the name of his ship, and then it set up a plea for his admission on the ground that all the Greeks in the congressman's district were interested in this particular Greek—and that the Greek vote in that district depended upon whether or not we admitted the Greek. Presumably the Greek vote would go to the congressman's party if the inadmissible Greek were admitted, and would go the other way if he were deported. That was not set forth in the telegram. But there was a definite statement that there were eight thousand Greek votes in that district.

I wish I had that telegram before me. Long ago it seeped into the files, along with thousands of others that came during the 1923 deluge of summer immigrants, and even the name of the Greek has vanished from memory. Perhaps the congressman—his name has gone, too—actually signed the telegram. Perhaps not. But the picture of that piece of yellow paper with the blue-ink letters on it is fixed for life. There was truth and politics both in that message—and votes—eight thousand of them!

What I should still like to know is, what business has a Greek vote got to be doing here in America? What business beyond looking out for Greeks? Unless some day the first business of the Greek vote will be to send a Greek congressman to the Capitol at Washington, just as soon as the Greek vote is big enough to do it. Then, with a vengeance, those foreign votes will each be just as valuable as yours and mine.

The other day a well-educated South African arrived at Ellis Island, long after the quota for his country had been filled for the year. His detention hinged upon a question of possible exemption from the quota. The inspectors were of the opinion that he was not exempt and would have to be sent back to South Africa; but after all that water had gone under the bridge a belated letter came along that made his admission possible, and he was admitted. In the interim, however, he had things to say about Ellis Island, about the cause of his detention and about things American in general. He was voluble and emphatic, not only to those about him but also to the assistant commissioner, who very patiently listened to his complaints. It was not until he finally came out with his real idea of the American Government that the placidity of the assistant commissioner suffered the least shadow of a ruffle. The revelation came in this fashion:

"Then you will not release me?" That was the South African's demand

"No, I cannot do that. I have not the power"

"Then I tell you this: If I am not released at once I will take this case to court. I have ample financial backing and I shall be admitted, because I know that money will buy anything in the courts of the United States."

In five years that South African will be voting for and against American judges, if he cares to go through the necessary naturalization formalities.

But here is a sportier way of putting it: The hero of this little yarn is a Spaniard who came to this country several years ago and has since spent most of his time in various United States jails. When he finished his last expiatory period of leisure he walked out of the jail and into the arms of a United States immigration inspector who had a warrant for his arrest with a view to sending him back to Spain.

In the course of time he turned up at Ellis Island, awaiting a sailing to the old country, and at once took a violent dislike to the night superintendent, who is as gentle a fellow as you ever saw, if you are the least bit gentle yourself. The departing jailbird finally went so far as to deliver himself of a promise to kill the night superintendent on sight. Then it seemed wise to search again the seams and pockets of him who had promised.

Alien Ideas of a Free Country

UP ON a baggage rack, he was, when the two guards approached him, his hands in his pockets, his face free of the least suggestion of amiability, to say nothing of friendly coöperation. When the row was over and the sprawling heap of convict, guards and baggage had risen from the floor, the first guard had the gentleman's knife in his hand and the second guard had the gentleman's mark on his arm in the shape of a long bleeding cut. The gentleman in question is now on the high seas, but his knife is in the curio drawer of my desk here at Ellis Island; and I may say that it is a real knife—a very, very nice little knife, as you feel of it. The best part of the affair, however, was the amiable gentleman's analysis of our American Government, delivered the day before he took ship.

"You fellers make me sick," he volunteered to the guard. "Think you'll deport me? Huh! Don't you know this is a free country? We come when we like, do what we like, go when we like—that's America—free country!"

It was only a few days before this Treasure Island episode that my public statement of belief in a smaller immigration, as outlined in Congressman Johnson's bill in the House of Representatives, brought to my

(Continued on Page 153)

A Nurse at Ellis Island Giving a Foreign Baby an American Bath

The Bawby Ephalunt, Publicist

Fifteen Minutes Later He Was Alone With His Divinity. She Rose, Placed a Hand on a Hip, Elevated Her Chin, Lowered Her Eyebrows, and Said Tensely, "Oh—You Roughneck You!"

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

Rumor hath it that Mr. Floyd Elbert McEwen, who recently accepted the position of Pitcher on the Goliaths, is returning for a brief sojourn at the domicile of his parents, he having been temporarily incapacitated from his athletic duties by an attack of the "Charley horse". Although not yet eighteen years of age, he is also well known in commercial circles, being partners with his father in McEwen's Cash Pharmacy, which promoted the Grand Popularity Contest this spring, which was won by Miss Florita Flewellyn. A speedy recovery to him, say we.—*Huntsboro Scimitar*, May 8.

AS FLOYD McEWEN, supported by a crutch and a brakeman, descended from the midnight accommodation, his slaughterous gaze fell upon the signboard which had once been erected by the Tradesmen's Association. Originally it had read "Boost Huntsboro," but the paint was peeling, and one letter had disappeared entirely. It was the letter "s" in the first word; and Floyd, absorbing the revised instructions, emitted a harsh satanic laugh. That was precisely the way he had felt about it himself ever since the Grand Popularity Contest.

Up to that fatal tournament—one vote for every nickel spent at McEwen's Cash Pharmacy—he had been both a hero and a Romeo; in fact by live weight he had been about a hero and a half and a Romeo and three-quarters. From his breadth of beam he was locally known as the Bawby Ephalunt, and moreover, he wore spectacles, which still further decreased his resemblance to the better class of Greek gods; but for all that, he had pitched twelve games for Jersey City, and earned a tryout with the Goliaths, wherefore men's vitals were naturally stuffed with awe, and feminine hearts were pulped.

The contest, however, had submerged him in the wild waves of ruin. It had not only put him in Dutch with all the losers because they had lost, but also with the winner because she had won. Furthermore, it had brought upon him the whooping merriment of the whole commonwealth; for his father, combining Christian motives with a cute bargain, had seen fit to purchase, as the principal main award, an enameled bathtub—and all this was only seven weeks ago. That was why Floyd, now waiting on the platform, experienced so little of the warmth and unction which are generally associated with home-coming.

"Hello, pa."

Mr. McEwen, emerging from the stilly night, approached his offspring with brisk incompetence.

"Hello, Floyd. I got you a rig, just like you said. He asked a dollar, but I got him down to seventy-five cents. Want a h'ist? Why didn't you come at a civilized hour? Godfrey! It's tomorrer mornin'."

The Bawby Ephalunt, having been boosted into the hack, smiled sternly at his own finesse. Full well had he known that at midnight Huntsboro proper would be cloaked in slumber, while Huntsboro improper would be lushing up on hard cider in the engine house. A fallen idol craves no raspberry, especially at the depot.

"Well," he remarked evasively, "how's ma?"

"Well, your ma," said Mr. McEwen, "is in pretty much of a state. When your telegraph come she s'posed of course somebody was dead. It was a good thutty minutes before she'd let me open it. Then when she see you'd injured you she flopped right over like a feather duster, and I had to dribble a whole pitcher of spring water down her back to bring her to."

"But, pa, didn't I say it wasn't only the Charley horse?"

"Well, you got to bear in mind, Floyd, she ain't up on these here medical terms. She thought it was some kind of a vet'rinary complaint. But I pacified her down; and now she's gone made up the parlor for you, so's to save you the stairs, and she's got it all stunk up with carbolic acid and iodine and antiseptic gauze and buchu and household ammonia and I dunno what. Well, here we be."

To Mrs. McEwen, Floyd was still the globular infant that had once wallowed in her lap.

"Oh, my good grief's sake alive!" she gasped. "Just look at that there crutch! Oh, you poor baby! Floyd, tell your ma—are you killed?"

"Aw, nix," said Floyd, with Spartan modesty. "Don't come apart, ma. I just wrenched me, in Cincinnati, in the leg."

Between them his parents stevedored him into his scented boudoir. His own bed had been brought down, and as he sat on it it recognized its master, and creaked faithfully.

"Much obliged, pa. Now, you go crawl in among your alfalfa. I'm all hunky-dory, and I got somethin' to say to ma, private."

Mrs. McEwen was so overcome with apprehension that she had to line up against the bar, which she had established on top of the melodeon, and take a stiff inhalation of ammonia, with a chaser of Portland salts.

"Floyd!" she bleated. "What is it? Are you goin' to lose your limb?"

"No, ma," said the Bawby Ephalunt hoarsely. "It ain't so petty as all that. But is Floriter Flewellyn still hangin' around?"

Florita Flewellyn had been the chatelaine of his most gnawing affections until the principal main award was bulletined.

Mrs. McEwen crumbled into a chair.

"Stars above! You oughtn't to have unstrung me like that, Floyd! Why, I was within one of havin' a spell!

No, she ain't. She's gone off to college; to Quackenbush's Business College to Pittsfield."

The Bawby Ephalunt partly unruffled his brow.

"Well, how about Myrtle and Edner?" These had been his second and third string substitute affinities; both sore as ticks at being beaten in popularity.

"Why, Myrtle, she's to Springfield, learnin' her how to be a train' nurse. Edner, she's payin' a visit to some of their folks or other up in Bangor, Maine. What are you doin', Floyd—still stewin' over that nonsensical contest? Why, it's all past and gone; you ain't demeaned a mite."

"You better go tear off some sleep, too, ma," he said solicitously. "You look like a wreck."

Once alone, he unfettered a sigh of relief which blew a wandering house fly two feet out of its course. So the trio of demon demoiselles had all flown the coop! Well, bless the thoughtful fates! But then gradually his Cheshire smile faded as a new torment came to gnarl his reverie. He was thinking of the burning South, and of Marybell Grady.

Marybell was a chic stenographer whom he had met last fall at a dance of the Jolly Jazzociation of Jersey City. During the winter he had worshiped her intermittently, but when he had quitted Huntsboro at the conclusion of the contest he had practically decided to appoint her to the existing vacancy in his amours, and put her on full time. Miss Grady, however, had glowed with no reciprocal flame of Eros; on the contrary, she had been bored to a cinder.

"Marybell," he had said tenderly, toward the third hour of his formal call -"Marybell, is they any one special thing I could ever do for you, for a real personal favor?"

It was the opportunity she had yawned for. "Uh-huh," she had answered sleepily but firmly. "You can take the air!"

That made a total of four assorted Dulcineas to be written off as an operating loss, within two months.

"Women!" said Floyd derisively to himself. "Women! I tell you I'm through -and that goes!"

And it did. It went for nearly twelve hours.

To the Bawby Ephalunt's beatitude, the following morning, which was Saturday, had gold in its mouth. Due to his honorable wounds he was not only a hero again but also a validated martyr; all portions and parcels of the dreadful past were wiped off the slate; and he sat enthroned on the stoop, in his Goliath sweater and his best pants, receiving homage and tribute

"Sakes alive and the ash can!" said Mrs. McEwen breathlessly to her husband. "Just you tot up all them magazines, and all them cigarettes and apples and bananas and milk custards! Why, if you didn't know you'd almost suspect he was a young mother! And, pa—who do you s'pose it was sent him over that big dish of slip-and-go-down? Well, it was Miz' Claypool. How's that for high? I call it real neighborly for folks that only lived here since February—and such choosy folks too. Her daughter Helun brung it; she's real nice. I sh'd say about sixteen."

Floyd himself had regarded the emissary with two-ply approval; he had welcomed the floating island, of course, but as he audited the native charms of her who had clasped it to her bosom and transported it to him he had felt something claw at his higher instincts. She was a bantamweight brunette with smoldering eyes; she had the most cultivated manners imaginable, and a voice that reminded him of the west wind blowing through the pine trees behind the freight station.

To his questions she responded with sweet seriousness and fluttering lids. Yes, Huntsboro was a rather picturesque little hamlet, except that it was well, what the poets would describe as bubonic, or countrified. Yes, their house wasn't so repulsive, take it by and large, but they were making quite some few reparations. Yes, since papa had retired himself from his concern in Holyoke, he was living off the interest of his money.

"About how much," inquired the Bawby Ephalunt sociably, "has your father got, anyhow? And what line of work was he in?"

Before she could reply the noon whistle split the welkin, and she hovered to her feet.

"Oh, sugar! And I wanted so much to hear about your scenic travels, and all. Isn't it too utterly weird how the time flees?"

As the Bawby Ephalunt appraised her, a jet of live steam came flowing into the icy coils which surrounded his heart.

"Well, you got to come get your bowl back, ain't you? About four, or a quarter to?"

"I guess I better had," admitted Miss Claypool demurely. "It's a dish that mama's very particularly choice of. Well, Mr. McEwen, I simply called in to assure you of our profound sympthy in your bereavement. And thank you for a very pleasant occasion."

If promptness is a virtue, then Helen should have been canonized, for she reported back at 3:20, with a fresh coconut. Within the hour Floyd was lashed to the mast; in fact, he was preparing to hobble in and shove the bowl under the sitting-room sofa, so that they could hunt for it together, in the shadowed pantry. But her next sentence dissuaded him.

"One of the points I admire about you," said Miss Claypool softly, "is your gentility. I'm a great believer in etiquette myself, Mr. McEwen, and my book says it's the magic wand that opens the gates to a broader life. Please, Mr. McEwen, never make one single break that'll destroy my illusiveness about you, or it'll pierce me to the core. Let ours be a true Plutonic friendship, with never a sorrow or pain. I have to go now, but I trust that when I see you again you'll be completely resuscitated. Oh! Where's that dish?"

The mill whistle sounded the knell of parting day; a herd of tired business men wound slowly o'er the lea; and Mr. McEwen, having sponged his collar, drew up to the festive board.

"Well, Floyd, anybody else call in?"

Floyd was preoccupied.

"Ayop. Two women, five men, and the minister."

Mr. McEwen's knife, poised in midair, lost two-thirds of its cargo.

"Look here, Floyd, if all you can do is just set, why, what's the confounded sense of settin' right where the whole rag, tag and bobtail can come condole with you free? When if you was to come set in the pharmacy, they wouldn't hardly have the gall to come in without buyin' somethin'?"

"Pa," said the Bawby Ephalunt, speaking from the music land of dreams, "I got a sheet-iron contrack with the Goliaths, same's I got with you. Winters I clerk; summers I pitch ball. And if you can put your finger on any

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"Why, When You're Always and Forever My Poetic Model, Floyd, Cold Type Is One Thing, But a Manuscript's Almost—Sacred!"

THE JERVIS FURNITURE

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

LIKE all revolutions, whether of states or souls, a combination of many things caused Cleithra Jervis to kick the traces. It was in part, perhaps, the perennial revolt of youth; but only partly, for Cleithra had already reached that stage where she was beginning to notice in herself a lack of buoyancy and a faint disapprobation of the young. Eustis Muldoon, perhaps, may have had something to do with it. Cleithra had met him in New York two weeks before, and ever since she reached home she had received a letter from him in each morning's mail.

Even Eddie Brewer may have helped the thing along; but after all they were only figureheads or, at best, immediate causes.

Neither Eddie nor Eustis, but inanimate things, underlay Cleithra's revolution. It was a curious sort of mutiny which it would be hard to invoke at any point west of the New England seaboard, for pewter and mahogany and glass were behind it, and the very spoons on the supper table. They were mute and motionless, yet Cleithra's revolution was born of a personal animosity toward them, quite as though the Adam sofa in the hall, and the pink luster in the cupboard, and the highboy on the upper landing, and all those other slender and venerable pieces of furniture that stood along the wainscot walls of the Jervis house had souls and voices and memories of their own.

As always when the bell in the Second Congregational Church began on the hour of five, Aunt Sarah looked up from her knitting, a delicate and shadowy old lady in the dusk.

"Cleithra," she said, "it's time to close the shutters. Those foreigners from the mills will be passing soon."

"But, Sweetheart," Said Eustis Gently, "I'm Only Looking for One I Can Sit On"

Her voice was gentle and precise, never rising or falling a single point from other days.

"Yes, Aunt Sarah," said Cleithra, and she laid aside her first edition of Hawthorne.

"Cleithra," said Aunt Sarah, "mark your place with a piece of paper. You are careless about leaving open books face downward, and when you do it breaks the binding in the back."

Once when she was fresh from the emancipation of Radcliffe College, Cleithra had left a book in that unorthodox position and Aunt Sarah had always remembered. Aunt Sarah came of the iron age when young ladies trod the tight-laced paths and, though she was frail and gentler than she used to be, she was not a comfortable old lady. She was sitting upright in her Windsor chair disdainful of its delicate spindle back.

She had laid aside her washcloth on which it was her custom to knit in the afternoon, and had crossed her thin hands on her black alpaca dress.

It was growing dark on Prospect Street; but standing by the parlor window, Cleithra could see the houses opposite, familiar New England houses, bleak without the leaves of their vines and shrubbery. Their windows were blank and their doors were shut, as the doors in the street where the sound of the grinding is low.

For some reason which she could not understand she found she was very near to tears. Inexplicably, out of the tranquillity of that afternoon she felt a longing which she knew was quite grotesque.

"You can't be feeling well," she whispered to herself.

Somehow the bareness of the street was connected with her mood. She bit her lip and put her handkerchief to her mouth. The dark was coming over Prospect Street like a rising tide. It was shutting her away. It was absurd to think it, but it was shutting everything away. She knew there was nothing—nothing to stir her so, and all the while she could hear her voice speaking in that odd panic of her thoughts.

"You mustn't cry," she was saying to herself—"you mustn't, mustn't cry."

The street was growing darker. The parlor air was heavy and close with the odor of things, not of mustiness or uncleanliness, but of old wood, old iron, old carpets, old brocade. Aunt Sarah was lighting the lamp. Cleithra heard the tinkling of the chimney and the rattle of the matches. The flame flickered on the wick and made an uncertain image on the windowpane, and then Cleithra saw her own face in the window staring back at her from the dark.

It was her own reflection, yet it startled her like an unexpected thought. She had never known how young she looked until her youth stared back at her, unwitting and captured by the lighting of the lamp. There was brightness in her eyes and fullness in her lips. Her image was like a ghost—dim, slender and half afraid.

"Cleithra," said Aunt Sarah, "close the shutters."

They were wooden shutters which folded in the window frame. As she closed them the world was closed away, and her dim vision of herself also was shut into the street outside. The shutters and the darkness were like a door. She had never known the shutters to close so tight.

"Whatever ails you, Cleithra?" asked Aunt Sarah.

"N-nothing," said Cleithra; "I have a headache."

"Live and learn," said Aunt Sarah in solemn triumph, "I told you what would happen if you read without a lamp. I told you it strained the eyes visiting in New York."

It must have been her eyes, for every object, each stick of furniture, the pictures, the mantel ornaments she dusted every morning, the lamp, the books, the carpet all obtruded themselves on her sight and consciousness in a most unseemly way. They were like friends in a new unwelcome rôle, like the fair thoughts of night turned hard by morning. Everything was in its place in that just-proportioned room. Against the scrolled woodwork, hewed and carved at the time the first Jervis brought the bricks of the house from England, stood the chairs of French Chippendale, the remainder of the goods taken by a Jervis privateer in 1812. Their mahogany was black as black and they were heavy as iron. There was the desk of curly maple, with the carved continental eagle, the ball-and-claw feet and the pale-yellow brasses distinctive of old alloy. There was the china cabinet, built when the house was built, with its Lowestoft, patterned with the Jervis coat of arms, and the pink luster and the punch bowls that rang like bells at the touch of a finger. In the fireplace were the brasses which Captain Jervis had ordered designed and cast at an English foundry in 1754; and in the center of the room, near the strip of carpet where Lafayette had spilled wine, was a long table and the lamp. It was one of those tables with claw feet, made with a grace of line that caught the eye and held it—even a hostile eye that had no love for the antique. It had been fashioned by a carver of ships' figureheads when the town was still a port.

The whole room retained a touch of the sea, though no seafarer had crossed its threshold in eighty years. The red lacquer box on the table told of ships, and the ginger jars on the broad mantel, and the Chinese mandarin; and the canvas over the mantel was a painting of a ship in full sail with the harbor light and the town behind it. It was a crude painting obviously done by local talent; but it was fitting it should be placed where anyone should see, for it was one of the Jervis ships that had brought home the dwindling fund that kept the Jervis house. Beneath it on the frame was painted: "The Sun Maid—Capt. O. E. Jervis, of Southport, owner, 1802." Cleithra often

wondered at the name. It had a touch of liveliness and poetry like the thoughts of a man in love.

It was strange how the things in the room—all those dissimilar objects—were reconciled by age. Each piece of furniture stood beside the other without a contrast or disturbance to thought. They had grown old in the places where they stood, just as Aunt Sarah had grown old. It was as if a single personality had lent to everything a stately common harmony, until the mechanics' hands that made the chairs and the desk and the table, and all the other hands that touched them, had been dedicated to the same purpose, while the whole waited in silence for that purpose to be fulfilled.

The furniture was old in a personal individual way, just as Aunt Sarah was old. It almost seemed to Cleithra that the Jervis furniture had subtly communicated its age until its age touched every living thing that crossed the threshold. Had the Jervis furniture become more than furniture?

Surely once it had been only meant for use, and now half of it had survived usefulness. Three of the half dozen Chippendale chairs were so warped and cracked that no one had used them for the purpose they were intended, for half a generation. Two legs of the table were weak and had to be favored when dusted.

No one ever drank tea from the Lowestoft. The punch bowls never held punch. Southport had been dry as dust for fifty years. The pink luster was kept where it could not be broken. From articles of use, the furnishings of the Jervis house had become tradition. Strange how time had changed them. From the humble servants of the people in the house, the people in the house had become their servants. Even the hired girl was not allowed to touch them now.

Surely Capt. O. E. Jervis had not been assiduous about them. Surely he had never stopped to discover if he had injured the Adam sofa when he stubbed his toe against it. In all probability Captain Jervis would have kicked the Adam sofa and damned Mr. Adam for making legs that were in the way. Once the Jervis furniture had been built for use. Why was there no one who could use it now? Were there people anywhere who could walk with assurance into the Jervis room without saying "Oh!" and "Ah!"? No one was left in Southport who could do it; and yet they were not always so. What was it that had changed them? Capt. O. E. Jervis drank and smoked and tilted back his chair. Half the Jervis money had come from tobacco, but Aunt Sarah could not bear its odor in any form. What would Aunt Sarah have done if she had known that Cleithra had once puffed at a cigarette?

Was it possible, Cleithra wondered, that she was beginning to hate the Jervis furniture?

"Cleithra," said Aunt Sarah, "whatever are you doing? Don't pull so at those chairs."

"I'm only looking for one to sit on."

"You know, dear," said Aunt Sarah, "no one ever sits on the Jervis Chippendales."

Cleithra knew, and it made her all the more astonished at the phenomenon within herself. For when Aunt Sarah looked back at her knitting, Cleithra did something that was contrary to every tenet of her bringing up. She gave the back of the armchair nearest her a savage little twist, and then she caught her breath. A piece of the mahogany scrollwork had come off in her hand. It was part of an acanthus leaf, nearly three inches long; and though it was heavy as metal it was as delicate as porcelain. She knew she should have been sorry. Instead, all of a sudden she felt very young. As Aunt Sarah turned toward her again, Cleithra popped the fragment of the Jervis chair into the pocket of her gray dress. Oddly, unaccountably, the spell of her melancholy was broken.

"Cleithra," said Aunt Sarah, "is Edward Brewer coming in?"

In spite of herself, a faint, slightly hysterical titter escaped from Cleithra.

"Oh, yes," she said, "Eddie's coming in."

There was a hollow snap by the table. Aunt Sarah was taking her spectacles from their case.

"What's that?"

Aunt Sarah was hastily fitting her spectacles about her ears. It reminded Cleithra of a fireman pulling on his rubber boots at the sound of the first alarm.

"I said Eddie was coming in," responded Cleithra.

"You didn't," said Aunt Sarah; "I still can hear some things. You said, 'Oh, yes,' and you giggled. Now, my dear, what do you mean by 'Oh, yes'?"

Cleithra sighed and looked at the ship and the ginger jars.

"Can't you guess what I meant, Aunt Sarah?" she asked wearily.

"My dear," said Aunt Sarah, "whatever's getting into you? Never you forget there are sixty-six thousand more women than men in the state of Massachusetts, and the Brewers are a fine old New England family."

"But, Aunt Sarah," began Cleithra, "Eddie's never ——"

"My dear," said Aunt Sarah, shaking out the folds of her washrag, "I may be old, but don't you tell me. They never do unless you make 'em—I know very well."

"But, Aunt Sarah," cried Cleithra, "what if I don't want to make him?"

Aunt Sarah rose and slipped her washrag into her knitting bag.

"According to figures in the World Almanac," she repeated firmly, "there are over sixty-six thousand more grown-up women than grown-up men in the state of Massachusetts, and the Brewers have been a fine old New England family ever since the town was in the shipping business."

"But, Aunt Sarah ——" began Cleithra.

"Tell Edward," said Aunt Sarah, "not to smoke, and not to sit in the Chippendales. I'm not promising, my dear, but perhaps you shall have the Chippendales some day."

Standing in a row against the wall, the Jervis Chippendales seemed to echo Aunt Sarah's departing footsteps. They seemed larger and more venerable as Aunt Sarah left. The light from the lamp sank deep into the perfect symmetry of their carving, as though the rich elaboration

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"Gone?" Aunt Sarah's Voice Had Cracked. She Opened and Shut Her Eyes. "Gone? What Made Him Go?"

GENERALLY SPEAKING

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

WHEN Luke Cravens, the bullwether of the party, teapot domed me into going to the legislature from Doughmore-on-the-Sound I'd a bet all the dough I wish I had that they was no more chance of me flopping for another public job than they is of a fish climbing Mrs. Woolworth's flagpole with a bucket of paint; but, like Scotty Burns says, the best laid eggs of mice or hens ain't always what you cracks 'em up to be.

Some guys is borned politicians, some gets that way and some gets in their way. I win the show money. It seems like every time this bobo Cravens gets a idea I gotta be the first lad he runs into and spills it over. One of these days that bird's gonna take the notion that he should oughta push a mah-jongg set outta his third-story window, and it goes without saying a word that I'll be walking in front of his hut about that split second with my hat off and a headache.

I meets up with Luke the morning after the boys at Albany has decided to call it a per diem. Like the feller in Cincinnati that went back to the farm after tying the tinware on the enemy, I'm all set to lead the simple mail-order life under my own vine and pigsty, but all that I am or ever hope to be I never ain't.

"You're just the gink I'm looking for," says Cravens.

"That's tough luck," I comes back. "I just seen him three blocks back and he was running hard in the opposite direction."

"Who?" inquires Luke.

"Me," I answers. "I suppose you thinks you is looking at Dink O'Day. In the flesh, perhaps, yes; but the spirit is laying for you in a dark alley with a slung shot in one hand and a cut of lead pipe in the other."

"Forget it," growls Cravens. "You didn't have such a rotten time of it in Albany, did you?"

"Offhands," I returns, "I can't think of no worser one unless it was maybe the night I was leading the grand march at the Oyster Openers' Ball and both my garters got loose."

"Anyways," remarks the county chairman, "you gotta thank me for getting you outta Doughmore for a while, at least."

"That part of it's all right," I admits; "but I ain't sure whether I'd rather play with the nut-wits around here or listen to a lotta mileage mutts talking about something they don't know nothing about to a bunch of never-yets that wouldn't understand even if they listened."

"Did you listen?" asks Cravens.

"What for?" I yelps back. "I ain't one of them babies that's crazy to detract attention to hisself. When I goes to a funeral I generally wears a black necktie like everybody else.

"You talk politics to me again and you'll be able to see that for yourselfs through the glass top."

"I met Mrs. O'Day yesterday," switches Luke, casual. "Charming woman, ain't she?"

"This is a free country," says I. "What'd you talk about?"

"Washington," he answers.

"George?" I inquires.

"D. C.," he returns. "She's wild about going there; can't hardly wait for the seventh."

"What they got that day?" I asks. "A excursion?"

"That," comes back Cravens, calm, "is the day you takes your seat in Congress."

"Who takes it?" I howls. "What do I take? Where do I take it?"

"Now listen, bo," says Luke, soothing, "and hold your horse powers till I get through. You heard about Dubney dying last month, didn't you?"

"Yeh," says I; "but you go find yourselfs another pair of feet to slap his shoes on. I still got corns from them last set of political kicks you crammed my dogs into."

"Dink!" He Yells. "You Old Crook!"

"Like you knows," goes on the chairman, "this county is disgustingly Republican; but the district is so Democratic that mostly the Gops don't even go to the troubles of putting up a bird for Congress. Seeing they is only about a month left of this term, they ain't a chance of them doing such this time and that oozes you into the job without no struggles."

"You're cuckoo if you thinks so," I tells him. "You try and force it on me and you'll get mussed up in a struggle that'll make a grudge scrap between a coupla wild wildcats on a hot stove look like a friendly lotto game between two camp-fire gals with anæmia."

"You're making a mountaineer outta a molehill," says Cravens.

"You ain't got a thing to do, no campaigning, no barrel to bust open, no nothing. By the time you gets to Washington and finds a cop to ask what building your seat's in, the session'll be over and your job'll be shot. All me and the boys is trying to do is to hand you a little honor for playing ball with us at Albany and fix it so you can be called Congressman the rest of your life."

"I don't care nothing for no honors," I replies. "They is all scored above the line and don't do you no good in cashing. You know what it says in the Bible honor is without profit in a man's own country."

"You got that all balled up," remarks Luke; "but let it lay like you hatched it. You gotta remember, bimbo, they is a line in the same book about no man being a hero to his wallet and a guy, well-heeled like you is, is gotta have some drum major like Congressman or such parading in front of his monniker if he's gonna have folks point him out on the street and say that ——"

"Maybe," I cuts in; "but from what I hears of Washington these days they don't point you out so much. They comes up behind and taps you on the shoulder."

"Don't worry," says Cravens; "you won't be there long enough to get done in oil."

"Yeh," I comes back, "and I ain't gonna be here long enough for you to spread any more of it. Au revoir, feller. Cherchez yourselfs another sucker."

"Hell!" gasps Luke. "Can you talk French?"

"Why not, old oof?" I returns. "Wasn't I over there a coupla years making the world safe for the fellers that's got one?"

"You didn't say nothing about your war record in France in the last campaign, did you?" inquires the chairman.

"Not a word," I answers. "What's the connection? I don't see where sticking around in a mudhole picking cooties offa yourselfs is any special training for the legislature.

"You might as well elect a guy judge just on the account of him having flagged the limited with his sister's red petticoat and saved ——"

"They don't wear 'em no more," interrupts Luke.

"Make it red hair then," I suggests. "The idea I'm trying to get over is that being a hero don't qualify you for nothing excepting the snow and ice when the band stops playing, and a trip to Bolivia."

"Bolivia?" repeats Cravens. "Oh, you mean oblivion. Just the same, old topper, it's grand old stuff; and when I tells the boys how you fit and got bit for your country they'll be hotter'n ever for putting you over."

"You put me over," I growls, "and I'll put you under so far it'll take three days of steady rain to get you wet. I'm serious now. Leave me be. I've had one taste of public life and another one'd ruin my digestion and your features."

"The filing fee," says Luke, "is one hundred fish and you can mail me a check for it tonight after ——"

"After what?" I barks.

"After the misses gets done talking to you," replies Cravens. "Charming woman, your wife, ain't she?"

"Even Kate," I shouts, "can't bluff me into taking the job."

"Sure?" grins Luke.

"Hundred proof," I tells him.

"Cheer Up, Old Gal"

"Wanna make a little bet?" he teases.

"Al. right," says I. "What odds'll you give?"

II

THEY is a big crowd at the station in Washington when we gets in—waiting to see a flashy film frail that's been shot over as often as an English moor. As for Congressman O'Day and his lady, they ain't no more attention paid to them than they is to a fog in Frisco. I can't even get a porter to give us a tumble.

I'm crashing the mob toward the exit out when I bumps flush into a lad whose grunt sounds familiar. I looks up and finds myself lamp to lamp with Skeets Donegan, a bird I ain't seen for maybe fifteen years.

"Dink!" he yells. "You old crook!"

"Sh-h-h!" I whispers. "Not so loud or they'll think you mean it. I'm in Congress now."

"The dev.l!" exclaims Donegan. "When did that happen to you?"

"I'm just the effect, bo," says I. "Meet the because." And I knocks him down to the frau. "I was elected last week," I goes on. "Don't you never read no papers? I'm surprised that a smart bozo like you used to be don't know the names of the fellers that is making the laws for the country. You living here now?"

"Yeh," he answers. "I been in Washington twelve years."

"Doing what?" I inquires.

"Making laws for the country, Dink," he grins. "This is my sixth term from the Seventeenth Missouri District. Don't you never read no papers? I'm surprised that a smart ——"

"The phosphates are on me," I cuts in, all flustered up.

"No apologies ain't needed," says Skeets. "They is goofs that's been here twenty years that is got to have theirselves identified every time they draws their pay. Where you parking?"

I tells him, and it seems like he drops his shoes on the floor of the same place. Such being the cases, we drifts over to the hotel together and Donegan comes up to the room for a rag chaw.

"Funny, Skeets," I remarks, after we has scofflawed and squatted, "I ain't heard no scandals or nothing about you.

"A guy that's been in Congress as long as you has oughta be chairman of half a dozen big committees, at the leastest, and be busting into the news regular."

"Maybe," admits Skeets; "but what you thinks you oughta be in Washington and what you is ain't even on speaking terms. I'm chairman of a committee at this session though."

"A good one?" I asks.

"It has its points," answers Donegan. "It's the Committee on the Disposal of Useless Papers in the Department of the Interior."

"Ain't they got no janitors?" I comes back. "What is you supposed to do?"

"I ain't found out yet," he returns. "The last time the committee met was in Grant's first term."

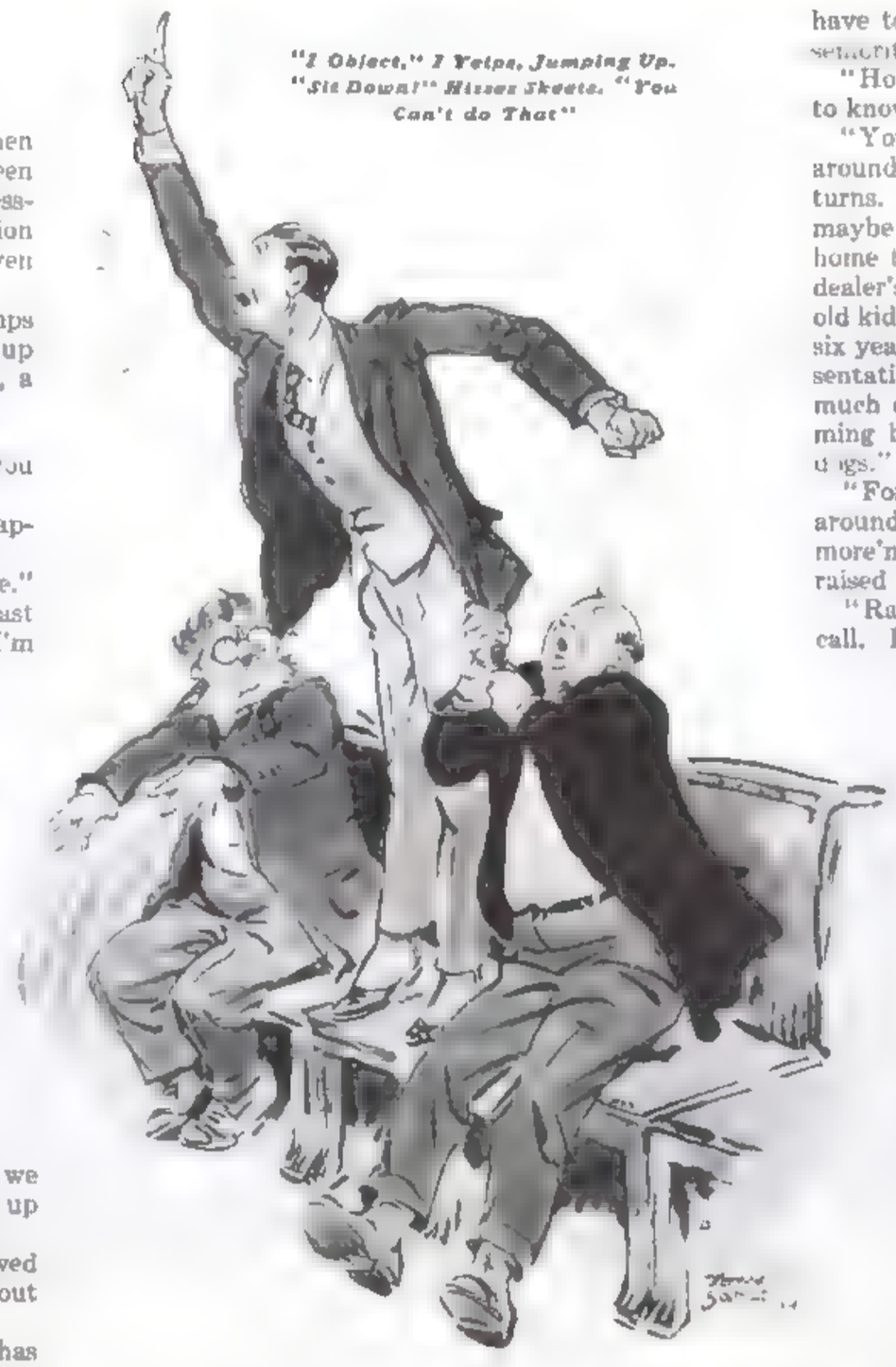
"Hell!" says I. "What's the use of being Number One Boy on a layout like that?"

"Well," explains Skeets, "being chairman gives you a private room to play pitch in and a secretary to play it with.

"You're taking Dubney's place, ain't you?"

"Yeh," I replies. "Why?"

"He was on that committee, too," goes on Donegan, "and I guess they'll slip all his assignment to you."



"I Object," I Yelps, Jumping Up. "Sit Down!" Hisses Skeets. "You Can't do That"

"Not me, they won't," I yelps. "I ain't gonna be here long, but I'm not gonna stand for being buried in no waste paper. Was Dubney on any flash committees?"

"I ain't quite sure," he answers; "but I think he was on Ventilation, Mexican War Pensions, Swiss Naval Relations and ——"

"Any of them," I cuts in, "met since Grant's time?"

"I ain't heard about it if they has," says Skeets; "but what do you expect? You don't suppose they is gonna slip any of the show jobs to a new baby, does you?"

"Dink ain't new," steps in the wife. "He was in the legislature at Albany."

"I wouldn't doubt it a mite," returns Donegan; "but that fact wouldn't have no more effect on the big mokes that runs Congress than the news that he was the second best speller in the fourth grade and was good at yodeling."

"Ain't brains got nothing to do with getting them fancy jobs?" inquires Kate.

"They has been cases," says Skeets, "where fellers that had 'em has slipped into good spots just through their headwork, but you could count 'em on both hands and still have ten fingers over. Everything around here goes by seniority."

"How do you go about getting that?" the misses wants to know.

"You don't go about," returns Donegan. "You sit around and read the death notices and the election returns. After you been in Congress twenty or thirty years, maybe enough birds has shuffled off or got trimmed back home to move you up from the foot of the table to the dealer's slot. You might as well make up your mind, Dink, old kid, you ain't gonna do nothing in the House for five or six years, anyways, if ever. A nice fresh and shiny representative, with the excelsior still in his ears, is got about as much chance of making a stir under the dome as a humming bird'd have in a battle royal between eleven bulldogs."

"Forget it, feller," says I. "I don't expect to linger around here no longer'n a month or two, and it won't be more'n a coupla weeks before my clarinet voice'll be raised ——"

"Raised?" sneers Skeets. "They won't even let you call. It'll be a year before anybody'll notice that Dubney ain't there no more and another before the page boys'll find out they is a new come-on in his place. I was like you when I first hit this joint. I had a speech all ready for spouting that was gonna rip the vest offa the vested interests and make my name go ringing down the toreadors of time as the ——"

"What happened?" I cuts in. "Wouldn't they let you?"

"I waited my chance," goes on Donegan, "when they wasn't nobody on the floor and then I leaps nimble to my feet. 'Mister Speaker,' I hollers. He looks at me like I was something the cat had brung in from the garbage can, and announces, 'The gentleman from Rhode Island moves we adjourn. Is they a second?'

"They was—at the leastest eighty-six of 'em," continues Skeets, "and the whole House milled over my dogs getting outta the place. At first I thought the speaker had a tin ear and bum lamps on the account of him ticketing me as being from Rhode Island and thinking I'd said something about calling it a day; but after he'd billeted me in seven or eight other states, none of 'em sounding anything like Missouri, and thought everything I said for a week sounded like a motion to adjourn, I began getting jerry. That first session I only got away with one stunt."

"What was that?" I asks.

"Right towards the end," answers Donegan, "I seconded a guy's motion to adjourn."

"Didn't you have a chance to get the spiel offa your chest the next term?" I inquires.

"I coulda," answers Skeets; "but the vested interests was outta style by that time, so I let loose a few slams at the I. W. W., only I never made the speech in the House."

"I don't get you," I remarks.

"I just asked leave to print," explains Donegan, "in the Record."

"The Record?" question marks the wife.

"Yeh," says Skeets; "the Congressional Record, which some lad once called the most widely unread publication in America. Most of the stuff you sees in it ain't never been spoken. You just writes it out, fences in applause and loud cheers at different places and shoots it over to the printer. A coupla weeks later some hot-stove whittler out at the bend of the creek gets a copy of it and by-gums the checker

(Continued on Page 181)

I Talks Free to Them Until Donegan Comes Along and Pulls Me Away

WILSON AS A POLITICIAN

By JAMES KERNEY

The Only Campaign Picture Made of Mr. Wilson While He Was Stumping for the Governorship in 1910. It Was Taken at the Trenton Interstate Fair, September 23d. On His Left is Governor John Franklin Fort, His Predecessor in Office. On His Right is Vivian M. Lewis, His Republican Opponent

WOODROW WILSON, in the course of events, found himself trying to master the game of practical politics. Every President must be a politician in some sense or other As governor of New Jersey and in the first two years of the presidency he played considerably at organization politics. It was not to his liking. His mind just didn't go along. Human contacts, as a rule, bored him. The Scotch and Irish blood in his veins kept him fighting most of the time, and yet he never learned to take political punishment gracefully. The prospect of losing fretted him and sometimes resulted in embarrassing shifts. He was cautious about the likely effect of a course of action on his own political fortunes.

"I have enough Scotch in me for business purposes," he remarked more than once

It is by his Fourteen Points and his League enthusiasm and his passion for humanity, not by his shortcomings, that history will remember Mr. Wilson. Sentimental hero worshipers demand a halo at every turn; perhaps a few uncolored facts will more fairly show the human side of the great man. His was a strange aloofness as well as a strange political ascension. Full of the pretty theories he had been teaching the university students, and unfettered with practical political experience or definite plan, he got off to a standing start and made the whole distance to the pinnacle of greatest power at the greatest time in the world's history. Some of us had front seats for several acts of the amazing performance. Not in the sense that he wholly confided in anyone; none was ever in the complete secret of his motives. He was his own favorite confidant. But those of us who lived in the inner Wilson circle while he was learning the political game saw him change from an aristocratic Democrat to a very militant two-fisted Progressive.

A Walk-Over

THEY were great days for an outstanding Democrat to become a Progressive. When, in 1910, Mr. Wilson was named for governor by the most approved of steam-roller methods, Theodore Roosevelt had returned from his big-game hunt in Africa and way stations, and was bumping over the American continent with his message of New Nationalism. Old-time Republican allies were being hurled most vociferously into the Ananias Club. When Mr. Wilson was the candidate of his party for President in 1912 Colonel Roosevelt's Onward-Christian-Soldier enthusiasm had become even more audible and he was gleefully crowding his friend, William Howard Taft, into the discard. It was a walk-over for any Democrat. Mr. Wilson, being the creature or creation of such circumstances, had less personal need for playing the political game than is ordinarily the case. He really never got beyond the amateur stage himself. In Washington, Col. Edward M. House and Secretary Joseph P. Tumulty were the chief patronage dispensers, with Secretary of the Treasury William G. McAdoo an occasional runner-up. When the 1914 congressional elections, into which Mr. Wilson had been rather gratuitously injected as the great issue, turned out disastrously, it became increasingly difficult for those about him to stir his political interest. He saw clearly that the Progressives had quit Roosevelt and gone to the Republicans; the Great War was more and more completely occupying his whole attention, and he gradually withdrew until even his cabinet members saw less and less of him. The dull routine of government and politics he was willing to leave to others while he gave his attention to thinking and writing of the more engrossing world tragedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Accompanied by Secret Service Men, Leaving Their Home on Cleveland Lane, Princeton, for the Last Time, on the Morning of March 5, 1913, to Take the Train for Washington, for the First Inauguration. They Walked From the House to the Railroad Station

Mitchel

PERHAPS it was because Wilson and Tumulty and McAdoo had all lived so long in the shadow of New York politics that the attempts to control things there bulked so large in the first two years at the White House. Once the inauguration was out of the way there promptly began an intense struggle over the naming of the collector of the port of New York. It sounds like a petty sort of thing, but the collector is the most important Federal official in New York, and the incumbent had been regarded as the spokesman there for the White House. For months the combat drifted.

Senator James O'Gorman, for the Democratic organization, which is Tammany Hall, had a list of several candidates that the President might choose from. Secretary McAdoo, already in the fence-building trade, wanted Frank L. Polk, who subsequently became undersecretary of state. O'Gorman successfully blocked that. Not that he had anything particularly against Polk, but he did object to McAdoo making off with the choicest plum.

When the month of May rolled around and the warriors had somewhat wearied Mr Wilson, he decided to take matters into his own hands. I suspect the decision was gently accelerated by Tumulty. Wilson's political decisions usually were. Be that as it may, I was asked by telephone, on the afternoon of May fifth, to run down from Trenton to Washington that evening for a little chat with the President. When I arrived the President, Tumulty and myself met in Mr. Wilson's private apartment in the White House, and he told me that it was not his desire that either Tammany or McAdoo should have any political control over the Customhouse. He had therefore decided to appoint John Purroy Mitchel, a young Irish-American and a Catholic, which would bar the organization crowd from repeating their silly charges that he was a bigot He wanted me to go to New York and win over Mitchel, who was then being championed by Hearst to beat Tammany for mayor, by telling him that there were no strings to the appointment and that he might go on with his political program. Mr. Wilson then wrote, in his own hand, a letter authorizing me to speak for him and

setting forth that whatever I promised would be fulfilled "It seems a pity to employ so much secrecy about appointing a man to an important office, but I can't think out loud down here without someone putting it in the newspapers," the President said.

I saw Mitchel at his office in New York next day, and we discussed at length the possible advantages and disadvantages that the much-coveted honor might bring him. He not only had the powerful Hearst support but he was flirting with Colonel Roosevelt, and it looked as if he might be the fusion candidate against Tammany in the fall. Mitchel did not want to take any chance of losing out, and asked twenty-four hours to discuss the affair with his business partner. While the President was in his room at the Capitol next day, Senator O'Gorman drifted in and took up a discussion of the collectorship and, to Mr. Wilson's utter amazement, stated that, if he could not land one of his own recommendations, Mitchel would not be objectionable to him. Whether anyone had leaked in New York I don't know, and it matters little. Without waiting for the final word from Mitchel the President promptly sent his name to the Senate and he was confirmed. The President wrote me that the outcome quite took his breath away and he said that he was very happy about it.

At the proper time and by Mitchel's request, the word was passed out from Washington that he had the administration support against Tammany for mayor of New York; he swept everything before him and at the opening of Congress, following his election, he was a luncheon guest at the White House.

The Feud

FOR some reason he did not make a particularly good impression on Mr. Wilson and no tears were shed when he subsequently lost favor with Hearst, and was beaten by Tammany. Dudley Malone, son-in-law of Senator O'Gorman, was named as Mitchel's successor as collector of the port, but it was largely personal, and not favored by Tammany. In fact the Malone and Mitchel forces went to work with great zest to drive Tammany off the face of the earth. Somebody is always putting Tammany out of business.

The following year proved a very busy, and at times annoying, one to Mr. Wilson. The feud between Tammany and the so-called friends of Wilson was at white heat. Mitchel was conferring with Colonel Roosevelt and there was talk of the Independent Democrats and the Progressives fusing. Finally Mitchel and Malone and McAdoo's friends got back of an anti-Tammany slate consisting of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt, for United States senator, and John Hennessy for governor. Tammany was backing James W. Gerard, ambassador at Berlin, for United States senator, and Martin H. Glynn for governor. William F. McCombs, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, kept urging Wilson not to interfere in the scrap, and the congressional delegation from New York City issued a bitter broadside against McAdoo's meddling.

They were hectic days for Mr. Wilson. By attempting to outwit Tammany by making Mitchel mayor he had started something in New York. And he couldn't very gracefully get from under. The Mitchel-Malone-McAdoo group had been facetiously dubbed "the political boy scouts," and when the primary was held the Tammany candidates walked away with the nominations. A few days later I was asked by the President to go to New York and make a survey of the land, with a view of healing the breach that had been caused in his name. Thomas F. Smith, secretary of Tammany Hall, and some others told me that the organization had no particular quarrel with Mr. Wilson, although everything had been done to humiliate them. The possibility of an organization man being named as postmaster, the only good-sized plum yet to be filled, was not overlooked. Congressman Patten, an organization man, subsequently was made postmaster, after the President had failed to name Joseph Johnson. Stuart Gibboney, who was professing to speak for McAdoo, and who apparently had the confidence of the Secretary of the Treasury, was stirring up unnecessary trouble. Even the Democratic state chairman, William Church Osborn, an anti-Tammany leader, had come out with a blast that Wilson was not to blame for the demoralization, but that it was caused by "three or four self-interested little busybodies." It was agreed that Mr. Wilson would give his complete support to the organization ticket and that there would be an end to further meddling, so far as the White House was concerned.

The President dispatched a most cordial message to Governor Glynn, expressing the hope that he would win "with an emphatic majority." This bridge having been safely crossed, the President went into the campaign with great earnestness. The effect of the congressional elections was apt to have considerable bearing on 1916. Already Illinois and New Jersey had indorsed Mr. Wilson for a renomination, and the work of placating disturbing elements occupied the White House attention. An armistice was declared between the President and Colonel Harvey, and the latter spent an hour at the White House, Sunday afternoon, October fourth. Col. Henry Watterson was also bidden to return to favor, and he made the pilgrimage, October eighteenth, and buried the hatchet. Even James R. Nugent, who had been the mechanician of the steam roller that put Mr. Wilson over as governor of New Jersey, and who had subsequently gotten into the enemy class, was sharing in the peace and good will being spread around. Walter I. McCoy, a Nugent congressman from New Jersey, was appointed associate supreme court justice of the District of Columbia. Renomination campaign headquarters were taken at Trenton for a period of twenty-five months. Harvey and Nugent issued appeals to stand by Wilson, and the best speakers in the cabinet were put out on the stump in New York and New Jersey. Secretary of War Garrison carried a message to the President's home congressional district, urging the neighbors to uphold Mr. Wilson, and the President himself issued a personal appeal for the reelection of Allan B. Walsh, the Democratic congressman, declaring that he was returning to vote for him in person at Princeton. McAdoo and Garrison battled in New York, and the President sent a last-hour message. In the primary fight on Glynn the upstate New York Democrats had bitterly assailed him on account of his being a Catholic, showing that these religious issues, like oil, are strictly nonpartisan. President Wilson, in his final appeal sent to McAdoo to be read before a great meeting in New York, declared "An American citizen should never vote as a sectarian but always as an American citizen."

Most cheering of all in the apparent certainty of victory was the fact that Colonel Roosevelt was battering away at the Republican candidates and urging support for his Progressives. Three nights before the election Colonel Roosevelt came into Mr. Wilson's home congressional district and, at Princeton and Trenton, made smashing attacks on the Republican candidate, urging of course that the electorate support the Progressive. It looked like a certainty for the Democrats in New York and New Jersey anyhow. But when the ballots were counted the discovery was made that the Progressive vote, as typified in Roosevelt, had disappeared from the face of the earth. The Democratic ticket in New York lost by 145,507; the President's home district returned a Republican congressman by nearly 3500, and there was a landslide over the whole Eastern section.

Woodrow Wilson and His Family on the Steps of Prospect, the Home of the President of Princeton University at the Time of His Candidacy for the Governorship of New Jersey. Standing Behind Mr. Wilson is Miss Margaret Wilson. Seated in Front of Mrs. Wilson is Miss Jessie Wilson, Now Mrs. Francis Sayre. Seated on the Arm of Mrs. Wilson's Chair is Miss Eleanor Wilson, Now Mrs. William G. McAdoo

Destiny

AND that's about where Mr. Wilson's personal interest and participation in old-fashioned practical politics ended. From that time forward he was content to write letters of indorsement or appeals in the interest of the party; he was induced to write the blundering call to arms for a Democratic Congress while the war fever was yet at high pitch in 1918; but he otherwise kept pretty much aloof from the practical gentry. His renomination in 1916 came as a matter of course, and he only once visited the official headquarters.

Destiny was with him again in the election, the ignoring of Hiram Johnson by the California machine when Candidate Hughes visited the state switching the necessary electoral votes to Mr. Wilson.

He Kept Us Out of War was the 1916 campaign slogan, but soon after the victory was won Mr. Wilson found the country headed directly for war. From that time on he isolated himself, remaining much in his private apartments and seeing few people. He was playing for the verdict of mankind and he made a sincere effort, employing his mighty voice and pen to stir the world. Just before he set out on his tragic European peace journey, I had a long chat with him in the White House.

For eight months of 1918 I had been in Europe as director of American information, and had kept an eye on the political side of the war. Mr. Wilson said the confidential reports I had sent home had been most helpful, and when I hinted that he would find himself up against some very hard-boiled political cunning and intriguing in Paris he seemed aware of what was ahead. "The terrible thing about war is that the young manhood of the world is sacrificed to the stupidity and avarice of the politicians; it's my business to see that that kind of thing is stopped," he bravely declared. His frequent cablegrams to Tumulty for suggestions and advice, once the honeymooning in Europe was past, tell something of the pathetic struggle he encountered over there. His fighting and writing for peace will keep the historians writing and fighting for a generation or two.

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YELLOW CARGO

All virtues have their origin in a due respect for the ceremonies. KUNG FU TSE.

By Frederic F. Van de Water

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

LI CHENG YANG, eldest, yet youngest in term of service, among the employes of the Shantung Chop Suey Parlor, stood idle and unrebuked in the doorway of the establishment, looking out into the darkness with a face as reticent as the tropic night itself.

The uneven alley ran down, a cataract of shadows, into the pool of white dust welling about the electric light on the corner of Bay Street. The liquor warehouses of the water front lifted wide shoulders against low-hanging stars. A rum-running schooner, tied to the wharf behind the buildings, yielded a little to the mild pull of the harbor current and the echo of groaning hawsers; the complaint of wood on wood ran inland on the trade wind.

The unshaded bulbs in the Shantung Chop Suey Parlor flooded the flyspecked walls and the deserted oilcloth-covered tables with a prodigal glare. At his desk the fat proprietor laid down his abacus with a clatter, closed his account book and yawned. He looked from the clock to Li Cheng Yang. It was an hour past the usual closing time, but there was neither impatience nor outraged authority on the proprietor's face, only inquiry mingled with respect. He ventured to yawn again, more loudly

Li Cheng Yang continued to stand, hands thrust to the mid-wrist in the flowing sleeves of his white jumper, his face calm—as expressionless as a house front behind which no man may tell what violence is happening. One could read in his attitude only a tremendous patience.

The minute hand of the clock swung a quarter way through its circuit again. The proprietor cleared his throat and spoke to his newest waiter in the chanting Kwangtung dialect. "It grows very late, respected one. Is it your wish that my poor shop remain open longer?"

"Such was the agreement," Li Cheng Yang responded in the same tongue. He stirred slightly, but still peered into the alley.

"True, very true," the proprietor answered hastily, and said no more. What he knew of this employe made acquiescence almost automatic.

Obviously the man was rich. He served in the restaurant, not for pay, but, instead, had given the proprietor many dollars for the privilege. He was powerful. A whispered sentence, a sign drawn through the air had proclaimed his high station in the Hip Leong Tong, a trading-company secret society of which the proprietor was a humble member.

These and other matters were beyond the comprehension of the proprietor. There was the teakwood chest. He shivered involuntarily when he thought of it. It was brass bound and of Chinese workmanship so fine that the line where cover edge met body could not be seen, though bright hinges and clasps indicated it. Li Cheng Yang had carried it tenderly up to the attic room he had insisted on occupying alone, and had placed it beneath a rickety table.

There it squatted with something vaguely sinister in its well-polished brass and its wood, glossy as the new skin of a serpent. The proprietor, creeping in when Li was absent, had been moved, half unwillingly, to closer inspection.

Holes had been bored in the cover of the chest, but the cloth that lined it blocked these at their lower ends. The proprietor had laid a furtive ear to an opening. He had heard a noise like a breath endlessly expelled, a continuous sighing, soft and yet indescribably menacing

The proprietor had scrambled to his feet and scuttled from the room, throwing back a frightened glance at the idol, bright hued and terrible, that sat on the table above the box. To this, he knew, his waiter prayed, for the reek of burned paper and the smell of incense crept downstairs nightly from the attic room.

No less puzzling was the fact that Li Cheng Yang went clothed in white, a common enough practice among Bahamans, save the few Chinese residents, to whom it was the hue of mourning. In addition the proprietor had twice done his waiter's bidding and brought to the little room beneath the eaves, once a broken-down sea captain and once the cook of the schooner Congo.

The schooner Congo! A shudder ran down the fat back of the proprietor. He looked once more at the white-clad figure waiting in the doorway and forbore to utter his surmise.

"Patience," Li Cheng Yang droned, as though the other had spoken. "There is yet time."

The Revel in the Geneva Had Now Attained Its Accustomed Height

The trade wind had burnished the stars to amazing brilliance, set palm trees to rustling, and the dry dangling pods of the woman's tongue to chattering. It was eleven o'clock and all Nassau slept, with these exceptions:

A darky hack driver lingered on Bay Street and muttered to his ratlike pony predictions that someone yet would need his services. A red-and-blue-uniformed negro policeman stood beneath a street lamp, listening to the tumult that boiled higher and higher in a side street, and convinced, less happily, that his aid would be demanded shortly. Lights marked the seat of the uproar. Their location and bitter experience told him that in the barroom of the Hotel Geneva revelry was about to reach its accustomed climax of a fight.

The black policeman sighed profoundly and looked down the deserted reaches of Bay Street for reënforcements.

In the barroom of the Geneva, Auntie's nephews were making merry. Dick McGraw was their host—Dick, favorite of Auntie Alice Appleby, proprietress of the hotel, and cherished by fortune as well; Dick McGraw, home from the sea in general and the fleet off New York Harbor in particular, with an empty schooner and a full purse. In the smoke-filled bar he now poured out libations to his luck and to as many of the rum crowd and the natives of Nassau, the Conkey Joes, as could jam their way into the chamber.

The room hummed like a swarming hive. Clouds of tobacco smoke dimmed the lights; the dissonance of many voices dulled the tinkle of a battered piano in the corner. Tabletops shone with slopped champagne. It swam, foam flecked, on the bar. Against this barrier, McGraw, the bootlegging baron, leaned complacently, while minor luminaries of the trade and their satellites celebrated his prowess. Two men came shouldering their way through the press about the bar. One led, the other held back. McGraw recognized the reluctant one as Captain Jimmy Crowder, who had abandoned the profession of liquor smuggling for the less gainful occupation of consuming it at its source. He looked twice at the other, to whose arm Captain Jimmy clung, muttering protests, and then stiffened.

A thin yellow beard, fine as chick down, failed to hide the purple birthmark on the man's jaw. The peaked cap, tilted back on his head, did not conceal the vulturine baldness of the skull. His eyes, china-blue, opaque and expressionless, met McGraw's without wavering.

"Aw, come on," Captain Jimmy grunted, as the other towed him through the jam. "Come on, cap'n. We'll go get a drink, quiet like. It's only a step."

Yellow Beard extended a puffy hand, gripping a glass, toward the bar. As he reached out, McGraw's paw fell on his wrist. The glass fell and broke. Its crash, like a stone dropped into water, spread a dilating circle of silence through the room. The piano broke off in the middle of a phrase; feet shuffled and were still. McGraw did not raise his voice, but everyone heard him.

"You're Cameron?" he asked with gathering insolence in his voice. "Cormorant Cameron? Yellow Cargo Cameron?"

"Angus Cameron," the other corrected in a purring voice. He made no attempt to release his prisoned wrist. His eyes stared blankly into the face of his questioner.

"Yellow Cargo Cameron," McGraw announced with a hiccup. "You can't drink with white men."

"Drop it, cap'n, an' come wiv me," Crowder wheezed in Cameron's ear, but the man paid no heed.

"I drink where I please," he replied gently. His free hand rubbed a fat thigh and then slipped back under the dirty duck jacket he wore.

"You drink," McGraw announced, raising his voice, "where I please, you Chink-running murdering swine!"

The weatherwise bartender ducked behind the mahogany barrier. Cameron's hiss was like an expletive. As his hidden hand emerged, clutching a pistol, McGraw dashed the contents of his champagne glass into the blank staring eyes

A bottle sailed past the rum runner's head and broke against the wall, where in more peaceful days a mirror had stood. Someone tripped up Captain Jimmy, the thrower. Someone else immediately smote the tripper-up, who retaliated with a chair.

Men shifted their attention from the figures struggling before the bar to their own problems of defense and attack A knife spun across the room and dug its point into the abused woodwork of the piano. A table went over and two men fell across it. The revel in the Geneva had now attained its accustomed height.

An old woman in a black silk dress with a cameo on her breast came down the stairs leading from the barroom to the hotel porch above. Her white hair was pulled straitly back from a forehead wrinkled with exasperation. Keen gray eyes peered through gold-rimmed spectacles. Her lips were puckered in disapproval. One hand clutched her knitting. She laid the other upon the arm of a man about to hurl a chair into the mêlée.

"Henry Albury!" she said crisply as he turned, snarling. He set the chair down gently and, as she passed him with reproving shake of her head, lifted his voice above the tumult.

"Here's Auntie!" he bellowed.

Peace followed in the old woman's wake as she struggled through the crowd with no more concern than if she had been breasting a high wind. A few of the erstwhile warriors slipped through the door and vanished. The rest stood grinning sheepishly, save McGraw and Cameron.

"Dick," Auntie commanded her favorite nephew, "come now. Stop your foolishness."

But McGraw, purple faced, was tugging at the fat hand Cameron had fastened upon his throat. His other paw gripped the pistol to which his antagonist clung.

Auntie's firm old jaw tightened.

"Make them stop," she ordered the panting crowd in general. "Someone might get hurt."

A dozen hands tore the cursing men apart. The bartender poked a cautious head above his hiding place.

"Now, Tommy," the prim figure directed, "close up the bar. If the boys can't behave themselves they'll have to go home. Goodness gracious, I don't know why you have to take things to pieces so. Dick, you go up on the porch. I want to speak to you, private. The bar is closed, boys You might just as well go to bed."

She watched McGraw clump up the stairway before she moved. Then she followed, shooing sheepish men out of her way as though they were chickens.

Cameron, gasping, the birthmark blazing dully against his pallor, clutched the bar and demanded liquor. Captain Jimmy, at his elbow, cut short his threats when the bartender refused.

"Gawd spare my dyes, Cameron," he wheezed, "ye'll get nothink more 'ere tonight. Come wiv me, cap'n, down to the chop suey parlor, like I said before. I can get ye a bit of liquor neat and tidy there."

His watery eyes blinked cunningly as Cameron hesitated, cursing obscenely

"Ah, come on," Captain Jimmy urged "Ye need a drink. Strike me, ye do so!"

Auntie stood on the porch of the hotel, talking vigorously to the gorgeously uniformed policeman, as Crowder half led Cameron from the barroom.

"Well, land of goodness," she was concluding, "it's over now. I don't know what grown people can be expected to do evenings in this place, officer, if they can't make their own fun. I'm sorry there's been complaints, officer, but boys will be boys."

As the policeman left, her keen old eyes caught sight of Crowder and Cameron departing.

"Cap'n Jimmy," she called, "you come right straight here "

"Oh, Gawd!" the summoned culprit muttered. "Wyte a bit, Cameron. I'll be back."

"Where are you going?" Auntie demanded with severity "You're up to something, I'll be bound."

"No'm," Captain Jimmy explained. "No'm. I'm just tyking a chap 'ome, Auntie. 'E's a bit shook up an' ——"

"Where's Dick McGraw?" the old lady queried.

Obviously relieved, Captain Jimmy launched into an elaborate disclaimer of any knowledge of McGraw's whereabouts.

"H'm," Auntie interrupted. "I don't like this. Who's that with you, Cap'n Jimmy? Isn't it that awful Cameron? Whoever brought him into my barroom? That's what I want to know."

"Yes'm," Crowder confessed, ignoring the more compromising sections of the questionnaire.

"Well, goodness gracious knows I don't like Chinamen better than the next," Mrs. Appleby continued, "but that don't make Captain Cameron no less a murderer. I'm a good enough American to see that. If you're throwing in with him in his devilment, you can clear right out of my hotel, cap'n, and go stay aboard his old Congo, even if you did pay your bill, fair and square today. Did you get that money from him?"

"No'm," Captain Jimmy swore fervently and with evident sincerity. "Strike me dead if 'e's even give me a shillin', nor ever will. I'm just seein' 'im 'ome. 'E's fair done up."

"Well," Auntie sniffed, "if after what they say happened on the Congo off Black Key, you ain't willin' to let Cormorant Cameron lay right on the street and die if he's a mind to, that's your own lookout. I wish I knew where Dick went. He's got enough aboard to do anything, and he

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At Little Later Cameron Altered the Congo's Course. She Planted South Toward the Florida Reefs With the Wind Behind Her

The O'Malley School of Journalism

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Facile est inventis addere.
—The old col's motto.

EVERYTHING is about all set now for the formal launching of my long-contemplated O'Malley School of Metropolitan Journalism—or That Different Newspaper Training School, as dear old O'Malley will come to be known to my boys and girls, as I shall always call the old grads, and to a general public that soon will become familiar with the school's slogan through constant reiteration in the school's forthcoming genteel advertising matter.

That word "different" will be the keynote of my unique institution. At present we have no school of journalism in our colleges that is free from the most deadly of the eighty-two distinct curses, each of them fatal, which afflict all our systems of American education. Chiefly the graduates of our present schools of journalism arrive in New York's Newspaper Row bulging from a surplus of theory—bulging with theory, at least, wherever they are not sagging inward because of a lack of knowledge of down-to-the-dirt professional practices of Park Row. At old O'Malley the courses will be all practice and no theory.

Financing

I HAVE not had time so far to take up the financing of the new school, but it is now complete to the last detail in everything that has to do with sheer thought. The school, so far as mere physical assets are concerned, at present consists of little more than a few dozen small flowerpots in the south windows of my home here in Brielle, each pot being filled with lustily growing slips of ivy. While I am sweating over the purely intellectual plans of the proposed school, the missus—the missus is to be dean of Sob Sisters' Hall at old O'Malley—is raising the ivy against the dawning of the day when classic stone walls will have been erected for the ivy to cling to.

The financing of the institution, however, doubtless will take care of itself. I fondly believe that there are several checks for generous sums in my mail, which has been accumulating unopened while I labor night and day perfecting the school courses. I have no doubt that as news of the proposed school spreads, the practice of sending checks to me for an endowment fund will grow common. The popular custom seems to be to make out a check payable to me and for a sum ranging from a few hundred to several thousand dollars, and upward, and then plainly addressing the inclosure and mailing it to me at my home here, First and Second Mortgage Manor, Brielle, Monmouth County, New Jersey. Anyone, of course, friend or utter stranger, may send me one or more of these checks, and the sending of a check to me does not obligate the donor furthermore in any way whatsoever.

To the reader or his friends who are about to send me money, let me first give, so far as the limited space here at my disposal will permit, an outline of the plans and purposes of my idea of a school of journalism.

Gratitude

PRACTICALITY in modern Park Row reporting being the first and in between and last aim of the school, training in practical efficiency enters even into the architectural scheme of the college structures. When completed, the college buildings will impress the beholder as a classic clump of tall, windowless shot towers. Solely because of certain ideas I hold—the soundness of which I shall presently demonstrate—on practical preparation for a metropolitan newspaper career, my college buildings, despite their slim height, will contain no elevators, no plumbing, few if any windows and only enough ventilation to sustain life.

When Completed, the College Buildings Will Impress the Beholder as a Classic Clump of Tall, Windowless Shot Towers

In justification for the almost brutal simplicity of the architectural scheme, let me first explain that the school will cater almost exclusively to supply and demand in the New York City star-reporter trade. And for a better understanding of the daily work of a great New York journalist and his working surroundings, we must first look briefly into the mind workings of any great New York newspaper publisher when he decides to erect a three-million-dollar skyscraper office building as an eternal monument to his newspaper.

"Let me say, Messrs. Wingo, Wingo, Baffingphone & Wingo," the great Manhattan newspaper owner says to his architect, "that when I commission you to design my new Morning Blow-Evening Blah Building you are constantly to remember that the beautiful edifice is to be, first and last, the physical expression of my undying gratitude to, and deep affection for, my boys as I shall ever call those faithful members of my newspaper city rooms who have given their lives to make my newspaper properties, therefore me, all that they, I, are, am. Design for them, first of all, spacious, sunny city rooms, opening upon the park, with its birds and trees and dainty flowers, and not more than one flight above the ——"

The Crowding Begins

"BUT, sir!" protest the Messrs. Wingo, Wingo, Baffingphone & Wingo, "if you install your two newspaper staffs in this most desirable part of the building, your loss in rentals will cut so far into the interest on your investment that ——"

"Enough!" always cries the great New York publisher, his strong face now beginning to cloud with anger, even disgust. "In heaven's name, have you the indelicacy to suggest that I place mere money above the happiness of my faithful ——"

"We apologize, Mr. Teacake. We merely thought ——"

Mr. Teacake now interrupts in real anger. Being a New York newspaper publisher, he is not accustomed to have a fellow townsman attempt any thinking until his newspaper first thinks the thought that the metropolis is to think.

Mr. Teacake, of course, has his way. Then, while he is investigating European poverty at first hand in his hotel at Deauville or the Place Vendôme all summer, the skyscraping monument to his two great newspapers quickly is approaching completion in New York. And in the meantime Mr. Teacake's renting agent and general right-hand man, Silent Al McGuire, is busy as a bird dog all summer at Silent Al's old job of slipping a chassis under the boss' altruism.

To begin with, it seems that the legal firm of Solomon, Solomon, Solomon, Solomon, Solomon & Solomon, famous for years in the Essex Market Police Court Bar Association as the Six Little Choates, have risen to a point in the New York legal world where it is imperative that they have new offices, several squares to the west, where they can touch elbows with Billy Jerome, Mart Littleton, Charley Whitman, Maxie Steuer, and the rest of the bunch. Mr. Sidney Solomon is ready to talk business, cash money down, with Renting Agent Al McGuire, provided Al has a legal suite that includes one office which, when all Solomons are gathered in private conference, will not catch across the shoulders. Well, there's the spacious room, facing the park, designed to be the city room of the Morning Blow. Mr. Sidney Solomon takes one flash at the partly finished and nobby city room and signs on the dotted line.

Then there is the roomy space that is all but ready to house the city editor and staff of the Evening Blah. The city room intended for the Evening Blah is, although of fair size, only a third as large as the Morning Blow's city room, and it is a floor or two higher and opens upon the narrow side street instead of upon the park. The layman should know, incidentally, that the evening edition of a New York daily publication almost invariably is far more prosperous than the morning edition. It often happens, in fact, that it is only the generosity of the prosperous evening edition that keeps the poverty-stricken morning edition from wildly launching upon a life of sin. This condition being true of the Blow and

the Blah, Mr. Teacake, following the accepted ratiocination of all great New York editors, had arranged for the wealthy Evening Blah a string of offices that are insignificant as compared to the quarters originally meant for the proud but penniless Morning Blow.

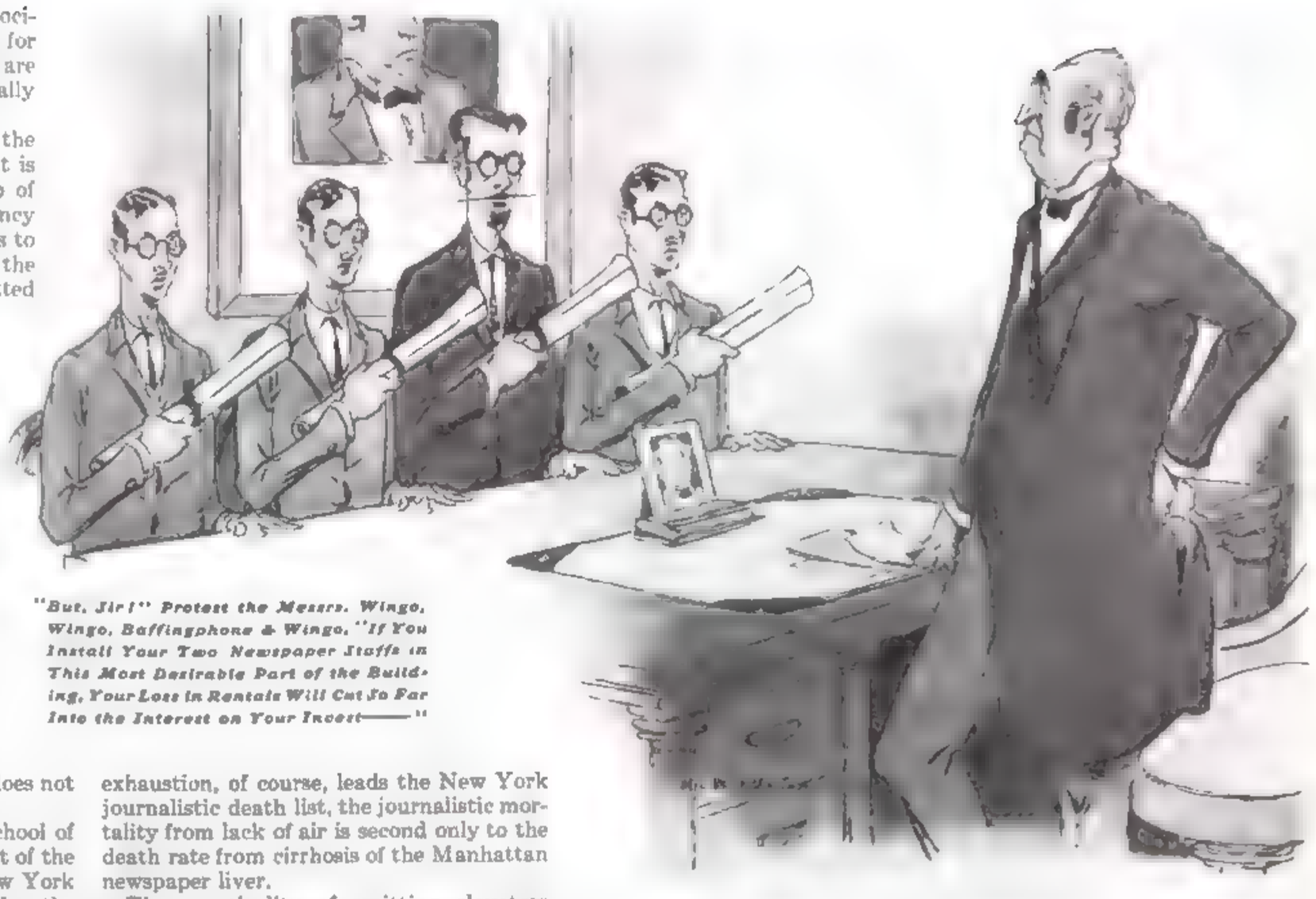
Still, the relatively large city room meant for the Evening Blah is now the only unrented office that is large enough to accommodate the growing clump of copy desks used by the well-known advertising agency of Abromawitz, Abromawitz & Slattery, successors to the old firm of Slattery & Abromawitz. Both of the Abromawitz boys, therefore, also sign on the dotted line, while the founder of the firm, the elderly Mr. Slattery, adds his humble signature as witness.

So it goes. Finally there is nothing left unrented in the monument to Mr. Teacake's newspapers except one string of dens opening upon a narrow alley in the rear. These are redolent of the city's wholesale hide-and-leather industry and are too airless and dark to rent. Any closets or cloakrooms left over after the poor but proud Morning Blow has been installed in these alley offices are then given to the staff of the wealthy Evening Blah.

It's a long walk from either of these city rooms out to the charming suite, opening upon the park, which Silent Al McGuire thoughtfully had reserved early as the private quarters of the newspaper owner, Mr. Teacake; and editors and reporters must be in almost constant personal conference with the publisher. But Mr. Teacake does not object to the long walk. He doesn't take it.

Right here I make bold to ask any dean of a school of journalism whether it ever has occurred to him that of the three leading airless professions—pearl diving, New York newspaper desk work and being born a sperm whale—the least airy of the three is indoor metropolitan journalism. Even the sperm whale is free to blow oftener than the Park Row reporter or editor can come up for air and blow. Statistics are statistics. Yet here we have but one of the many fundamental conditions in a New York newspaper career totally ignored in our so-called schools of journalism.

"Treat 'em rough and weed 'em out!"



"But, Sir!" Protest the Messrs. Wingo, Wingo, Baffingphone & Wingo, "If You Install Your Two Newspaper Staffs in This Most Desirable Part of the Building, Your Loss in Rentals Will Cut So Far Into the Interest on Your Incest——"

Preparation for Airtight Careers

THAT will be but one of the many practical thoughts back of the whole course of instruction at old O'Malley. Hence my buildings will be designed in a way that will enable me to fix the eyes and lungs of my students to withstand the rigors of the Manhattan indoor newspaper gaff—or I'll fix them so nobody else can fix them. I shall remember always that the vital statistics of the Department of Health of Manhattan prove that although the mortality from brain exhaustion, of course, leads the New York journalistic death list, the journalistic mortality from lack of air is second only to the death rate from cirrhosis of the Manhattan newspaper liver.

The practicality of omitting elevators from my tall, slim college buildings should be obvious. The leg work brought into play during a full course of stair climbing at old O'Malley will develop to utilitarian perfection that end of the aspiring student which, so far as present-day reporting and journalistic dramatic criticism in Manhattan are concerned, is the only end which the journalist uses to achieve stunning success in his profession. Even Park Row sob sisters of the press may get along, and frequently do, with nothing above the sobbing apparatus but the cerulean glories of the great, wide, open spaces; but vulgar as the naked truth so often is, the gals have to have good strong legs.

But enough, perhaps too much, of the mere physical practicalities at old O'Malley. It is, paradoxically, when we come to the seemingly abstract intellectual aims of my training school for metropolitan journalists that the school will, for the first time in journalistic pedagogy, strive to attain the practical, the grossly concrete result. The O'Malley School of Metropolitan Journalism will be the first school of journalism in the country that does not teach the student everything except his job.

During my own days in Manhattan's Park Row, cub after cub came from schools of journalism to our city room, many of them *cum-laude* collegers clanking with commencement medals, but never a cub among them who had been taught the primary-grade elements of his trade. For instance, instinctively, they seemed to know that the first work of a successful New York reporter is to make himself good on the door at all Broadway theaters, if for no other reason than to have some cheap place in which to while away the time during the speech making at a big dinner when assigned to cover the dinner. Yet all knowledge of the method pursued by the reporter to attain free entry to the theaters had been denied these cubs by their preceptors.

While we practical reporters—with our nonchalant, "Hello, Lee," or "Evening, Jake"—not offering even a pleasant nod of recognition to the ticket taker—while we professionals, I say, were uptown in aisle seats, these pitifully deficient cubs either were actually going to the dinners to which they had been assigned, even sitting through the speeches, or were ignorantly, stupidly sitting the evening out in the city room, courting the curse of work.

Almost invariably the only reporter left in the city room to answer the telephone was one of these school-of-journalism cubs when we—usually during the intermission following the second act—called up the office from the Times Square corner cigar store to send the cheery message, "Just tell the chief, my good lad, that this oil fire I'm covering out here in South Amboy is worse than the evening papers tonight stated. Instead of coming in to write it, tell the boss, I'll have to stay out here in this Gawd-forsaken dump late and telephone the story to you round midnight. Tell the chief I have the story well in hand. It's a —— But have to hang up. Fire's spread to this building."

Now a graduate of one of our schools of journalism, despite—rather, because of—his years of academic newspaper "instruction," usually has to devote his first two weeks, often as much as a month, to a grinding experience in actual, factual Park Row reporting before he has absorbed even so simple a fundamental of time-saving professional technic such as this.

"He Just Slops Down, Kind of All In, at a Corner Table, and He Says to the Waiter, 'These Grilled Pigs' Knuckles, With Sauerkraut, Look Tempting, Emil'"

Mysteries of the Craft

I DOUBT that the combined intellect of the teaching staff of any of our schools of journalism could explain, let us say, how it is that a Park Row star reporter, assigned to cover a four-alarm Ku Klux parade through Harlem's colored belt that is scheduled to begin at eight P. M. can be calling for a Flatbush dame before eight o'clock, can then spend the entire evening with her on a dance floor at Brighton Beach, and can have a column and three-quarters in the first edition concerning the evening's festivities in Harlem. And if a commonplace Park Row accomplishment like that is beyond the dons of our newspaper schools, how silly to ask them further to explain how the star, dancing all evening almost twenty miles south of the parade, is able always to infuse more gripping drama in any half column of his report of the parade than really infused the whole column of actual paraders.

Here we have the practical, time-saving niceties of reportorial craftsmanship which our schools of journalism, needless to say, should be teaching. Instead, these and kindred practical essentials to success in Park Row journalism are ignored in the schools, the student being compelled to fritter away all his time on the study of abstract subjects—logic, history, economics, philosophy, political science, a mastery of correct English—all subjects of no earthly use in New York journalism.

The usual courses in international political practices and American political history which our schools of journalism teach may seem, at first blush, of value to the metropolitan journalist. They are not. The practical metropolitan newspaper writer knows that there are two kinds of politics, his own newspaper's and the other kind. The wrong kind of politics may parade under any of a number of names, but the label does not make them right. The

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The Lapis Lazuli Buckle Tongue

By EDGAR JEPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

LITTLE Miss Timmins came out of Farringdon's auction rooms in a bad temper. She had gone to a sale to buy two or three lots of netsuke, those little Japanese toggles in the form of men, animals and plants, so admirably carved in ivory and wood that Jules de Goncourt declared that there were Michelangelos among the makers of them. She had a customer for netsuke to whom she fed ten or a dozen at a time, judiciously, not oftener than once every six weeks, a period which allowed his appetite for them to grow keen and his purse to fill.

But she had come away from the sale without any netsuke. The collectors had been there in force; prices had soared to a height which made it impossible to make a profit. Miss Timmins hated collectors at sales. She often said that she did. They put up the prices of objects of art beyond the purses of the honest dealers like herself. She felt that collectors had no right to go to sales. The place for them to go to when they wanted to buy objects of art was the shop of an honest dealer.

"Don't Roar. You're Not in a China Shop," Said Miss Timmins Despitefully

There was a veritable scowl on little Miss Timmins' pretty face.

She was halfway down Conduit Street when Lord Scredington overtook her. He was a very cheerful and very wicked young man. Miss Timmins knew this. She had once taken a jade jui plaque to his flat—he collected Chinese hard stone—and discovered with horror and affright that he had learned much from the cave man. Therefore she disliked him very much. She told herself so, often, and refused to admit to herself that he had a strange attraction for her; that, whenever she saw him suddenly, a queer little tremor of terror, not wholly disagreeable, ran through her. When he overtook her in Conduit Street that tremor ran through her again.

He was tall and slim and he looked down upon her from rather a height as he said in a compassionate tone, "I'm afraid that you didn't have any luck, baby. I didn't see you get a single lot."

Miss Timmins hated to be called baby by him. She was a very dignified young person. It was such awful cheek. He always tried to tease her, whenever he came to her father's shop, whenever he met her at a sale. But he was a customer; and, though you may tell a customer that he is a cad and a blackguard once, you cannot go on quarreling with your bread and butter. Besides, Lord Scredington would not quarrel; he was a very cheerful young man.

Therefore she kept her tone quite civil and said, "I didn't."

"It was hard luck," he said in really sympathetic accents. "Well, for a wounded spirit there's nothing like a good meal. Come along and have lunch with me at Thibault's."

"No, thank you, Lord Scredington," said Miss Timmins firmly and rather primly.

"Yes, please," said Lord Scredington cheerfully. "You must come. It's my duty to cheer you up."

"No, thank you. I had dinner before I started for Farringdon's."

"Then you must have had it at half past twelve. All beautiful and healthy young creatures can do with a meal every two hours. You needn't eat a large lunch. I will eat a large lunch, and you shall eat a small one. Come along"

He smiled down on her; and she had to admit that when he smiled with that whole-hearted friendliness he was a most attractive person. Of course, with his clear tanned skin, and thin, high-arched nose, and those very blue eyes, and lean head, and those close-cropped little curls under the brim of his hat, he was always attractive. But when he smiled like that he was most attractive.

That did not prevent her from shaking her head stubbornly.

His forehead wrinkled in a frown, and he said in a kind of imploring chant, "Oh, do come, Beulah darling! Do come, Beulah darling! I shan't enjoy my lunch a bit unless you share it with me."

Of all the cheek! Miss Timmins' so kissable lips set in a firm, thin, red line.

She said in a tone of finality, "No, thank you."

"Look here; if you don't come I'll burst into tears and sob on your shoulder. I will—here—in Conduit Street!"

He spoke in a tone of iron resolution. In a sudden access of horror Miss Timmins realized that he would. She looked round the crowded street with wild eyes. What would people think?

"Oh, how tiresome you are!" she cried in almost agonized accents.

"That's all right then," he said cheerfully, took her gently by the arm, and pushed her gently into the taxi that stopped to his uplifted hand.

In the taxi Miss Timmins sulked in the most dignified fashion; but she could not help feeling pleased as she walked down the long, bright restaurant with an escort of such distinction.

Having extracted from her a sulky admission that she liked oysters, Lord Scredington ordered lunch. Then he gazed at her with an air of satisfaction. Then, looking at her small close-fitting hat, he frowned

In a tone of irritation he said, "I wish to goodness my womenkind went to your milliner! They never get a hat like that! Never!"

This was an unexpected diversion; it startled Miss Timmins from her sulkiness.

With just the faintest grin she said, "They wouldn't wear a hat like this. I made it myself; and it cost three and a penny."

"They'd wear it all right—at fifty times three and a penny a time," he said confidently and a trifle scornfully.

She shook her head. But she felt somewhat appeased. Appreciation is always appreciation. She pulled off her gloves and unfastened her coat.

Lord Scredington leaned forward and said sharply, "What have you got there?"

"A lapis buckle tongue," said Miss Timmins. "I didn't see why, if the mandarins used them to hook up their robes on the shoulder, I shouldn't use one to fasten my coat. And it's ever so much more swish than a buckle."

"But hang it all! Lapis! I've never seen one in lapis Jade, agate, crystal, rose quartz, amethyst quartz, aquamarine, soapstone, glass—but lapis, never! Where did you get it?" he said in excitement.

"At Farringdon's last month's sale."

"Last month's sale!" he almost shouted. "But I bought all the good hard stone in last month's sale. I was not at the sale myself; but I left commissions for what I wanted, and got it all. But when I looked through the hard stone the day before the sale I never saw that piece."

"I saw it," said Miss Timmins in a tone of deliberately aggravating superiority.

He frowned; then he said, "Let's have a look at it."

She handed the coat to him; he looked at the buckle tongue—really they are hooks, though the sale catalogues and most collectors call them buckle tongues—and his eyes shone with the collector's greed.

"It's not only lapis but it's old and of a very good period—middle Ming at the latest. That carving is delightful. I never saw better," he said.

"I never had anything I liked half as much. And that kylin's head is so quietly carved—no squiggles about it And it's lucky—'the footsteps of the kylin bring good fortune,' you know. I do like it," said Miss Timmins almost with enthusiasm.

"I spent over two hundred pounds at that sale; and this was the best thing in it. And I missed it," he said gloomily.

"I didn't," said Miss Timmins, again with that aggravating superiority.

He looked at her rather queerly and not amiably. He was a collector. He said bitterly, "I thought nobody could come near my buckle tongues—no English collector, that is. And here you go and get one that is better than any I have."

The waiter brought the oysters; Lord Scredington handed her coat back to her; she hung it over the back of the chair next to her so that the buckle tongue was directly under his eye, deliberately. She ate her oysters and drank a glass of Chablis with great enjoyment. Her dinner at half past twelve had not been large. Lord Scredington had been right when he said that her appetite was equal to another meal.

It was a good meal. After the oysters came a sole Morny, a bird, a bombe pralinée and cheese straws, all

admirable. Miss Timmins drank a glass of champagne; and her heart resumed its natural warmth. She looked upon the world and even upon Lord Scredington with kindly eyes.

He kept her laughing most of the time. They had plenty of subjects in common—different kinds of objects of Oriental art, those who dealt in them and those who collected them. It was the things he said about the dealers and collectors that made her laugh. Now and again his eyes would wander uneasily and a trifle greedily to the lapis lazuli buckle tongue. He did not ask her whether she would have a liqueur with her coffee; he ordered Grand Marniers, gave her an admirable cigarette and lit a cigar.

Then he said in careless enough accents, "How much did you pay for that buckle tongue?"

"Thirty-eight shillings," said Miss Timmins in a tone of pleasant satisfaction.

"Thirty-eight shillings!" he cried. "Why, if I'd seen it I should have left a commission of thirty pounds—to make sure of getting it. And I expect that if I'd been at the sale and anyone had bid me up I should have gone to sixty for it."

"The best thing in a sale often does go quite cheap," said Miss Timmins with an air of wide experience. "But I never expected to get this buckle tongue, though I wanted it ever so badly. And I bought it with my own money too; not dad's. It's my very own."

"Some people have all the luck," said Lord Scredington, gazing at her with gloomy eyes.

Miss Timmins was taken aback. She stared at him. Then she said indignantly, "I like that! It's you who have all the luck, not me! Just look at you!"

Lord Scredington rose, walked to a mirror on the opposite side of the room, surveyed himself in it solemnly, came back and sat down.

"I can't see it," he said.

"Why, of course you have. Look at what you've got," said Miss Timmins still indignantly.

"Look at what you've got," he retorted. "Youth, beauty, an admirable flair for the really beautiful thing, and a lapis lazuli buckle tongue the like of which there isn't in the world."

"And you've got all that—except the buckle tongue—and heaps of money and a title!"

"Dust and ashes, dust and ashes, without that buckle tongue," he said in deeply mournful accents. "What do you want for it?"

The question took Miss Timmins aback. She had gotten the buckle tongue for her very own. She delighted in it for herself, besides delighting in the fact that she had the most beautiful coat fastener in London.

"It isn't for sale. I'm going to keep it," she said quickly.

"Don't be a dog in the manger," he said in imploring accents. "You don't collect buckle tongues. I'll give you twenty-five pounds for it."

Miss Timmins hesitated. Twenty-five pounds! Frocks, shoes, stockings, gloves! She had never had so much money in her life. Then a queer resentment flared up in her. She would not be robbed of her treasure, her only treasure! She shook her head.

"Thirty-five pounds—forty," he said slowly.

Miss Timmins shook her head. Her so kissable lips were again set in a firm, thin, red line.

Lord Scredington was gazing at her earnestly, his lips curved a little at the corners in a way she did not like. He said, "Well, sixty, then. I said I should have gone to sixty if I'd been at Farringdon's and anyone had bid me up."

The sum fairly dazzled Miss Timmins. Then a more furious wave of rebellion surged through her. No; she would not be robbed of her treasure! Above all, Lord Scredington should not have it. He had everything, but he should not have the lapis lazuli buckle tongue.

"No. I won't sell it—not for anything!" she said almost fiercely.

He laughed gently at her fierceness. Then he said, "The heart of a tiger—a Hyrcanian tiger." Then he added mournfully, "I believe you won't sell it just because it's I who want it—even when I offer you three times as much as you'd get from anyone else. You don't love me, Beulah. You never did. I don't believe you even like me."

But Miss Timmins did like him; she liked him more than she ought to like such a wicked young man.

"I don't mind you," she said in the tone of one making a concession.

"I knew you didn't like me," he said in inexpressibly mournful accents that made her feel rather horrid, though she only half believed that they were sincere. "Why don't you like me?"

She hesitated, thinking it out; then she said, "Oh, I don't know. But you always seem ——" She stopped short.

"What do I always seem?" he asked in a tone of lively interest.

She hesitated again; then she said, "You always seem to think that every girl ought to be in love with you."

Then she wished she hadn't said it. It was a silly thing to say—though true.

"No! No! No! Not every girl! Only every pretty girl. And that's quite fair, for I fall in love with them—always—all of them," he protested.

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Don't say that," he said in an imploring tone. "Don't be so hard. Look at the months and months I've been in love with you."

"Don't be so silly!" said Miss Timmins with some irritation. He had started teasing her again.

"Yours is a hard, unsympathetic nature," he said sadly.

"It isn't anything of the kind!" she said with some heat.

He was silent for a little while, looking at her queerly. Then he gave her another cigarette and again began to talk about their common subjects. At a quarter to four she said that she must be going home.

As he held out her coat for her he said, "I shall have that buckle tongue off you, you know. I mean to have it. Ahab at five stone seven."

"You won't!" said Miss Timmins confidently.

He drove her home in a taxi. When it stopped he helped her out of it and said that he would give her time to consider his offer and come in a day or two to fetch the buckle tongue.

She did not say that she had no intention of considering his offer; she thanked him for the pleasant time he had given her. He said that now that the ice was broken they would have many pleasant times together. She did not tell him that they would have nothing of the kind; but she told herself this, firmly.

The shop of Mr. Timmins, in Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, was narrow and dark. But unlike most curio shops of its class, it was neither dirty nor crowded. Miss Timmins saw to that. There were few things in it, but they were well displayed, objects of art for the collector of moderate means, half of them European, half Oriental.

Mr. Timmins sat at the desk at the back of the shop, using the electric light to read the latest publication of that fond and curious sect which asserts that the honest Anglo-Saxon races are descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. His dim blue eyes looked upon the world through old-fashioned horn spectacles; his lank gray hair hung halfway down his high Gladstonian collar; his black tie was narrow; his frock coat was dingy; his slippers were of felt. He had written a monograph on Hebraic symbolism in early British art, which, in spite of the scoffing of archaeologists, was highly prized as evidence by the other members of the sect.

Beulah told him of her bad luck in the matter of the netsuke and that Lord Scredington had made her lunch with him by threatening to sob on her shoulder in Conduit Street.

"And he'd have done it, too, dad. I know he would," she added bitterly.

Her father laughed. "I like that young gentleman; he's always in such good spirits—so cheerful and so full of life."

"I'm afraid he's a bad lot—everybody says so; and twice he has got into the papers," said Beulah with a virtuous air.

"High spirits; merely high spirits," said Mr. Timmins tolerantly. "Vital people are never moral."

Beulah looked at him with disapproval; then she protested, "You do say such queer things, dad. I'm sure I've plenty of life in me."

"You've had the advantage of a better upbringing than Lord Scredington, my dear. Besides, I was talking of men," said her father.

"Then they ought to be ashamed of themselves," said Beulah with a yet more virtuous air.

She did not tell him that Lord Scredington had offered her sixty pounds for the buckle tongue. A sense of guilt was beginning to invade her. She ought not to have refused that offer. Sixty pounds would have enabled them to pay some bills that were troubling her and to add to their stock of objects of art. Yes; she would have to sell the buckle tongue. But she told herself firmly that she would do nothing of the kind. By way of soothing her uneasy conscience she put on an old hat and an old coat and went out to hunt through the junk shops.

She took the tube to King's Cross and went to those mean streets which lie to the north of it. She examined the windows of many shops—curiosity shops, secondhand furniture dealers', pawnbrokers', small watchmakers' shops, and those dirty little veritable junk shops in which all the odds and ends of the world are gathered together. She went into many of them and looked round the tables and shelves. She had almost given up hope of a find that day when she saw on a shelf in the window of a little curiosity shop a Worcester saucer, of the best period, with a coat of arms on it. As it chanced, she knew where a cup which matched it was. She had been seeing it for months on a shelf at the back of Mr. Blenkinsop's shop in Broad Street. She had dealings with Mr. Blenkinsop, and they had talked about the cup more than once; she knew that he had nearly lost hope of finding a saucer to match it.

She went into the shop and asked the dealer if he had the cup as well as the saucer. The dealer was rather short with her, saying with some bitterness that if he had had the cup he would now have neither, but a couple of quid profit in his pocket. She pitied his ignorance; there was a great deal more than a couple of pounds' profit in that cup and saucer. She made no attempt to enlighten him. She

(Continued on Page 188)

"Oh, Woman in Our Hours of Ease!" He Said Mournfully

The Diary of a Dude Wrangler

By STRUTHERS BURT

Deer at Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone National Park, Keeping an Eye Open for the Enemy

IF YOU had a bird's-eye view of a ranch, and all the roofs were off, you would see its correlated but self-contained activities proceeding somewhat after this fashion: In the office you would see the owner writing letters or making out bills or talking to his foreman, and at times dashing out on errands of his own; in the kitchen you would see the cook and the mistress; down by the corrals you would see a couple of men shoeing horses, and by the hitching rack another mounting in the back-ended, deliberately graceful manner of the cow-puncher; while out at varying distances from the ranch would be other men riding upon various errands, and perhaps a team or two hauling freight or logs. Near the corral would be chickens—in fact, in their red-eyed earnest fashion they would be all over the place. In near-by pastures pigs would be browsing in the abstracted manner that distinguishes their misunderstood kind; and in fields further away milch cows, sullen-mouthed and burdened with the enormous responsibility of motherhood and appetites harder to satisfy than most, would be feeding, while on the adjacent range would be bands of horses. Miles out, sometimes a day's journey or two days' journey or more away, the white-faced or tawny range stock would be scattered over the hills, a herder or two watching them to see they did not drift and were safe from wolves and mountain lions.

This is an inadequate picture, of course, and applies to only one season of the year. It has nothing to do with the dogged work of the spring and fall round-up, or the freezing job of winter feeding; but it will serve if it gives you, however faintly, an idea of what I mean when I say that human beings are only a small part of a ranch. Sometimes you stop and say to yourself, "Why, great guns, here are dozens and dozens of living creatures all of which look upon this place as home!" You feel your responsibility even more deeply than ever after that.

Westerners

INTO the making of the Westerner's character go the many things I have already mentioned—loneliness, self-reliance, a grim patience due to the fact of being always at the mercy of a gigantic environment—but there is nothing that more molds his personality than his intimacy with animals. Loneliness, self-reliance, grim patience give him humor and philosophy; but his intimacy with animals increases this humor and patience, and incidentally doubles his profanity. For no one can remain totally humorless and have much to do with the grave absurdity of animals, their profound self-importance; and nobody, not even the man of best intentions, can remain totally blameless of speech and pit his will against the perverse will of the cow or the horse or the mule.

I love to hear horse wranglers bringing in their caviyas from the range to a ranch at sunup, especially if there are benches or draws that give out reverberating echoes. Horse wranglers have a way of whistling to their charges very high and sweet—cool and clear as the dewy wetness of the early morning—and being young men and healthy, you feel that the whistle is a part of their cheerfulness and their quick blood at this most inspiring hour of the day. You can hear them coming from a long distance—the rattle of stones, the thud of hoofs—and then suddenly the flutelike whistle, the Grieg-like spring song whistle, will be interrupted by a most unearthly flow of profanity as this horse or that lags behind or indulges in some of the queer tricks a horse thinks funny. The whole proceeding is like a Wagner opera in its passionate change from the wood wind to the roaring brass.

Pronghorn Antelope in Yellowstone National Park

A Misnomer

A WITTY lady staying on my ranch, having been awakened one morning by a horse wrangler at his duties, remarked that although she could understand a horse's accepting in good part one of the terms she had heard applied to him—a term having to do with his ancestry—she could not understand his not resenting the other term—also having to do with his ancestry—because, obviously, he wasn't that sort of an animal.

Other men besides the Westerner, however, are brought up with animals, and live with them and think about them 80 per cent of their time. In this respect the Westerner is no different from the farmer or the master of hounds or the breeder of stock; it is in the fact that the Western animals—all frontier animals—are herd animals that the difference lies. Even the master of hounds' knowledge of animals as herd animals is confined to one species—the hound; but the Westerner's knowledge of animals as herd animals embraces every species and extends not only throughout domestic animals but to wild animals as well. He knows his animal not only as an individual but as a member of a band. He not only knows personal psychology; he knows also the psychology of the mob; and knowing this, he is frequently able to perform feats of deduction that seem to the uninitiated like black magic. He will be able to predict, for instance, in which direction a startled group of elk or mountain sheep will run, and will cut directly across country and place himself in their way; he will know in just what direction, even if he can't follow the tracks, a strayed horse has gone; and he knows how to outwit horses so that in most cases they have trouble in getting away to begin with.

Remember that the Westerner has few fences, and uses them as little as he can, having to conserve his pasture for the late autumn. At the end of the day he turns all except his work horses loose upon the wide world, and there is nothing that so astonishes the newly arrived Easterner as the Westerner's calmness under these conditions. I could fill a volume with the strange

questions that have been asked me upon this subject alone. A great many people coming to a ranch for the first time and seeing horses only in corrals imagine that that is where they are kept the entire time except when being ridden, and they cannot understand the apparent lack of provision for feeding. Their humanitarian impulses sometimes lead them into absorbing a great deal of misinformation. Not long ago I overheard one anxious lady asking one of our cowpunchers when the horses slept.

"I have seen them here in these corrals day after day," she added, "and they never seem to sleep."

"They sleep only in the winter," was the grave answer. "They hibernate—like bears. We take them down to the lower ranch and they hibernate."

The lady went away perfectly satisfied.

But if the processes of a ranch are mysterious, those of camp are even more so, for at the end of the day the Westerner takes off his riding saddles and pack saddles and slaps his horses on their flanks and off they go into miles of open range or thick forest. To be sure, he bells one or two and puts hobbles on most of the rest; but even the inexperienced can see that hobbles are not especially effective on a horse that is used to them. I have seen plenty of horses—and so has everyone else—that can travel faster, as the expression goes, with hobbles on than without them. And I am not at all sure that this is merely a figure of speech. Hobbles seem to encourage certain horses, as the cheers of a grand stand encourage certain runners.

Pronghorn Antelope in Their Summer Quarters

Turning the Horses Out at Night

THE Westerner, however, knows very well what he is doing. He expects to see, unless something out of the ordinary happens, all the horses he has turned loose the previous evening, the following morning, for before he turned them loose he sized them up carefully, using his knowledge of them as individuals and as units of society. He has put bells, for instance, on the most popular and trusty members of his band, frequently old mares. If he has two bands or three, horses that are not as yet used to running together—horses are proverbial snobs—he has belled the leader of each band. The ordinary horses he has hobbled; a renegade or two—a horse that pulls away by himself and is an anarchist—if he or they are bad enough renegades, he has staked out with a lash rope, or lariat. But he doesn't like renegades. It is not always easy to find good staking grounds when making camp, and a renegade may tempt other horses; if possible, renegades will not have been taken along at all. Some of the best camp horses—horses who seldom try to go home—will have been rewarded for their faithfulness by having been turned loose without hobbles.

The first night out from home is the dangerous night. After that the average horse is too well aware of the distance to be traveled, too tired to be anything but content if the feed is good; although there are some horses that can never be trusted. When you buy horses in a distant country and bring them into your own, the geldings as a rule will settle down in a year or so to the new range and after that will not have to be watched; but a mare will never be content until she has foaled. At every opportunity she will try to go back to the range where she had her last colt. Once she becomes a mother again, she is safe. Yet even the least restless of horses are strange animals. Until they become used to a new range they will leave the finest grass in the world to get back to a desert where they almost starved to death the winter before.

A Trial

I DON'T know that, after all, they are so strange—at least, compared with human beings. There are a great many men and women who feel the same way, else why would cities be crowded?

Two autumns ago I went into the hills with another man, riding a horse I had just purchased for my wife—I wanted to try the horse out. It ended, as you will see, in his trying me out. We had three horses, in all, two riding horses and a pack horse; and the first two nights, not knowing my horse, I was extremely wary about him; but the third day I thought I could relax my vigilance. We were miles away from home and we had crossed a particularly rough country, and this was such a good horse, so meek and easy to catch, such an honest and faithful horse. The hypocrite! I'd like to have shot him in the head!

The afternoon of the third day we ascended a huge mountain and dropped down on the other side. The going had been so steep both in ascending and descending that part of the way we had to get off and lead; and during the descent into the little valley where we intended to camp, over a stretch of shale rock and then mud, my horse, the timid, kindly fellow, had trembled violently and had with difficulty been persuaded to continue. We made camp at four o'clock, and for a while I even contemplated not hobbling my horse at all. To add to my sense of security, there was beautiful shoulder-deep grass, in which the two other horses promptly buried themselves. But finally I decided to be on the safe side and put the hobbles on, especially as we were going out for an hour or so to prospect this new country on foot. I could take the hobbles off when we returned.

We were gone only an hour—an interesting hour, for we were within a few yards of a wolf trotting through the timber—but when we got back my horse was not

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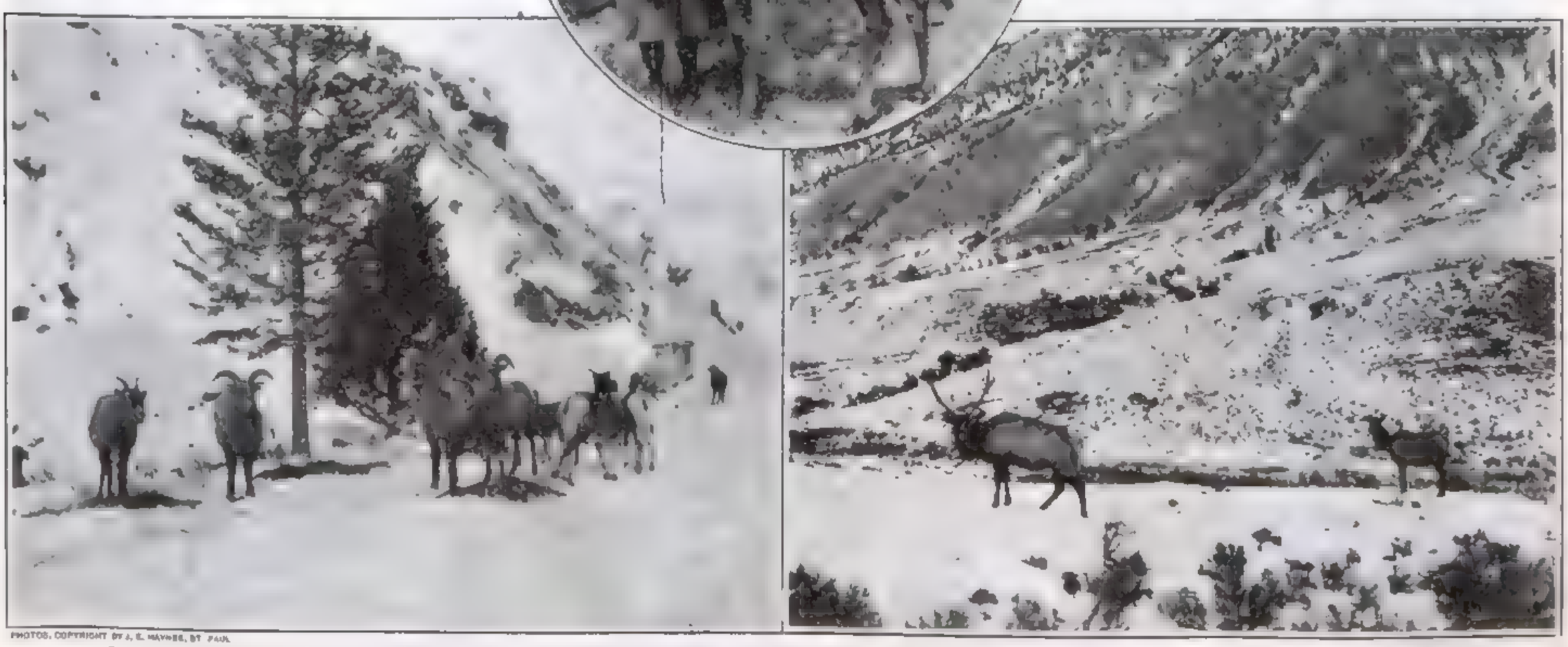

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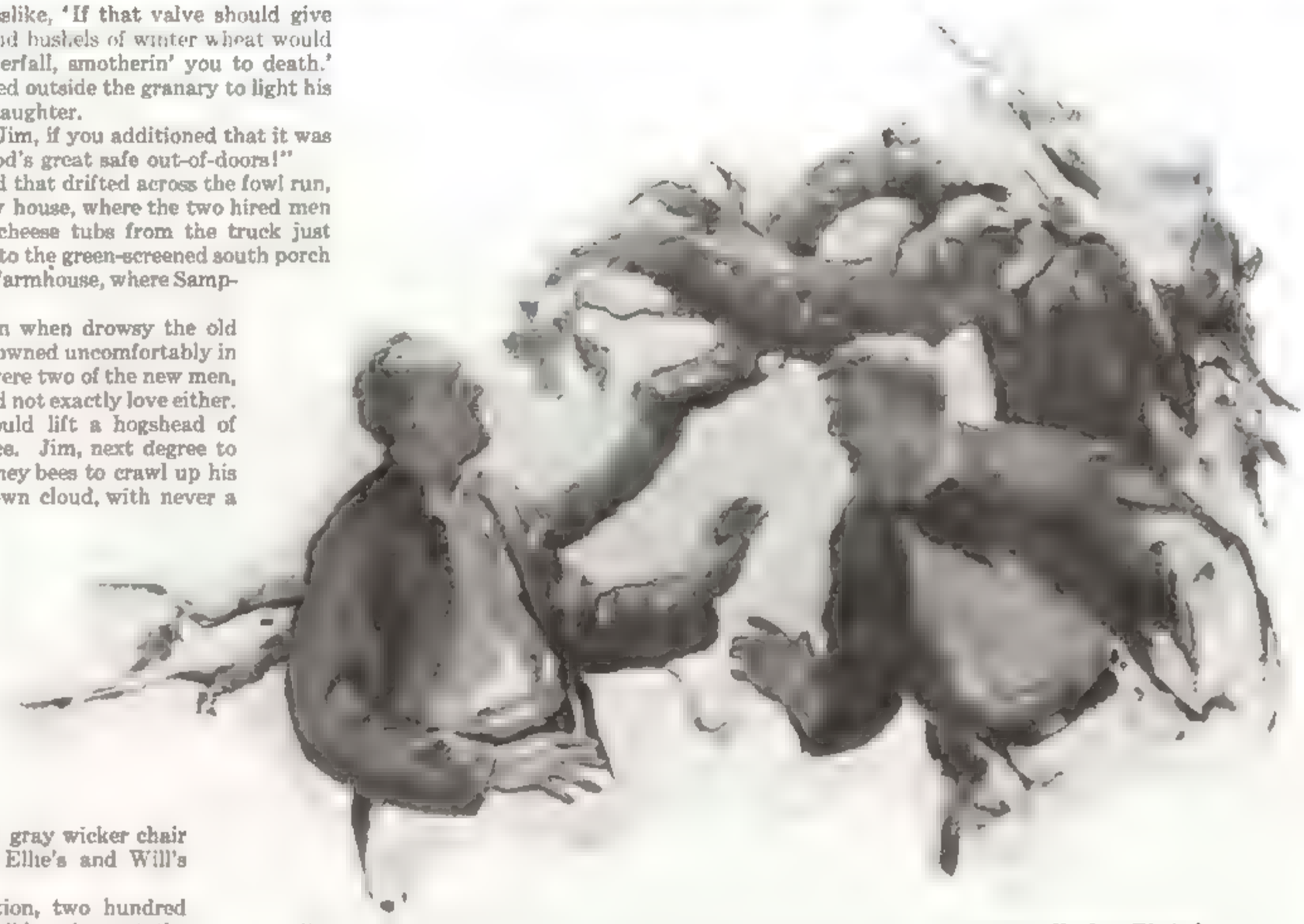
Rocky Mountain Sheep (on the Left) Need Only an Adequate Game Warden Service and Freedom From Their Tame Brethren. The Elk (on the Right) Present a More Difficult Problem. In the Circle—A Young Elk

THE LAND GODS

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE



"Get Back!" He Shouted, Even as Sounded a Jarring Break. But at Once He Saw That the Younger Man Was Startled Into Inaction

I SAYS to him, carelesslike, 'If that valve should give way, eighteen thousand bushels of winter wheat would be on you like a waterfall, smotherin' you to death.' He gave a start and walked outside the granary to light his cigarette." A cackle of laughter.

"And I'd believe you, Jim, if you additioned that it was real fast he walked to God's great safe out-of-doors!"

The cackle was doubled that drifted across the fowl run, past the cool closed dairy house, where the two hired men had been carrying new cheese tubs from the truck just back from town—drifted to the green-screened south porch of the great yellow stucco farmhouse, where Sampson Beade half drowsed.

Sampson hearing—even when drowsy the old man's ears were good—frowned uncomfortably in his rocking-chair. They were two of the new men, that year's hiring. He did not exactly love either. But Danch the Finn could lift a hogshead of vinegar without assistance. Jim, next degree to pure hobo, could coax honey bees to crawl up his unclean forearm in a brown cloud, with never a sting for him. They were talking about Will Tanly, Sampson's son-in-law. The old man guessed that well enough.

Sampson's great upper lip sucked down against the lower, making a little unpleasant pursy sound. He leaned back a little more heavily in the big frosted gray wicker chair which had been one of Ellie's and Will's wedding presents.

In the opposite direction, two hundred yards away, Will was visible. Against the large open doors of the main barn he was an industrious figure in freshly laundered khaki overalls. He had out the five-passenger car, dusting it and looking at its gasoline.

That meant he was going to town after supper. Ellie was not going though. Sampson recalled that old Penelope Skinner was coming for supper. Penelope always spent the evening in sharp-tongued gossip, partly in repayment for a better meal than could be had in her spinster cottage.

With upper lip sucking down harder, frowning, Sampson remembered that Will seemed to go to town a good many nights this past year or two—particularly nights when Ellie was kept at home by company or the children's ailments.

The wide green-screened south porch of the great yellow stucco house was Sampson's preferred retreat on summer afternoons that were too hot for field work.

Sampson Beade needed a wide porch and a large house for background. His shoulders were massive old articles, not dissimilar to the clump of oaks that marked the southwest corner of the Beade west wheat section. But they sagged as shoulders do at sixty-eight.

Blood runs colder, too, at that age. The past two or three summers Sampson liked almost childishly the hot sift of the sun through the scent-heavy wild-cucumber vines at the side of his favorite porch. He liked, half asleep, indolent, to watch the red ants, the curling gold-and-black caterpillars and the grasshoppers that made pale green leaps through the pepper grass.

Usually the children kept him company and he named the insects to them, chuckling when the small tongues twisted at the difficult consonants.

The boy had Ellie's, and his own, wide nose. The girl had Ellie's, and Ellie's mother's, sensible kindly little mouth. Sampson ignored, particularly this past year or two, ignored stoutly that Buddy had his father's weary mobile gray eyes; and that babyish Dora had Will Tanly's sharp white chin. What can't be helped can't. Especially where unoffending children are concerned.

But when the children were indoors, being bathed or fed or put to sleep—Ellie from her Eastern college had brought back plenty of ideas; sensible enough, her father acknowledged, for the rearing of children—Sampson's heavy upper lip sucked down unhappily against its mate. And this not a little of the time. In the sun-dappled comfort of the porch he seemed to darken, to be a figure of depression, insensible of sun or the plenty and prosperity that surrounded him and of which he was owner; owner in fee simple and owner by a lifetime of serviceable toil.

In four directions he could look at his own sun-soaked land. The yellows! His wheat, his corn, his house, his Grimes Golden apples, the broad backs of his heifers—in a curiously responsive lifetime he had caught the sun and confined it and molded it, and it was his, so he sometimes whispered to himself in a secret gloating that was almost pagan.

The Beade acres ran into four figures. A city owner of bungalow on a thirty by hundred and fifty lot, with a four by five Oriental rug in his twelve by eighteen living room, would flatly refuse to believe the actual square footage of the Beade place. Figures must lie!

In the spring the Beade wheat sends forth so many hundreds of millions of tiny green spikes, whose push upward is more puissant than the most powerful steel, that no man could count them. In the summer the Beade wheat's waves are like an ocean's, wide, undulating, tawny, foamlike.

In July an army greater than the Assyrian's could hide under the swaying sibilant sword leaves of the Beade corn. And there are a score of associate but lesser crops—oats; rye; hay; clover; fruit, large and small; sunflowers for the poultry; garden truck; melons; any table stuff that Ellie, or her mother before she died, ever expressed a whim for. Wheat swelled the Beade income tax until certain departmental clerks in Washington once or twice snorted from stool to stool, "Who says this farmer needs pity and a bloc?" But besides the tawny chief yield, Sampson Beade liked a little of everything. It was a hobby, a pride; he'd add year by year the items his acres had acquaintance with.

Almost pagan in its physical intensity was Sampson Beade's response to earth! His eyes, once black but now slightly faded, often had a distant cognizant look, not often seen in men. His large head, with its powerful chin, powerful now in spite of the stringy skin from which some of the flesh underneath had retreated, was habitually lifted a little, as if to a high source. Plowing a field, Sampson was a striking figure; striding down the furrows, erect, the reins twisted around one hand, the other hand on the plow, chin lifted as if in actual content at the mere touch of the air.

It was true that Sampson had not personally guided many plows in many years. Tractors stood about on the Beade sections like chugging members of a family. The Beade hired men were a thick straggling crowd in town on election days. News of the Beade granaries and livestock were salient items in the county newspapers of a fairly important Midwestern state.

Not so important nor so thickly settled had been that state when Sampson Beade first put foot, and a mule team, onto it. He could remember—sometimes for pure recreation he chose to dabble in memory half a day, like a boy in a familiar creek—when neither five-passenger cars nor rural mail delivery was known. Never a time, though, when wheat or trees were unknown.

The Beade house stood three hundred feet from the road; the land had the slightest upward slope. Lining this road below the house, like sentinels, were seventy-two hard maple trees. Sampson Beade had set them out, little pale frail striplings, fifty years before.

When a man has watched fifty years' growth of a row of trees something enters into his nature, permeates his being, that cannot be known to other men—to men who have not chanced to watch trees' growth for fifty years.

A mile lay between the maples and the clump of oaks that stood at the southwest corner of the Beade west wheat section, where the boundary road of the township branched off. There were eight of the oaks. They had been an Indian trail mark. In the fall the long bright red row of maples was a challenge to the timber gods. But the oak clump, visible across the clean stubbled land, might have been some huge dull brown altar to a forgotten deity. Fall after fall Sampson liked to sit on the porch and look from trees to trees. Something in him ached pleasantly at the sight.

Picturesquely back of the six middle maples, on the slight upward slope of well-tended yard, the Beade house stands as one of the county's show places. There is the series of comfortable porches; a great red brick chimney for modern fireplaces; there are several rounded series of windows as in city apartment buildings of the latest sun-parlor type. There are additional yellow stucco wings for the maids and hired men.

Passing motorists, linen-coated, goggle-eyed, look back in plaintive envy, "Gosh, that's the way man was meant to live!"

The house has a modern hot-water heating system, electric lights, electric toasters, percolators, fans, washing machine and heating pads as well, hot and cold water, chintz and willow furniture for porches and sun rooms, telephone and radio sets, sectional bookcases, good rugs, hardwood floors, beveled mirrors with the fashionable polychrome frames, dainty burled walnut dressing tables in guest rooms, three bathrooms, storm windows, fine china and table linens, real linen sheets, filet bedspreads for state occasions, and silver-chiming clocks.

Some of these luxurious comforts—which foreign countries accuse of having eaten America's soul, but let that pass—had been introduced by Ellie after she came back from college. Ellie's mother had introduced some before her death. Some were the result of Sampson's own plans—dreams of goals hugged and held to through the foreyears when fortune was in the growing but not grown.

Along the other side of the maples, that serene sugar source and shade resource, runs like a gray ribbon, with edges straight as a carpenter's rule, the new state road, nine miles to town. Those state roads! In any one of the five Beade cars you could get to town in exactly sixteen minutes and forty-six seconds and keep within the speed laws.

Forgetting the county speed regulations you could make it in nine beautiful minutes. Sampson was a law-abiding old man. One is who for half a century has bent his head to the jurisprudence of land; land and sun and moon and the pole star. But he often mildly thought that the road commissioners could have allowed three more legal miles an hour.

And then he would chucklingly deride himself—and bring to mind when those nine miles were neither ribbon-like nor level as a gray plane, but a cañon of snow or a sucking serpent of mud from October to May, in which

horses strained and sleighs overturned and wagon wheels came off and hickory shafts split sidewise, and so did men's tempers. Concerning his road taxes Sampson grumbled well, ha-ardly ever!

In short, the Beade place was an achievement of time and purpose more than of money. The sun and the age-old moon, the markets of the world, the needs of mouths, the mind of a man and his bodily strength, the purchase of nitrogen and phosphorus, the snow of winters, the heat of summers, the long arm of science, the inventions and discoveries of twenty centuries—all these had entered into its final excellent condition. And thinking of it and of Will Tanly, whose it would be eventually, the old man's upper lip sucked down heavily. Unfair! He had found life good enough in his time; but now at the end it was tainted.

In the beginning he had liked Will well enough. Sampson believed in first impressions too—that first second of photographic exposure of soul under the lens of new contact.

He was a young salesman—dry goods and notions. He gave up his career and came out to the Beade place to live as a matter of course.

Ellie never dreamed of leaving home. Scarcely any girl would if mistress of a big comfortable house where an old and indulgent father would be left alone except for hired help.

Her father's farm could make use of any sort of male addition—husband or son-in-law, seed tester or overseer, bookkeeper or produce salesman. Sampson made that plain. Welcome use! Sampson had the kind of brain that would estimate a nation's wealth in terms of its man power.

For still another reason he was childishly delighted that Ellie, who was twenty-five, was at last marrying. Children to eat his maple sugar year after year!

With a laugh Will said that Ellie's blue eyes and a state road made up to him for Pullmans. He guessed the Mid-western dry goods and notions business could struggle along without his sample trunks, and still not perish for lack of help.

Will was medium tall, sparely built, with nondescript light hair and good-natured light gray eyes. He was of Ohio stock, not farming for the last three generations. He dressed nattily. All the girls in several adjoining towns had liked him. Ellie's father had been a little amused at the forceful methods of his pretty, plump, fair-skinned Ellie in getting right between Will—say, band-concert nights—and the tender glances of half a dozen other well-to-do maidens in that prosperous countryside

Sampson liked his honesty. Perfectly he himself could understand that any sensible young man would jump at the chance of larger life; outdoor life with its winds, its suns, its satisfactions never ending, never monotonous. Pullmans, sample trunks—huh!

Sensible? Now, in the vine-filtered sunshine Sampson sucked a glum lip.

The wedding took place in October. That is a convenient month on farms. The year is at its physical tide and spiritual flush.

The big yellow house was a splash of color and high spirits. There were tubs of smilax and gorgeous chrysanthemums from florists of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

The wedding was pretentious; engraved invitations, such as Ellie got from her college friends; supper by a caterer of St. Paul; seven-piece orchestra from the county seat; and for a last decorative touch, not effected by mortal hand, the Northern Lights that night played brightly.

Wedding presents stacked the double parlors—double living room since Ellie returned from school—stacked the wide hall and some of the spare bedrooms. Three generations of living in one county means a wide swath of close acquaintances. Besides, Sampson was director of two county banks, owned stock in canning factory and waterworks and belonged to four fraternal societies. Presents ranged from the substantial, like the solid silver chest from the George Twitchells in town, to such flubdubbery—Sampson's word—as the growing horseradish tablepiece from Cousin Emma in the next county.

Sampson gave the young couple the new five-passenger car that Ellie said she wanted—thirty-four hundred dollars, f. o. b., it stood him. But wheat was good that year. He could have given her two cars.

November came with a whoop that year and left with a snarl. Sampson with a touch of boast told Will, who caught cold easily, it had developed, that winters weren't what they used to be. He could remember when thirty below was common reading, not uncommon.

In Sampson's real liking for his son-in-law at that time lay the inevitable drop of disdain of a wide-shouldered man, who in his time could have lifted a bullock, for a lighter-built person who needed help to carry his packed trunk up one flight of stairs.

Sampson found out that winter, with his hired men, that Will was afraid of cattle hoofs. He was ill at ease in such close quarters as the stalls. The hired men were amused. As for big Bard, the bull—it was soon noticed that Ellie's husband would not even walk along the fence of the pasture where that red lord pawed.

Still, that first winter was pleasant enough. Radio in the evening; trips to town days; a titillating month when one of the township canning factories threatened to slump with its financial difficulties. Sampson's mind was more on a fool manager down there than on his son-in-law.

In March they found out that Will was afraid of the horses' teeth. Well, that was nothing to brand a man. Not until one morning one of the lighter horses put a soft black nose over Will's unexpecting shoulder toward an ear of prize corn that lay where one of the men had left it on a post. Whirling, alarmed, Will drove a hard fist in the soft black face. The horse jumped, whinnying in astonishment and pain.

Old Henery Buck, who had watched Beade wheat and horses for thirty or more years and had no more individual life of his own, but expected his gravestone to bear honorably Here Lies a Beade Hired Man, stopped where he was inspecting a halter strap. In the doorway Sampson had stopped.

Well, it is true that there are horses with vicious teeth. Two old men's lips moved inaudibly, as if framing excuses for a man. But for two weeks or so, old Henery avoided old Sampson's eyes.

Ellie's first child was born in September. It had made the summer a dragging season. Ellie had not been so nervous as the two men, one of whom was an old husband and the other new.

Sampson's mind went back uneasily to Ellie's mother's times. Ellie wasn't so strong as her mother, he thought, although she was larger of build and had been captain of the basketball team in her junior year.

Sampson was a little surprised, however, at Will's nervous anxiety. Almost womanish, it seemed. After all, women survive such affairs.

Sampson wondered sometimes if the summer was an uneasy time as much because of Ellie's condition as of other slighter matters. In July one of the men caught a gopher—an old, hoary, ill-tempered male. Jock held it squirmingly by its tail. No land man loves a gopher. Jock was called to the barn suddenly. He threw it to Will. There was a "Damn!" Will sprang away, twitching "Those things' bite is poisonous!" Jock yelled. "If my fingers weren't limber enough to hold a gopher without its biting me —— Now you've let it get away!"

In August, Will on his way to look at a row of young apple trees made an unnecessary circuit over a smooth

(Continued on Page 74)

Will Lifted His Face as a Woman Lifts Hers for a Caress. But He Was Not a Woman. And He Did Not Lift It Toward Ellie

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 26, 1924

Taxing the Poor

WHATEVER defects the income tax may have—and complaints against it are not lacking—it does have the great advantage of coming straight home to the victim as a direct contribution to the Government. The taxpayer is called upon personally to make a sacrifice. He knows he pays the tax and he knows when he pays it. Such a citizen realizes that government costs heavily, not merely as a result of a roundabout process of increased rents and prices but as an immediate consequence of a straight, undisguised levy upon his pocketbook.

It is clear that those who feel the pinch of taxes, who must pay them in stark and naked form, cannot labor under any misapprehension regarding the bounteousness of the public treasury. Too many people feel somehow as if anything gotten out of the Government is so much clear gain, costing nobody anything; or if such benefits do cost, the expense is regarded as falling upon someone else.

But this country has shown extraordinary generosity in setting a minimum income figure below which the tax does not reach. In consequence only a small fraction of the adult population pays an income tax. We have upwards of fifteen million motor-driven vehicles, but less than four million income-tax payers.

The great masses of the people have no direct, straight contact with the income tax, however much they may feel its indirect effects. Only a small class has its attention riveted upon questions of government economy and extravagance through this reminder, so much more forceful to those whom it does reach than the indirect payments made through the purchase of services and commodities.

Probably the Government should not exact from any class a contribution which encroaches on the absolute necessities of food and shelter and endangers health itself. The great masses pay enough, it is argued, indirectly by means of rent and prices. But the test of taxation is ability to pay, and it is a dangerous principle to exempt millions of citizens from their share, no matter how small in equity it may be, in the one tax which brings home to the payer his heavy responsibilities of citizenship.

The income tax produces far and away the largest portion of the Federal revenue. It completely overshadows all other Federal taxes, and no one disagrees in theory with the statement that all citizens should pay taxes in proportion to their ability, that taxation should have the broadest possible base. But in practice less than one-sixth of the voting population pays any income tax.

The numbers of those who actually pay are sadly reduced, to begin with, because all compensation paid by a state or a political subdivision thereof to its officers and employes is exempt. This in itself lets out a great and ever-growing multitude. This form of exemption is carried so far that a professor in a privately endowed university like Yale or Harvard who gives a summer course in a state university is not obliged to pay on the income thus received.

A still greater army slips out from the direct and democratic responsibilities of income-tax paying as a result of the argument that the administrative cost of collecting from smaller incomes such tiny and trivial sums as these incomes can afford to pay is not worth the candle. But this commonly accepted position is open to serious question. There might be a financial loss in collecting on millions of small incomes, but also there might be a gain in the way of increased interest in public affairs and increased national unity which would more than offset the cost.

Wealth should pay a generous share of the costs of government. But in no other country and at no other period of the world's history has there been such a widespread diffusion of commodities and services, which is what wealth is supposed to command. The highways teem with millions of vehicles which are in part at least used for pleasure. Vast multitudes attend the motion pictures and listen to the radio. The colleges are swamped with applicants. The standard of living, except among a submerged fraction, is incredibly high.

If ever there was a civilization in which practically all, or at least most classes were in a position to pay their share, no matter how small, as citizens for the common services of the state, it is here today. But unfortunately this ideal of a common, almost universal participation in civic costs is far from being realized.

Learning by Doing

DR. HOLLIS GODFREY, formerly head of Drexel Institute, in Philadelphia, says that until very recently the besetting fault of American technical schools was to insist upon turning out an expensive and highly finished product for which there was but small demand.

This educator used to compare them to old-fogy manufacturers who tried to foist off square pianos upon a musical public that was clamoring for grands and uprights. But conditions have changed, and changed for the better; and the institution mentioned has been in the forefront of those which have achieved success by consulting the real needs of industry by enlisting the interest of working technologists and seeking their assistance in establishing courses of undoubted value and practicality. This policy has been driven home by the employment, as lecturers and part-time instructors, of leading chemists, engineers and other technical men whose daily contact with industrial problems and processes is too close for them to have much patience with antiquated methods and purely speculative instruction.

Some five years ago Drexel Institute adopted, on a small scale, the so-called coöperative system of education. This method combines sound theory with practical training, for the student spends alternate periods working in mill or factory at his chosen calling and studying similar subjects in the classroom. Each kind of experience enables him to attack the other with greater interest and intelligence. Learning and doing go hand in hand and each reacts beneficially upon the other.

The percentage of students pursuing this method of study is increasing by leaps and bounds, and the validity of the idea appears to be justified by the fact that there are always more available jobs than there are young men and women to fill them. More than twenty important schools and colleges have adopted the coöperative system and it would seem as if its rapid spread would be bound to exercise a powerful influence on the future of technical training. Executives are no less benefited than employes, for they are assured a steady stream of youngsters trained for key positions by men who know the business from the ground up and who are intimately familiar with employers' special requirements. Coöperation of this sort cannot fail to produce strikingly profitable results.

Making Over Haiti

THERE is always an outcry when any big nation takes a hand in the affairs of a small neighbor. Charges of imperialism and commercial exploitation are freely bandied. When, in July, 1915, the United States reluctantly intervened in Haiti, there was the usual show of indignation on the part of so-called liberal thinkers. Stories of military severities and administrative mistakes have since appeared at intervals in a certain section of the press.

The truth of the matter is that the American Government had no alternative but to take Haiti in hand. Not only had the island become so hopelessly involved in debt to foreign nations that a receivership was the only way out but the populace had developed the amiable habit of revolution and president murder to a degree that threatened complete anarchy. During the five years preceding the landing of American marines at Port-au-Prince, seven presidents held office and were either murdered, exiled or forced to take flight. When the last of the seven, Guillaume Vilbrun Sam, was dragged from the steps of the French legation and literally chopped to pieces by the revolutionists, there could be no longer any question of delay. Under the terms of the Monroe Doctrine, the United States could not allow any foreign power to intervene, so the difficult and thankless task of cleaning up Haiti and restraining the homicidal tendencies of her dusky citizens fell automatically to Washington.

That was nine years ago, and a thorough housecleaning has been in progress since. A few years ago we had the unparalleled spectacle of a Haitian president, having retired in the full possession of his health, in friendly attendance at the inauguration of his successor. It was the second time in the 115 years of Haiti's history as a free republic that the chief executive had served his full term, and about the only occasion where his retirement had not been marked by the rattle of musketry and the shots of firing squads. In other words, Haiti has at last been blessed with peace, and government now proceeds on orderly and constitutional lines.

It seems a good time to review briefly the results of American intervention. In 1915 the national debt was $36,000,000. This has since been reduced to $20,000,000. The revenue has been increased enormously. Exports of coffee have grown over three hundred per cent, and the improvement has been on the same scale in the other basic industry of the island, cotton. The raising of sugar cane has been inaugurated, with the result that 88,000 tons of cane were ground last year. Pineapple production has been started. Modern roads have been built, bridges have been constructed, telephone and telegraph lines have been raised and maintained, electric-lighting plants have been installed. Sanitation has been introduced in the cities and towns. In Port-au-Prince, where formerly all refuse was dumped in the gutters, to be carried away by rains, sewers have been installed and modern plumbing introduced. Today there are street-cleaning squads and sewage-disposal plants. The one hospital that the island boasted has been replaced by ten, with 880 beds. The prisons, which formerly were charnel houses with a full fifty per cent death rate, have been reformed and cleansed so that the mortality toll has been reduced to a small fraction of one per cent. Law and order prevail and banditry has been confined to the outlying sections.

Such, in a nutshell, is the record of Uncle Sam's nine years of supervision. American loans provided the funds, American initiative and brains went into the planning and control of industrial and government reform, American lives paid for the suppression of outlawry and the establishment of order. The carping of long-distance critics and the fulminations of white-veined editors appear picayune in the face of the change that has been wrought. The case of Haiti is a telling vindication of the Monroe Doctrine. Uncle Sam, as patrolman of the Americas, has acted with unselfishness, skill and dispatch.

THE DEATH OF LENINE

By Mikhail Petrovich Artzybasheff

A MAN has died whom some considered the greatest genius and some the greatest criminal of our time. While he was alive one could praise him, curse him, cover him with flattery or threats. Over his grave all this has become futile. It matters not; not one word will reach the terrible distance whither his red shade has passed. He no longer hears either the curses and the threats or the chorus of hired mourners—he is dead. His corpse lies in a red grave—this corpse which decayed even during his life, just as crumbled the entire venture to which he had given his strength. No one will ever again see or hear him who was the dictator of Russia and the leader of the revolution. Years will pass, new people will live; there will be new wars and revolutions; new ideas, leaders and prophets will arise; life will assume new forms of which we are not granted to know anything.

His Talent for Destruction

"SUFFICIENT unto the day is the evil thereof," and the memory of man will not keep the living image of our revolution and of its leader. Only the laborious historian rummaging in dusty archives among moldering documents of the past will read in clumsy antiquated lettering the name of Lenine and dig out the bloody story of our days. And he will ponder heavily over the historic enigma: Who was this man? By what deeds did he immortalize his name? What power lay hidden in his round, bald skull, because of which millions of people with passion and despair rushed to destroy their homeland, plunder and kill each other? Was his the mind of a genius unerringly foreseeing future fate?

No! True, he calculated the moment; he knew how to use it for the seizure of power. He told beforehand that war would call forth a revolution in Russia. He was able to organize a party and to mold it with iron discipline. He stirred the masses to follow him and made them submit to his will and destroy unto their fundamentals the age-old shelters of the lives of millions of people.

But genius and destruction are irreconcilable concepts. Genius is a creative force, and he—created nothing! He only destroyed. His genius achieved nothing save follies and mistakes which he himself had the courage publicly to confess.

All his calculations and prophecies proved to be one wholesale error, a deadly crime against sanity. The communist state revealed itself as an impossibility under contemporary conditions and collapsed completely. The attempt to carry the revolution over the frontiers of Russia did not succeed.

His prophecies concerning the nearness of the universal revolution did not come true. The mighty republic of workers was transformed into a desolate place where burrowed in the ruins, like worms upon a corpse, thousands of thieves, assassins, looters, speculators, adventurers, grafters and crooks. The dictatorship of the proletariat degenerated into a dictatorship over the proletariat by the chiefs of the communist party. And the Russian people, although not having entered with even one foot into the bright kingdom of socialism, were hurled back into the epoch of primitive accumulation, thence to return slowly and with difficulty to the starting point.

A more pitiful end to the experiment of a genius cannot be imagined; and if one remembers that men who were not blessed with genius at all had pointed out to Lenine the inevitability of such an outcome, and that he nevertheless could not see or understand, one is forced to the conclusion that this genius was not even a very clever man.

Qualities of Genius Absent

IN GENERAL, this genius was narrow and dull, understood nothing beyond the limited circle of half a dozen social ideas among which his mind dwelt. Art, music, poetry, philosophy, religion, were for him empty sounds. He thought only in terms of a coarse, heavy materialism. He thought clumsily and ponderously, frequently falling into contradictions and expressing himself with a clumsy tongue.

Was he a fiery fanatic, kindling hearts by the power of his tragic pathos? No! There was not in him that exaltation which forces on and on, up to the end, regardless of all. He was tricky; he retreated, he turned back, he sought breathing spaces and compromises. He had a goal, but he went toward it by twisted paths, and in the end became so involved that he even lost sight of his goal. Merciless to the weak, he always yielded to strength; having announced war on war, he surrendered to the mercy of German imperialism at the first defeat. Having proclaimed the motto, Without Annexations and

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THE LAW
SHE SEWED THE NECKLACE INTO FIFI'S BLANKET AND I CARRIED IT ASHORE RIGHT PAST THE INSPECTORS —
I HAD A CASE IN THE CAR BUT WHEN THE COP SAW WHO I WAS HE LET ME GO BY W' THE A SEARCH — NEVER SUSPECTED ME OF COURSE!
I SOLD DIS RICH GUY A COUPLE O' CASES AN' HE COME BACK FER A DOZEN MORE — WANTED IT FER SOME SWELL FRIENDS DAT WAS TOO TONY T' BUY THE STUFF FROM ME —
I SLIPPED THE COP A TWENTY AND HE TOLD ME T' BEAT IT!
IF Y' WANT TO GRAB A FAT PAY ROLL I KNOW WHERE TO GET IT!
I PUT THE LACE IN MY MUFF AND WALKED OUT OF THE STORE —
ANYONE WANT SOME REAL STUFF I KNOW WHERE TO GET IT—
I SLIPPED THE COP A TWENTY AND HE TOLD ME TO BEAT IT
Herbert Johnson

THE POINT OF VIEW

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Postponed

NOW vernal fragrance fills the air,
And in our prim, suburban square,
Young lovers, wandering two by two,
Discuss emotions sweet and new;
While subtle witcheries of spring
Remembrance to the elders bring,
And moonlit eves delay repose
In newly furnished bungalows
The phonograph next door is braying
A longing that "we two were Maying";
I hear a passing graybeard croon,
"Do you recall that night in June?"
The Browns are strolling, arm in arm,
Reviving some lost April's charm;
The Smiths are leaning on their gate,
Unheeding that the hour is late.
I linger on my porch awhile
And meditate, with tolerant smile.
I, too, have lived, but sit apart
With no disquietude of heart;
No April moon that beams above
Can resurrect my dream of love;
No May-day memories I keep;
No June reactions mar my sleep.
A life embittered? Not at all—
I did my courting in the fall.

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Jenks, Who Has Called to Ask for the Hand of the Fair Tennis Star, Changes His Mind

Being Broadened

Letters From an American Girl in Europe

ITALY, April, 1923

DEAR ——: We have been having the most marvelous time here. Everybody you ever heard of from home is in Rome for Easter, and we have had more fun! Easter Sunday at St. Peter's will be simply wonderful. Last Sunday Doctor and Mrs. Smagg sat right ahead of us, and who should we see waving and hoo-hooing to us right in the middle of the service but Mrs. Fred Decker and her mother! It was awfully impressive.

Yesterday we had such an interesting experience having tea with the Princess Di Mossi-Bacchi. She was Alma Ding, you know, of Muskegon. She had Mrs. Deutz and the Scutt girls, who are living here now, to meet us. It was simply wonderful to be in a real Italian home, in a real Italian atmosphere.

You asked in your last letter if I was meeting any thrilling foreigners. Well, of course, dear, there are lots of Italians in Italy—all the gondoliers, for instance.

The Riviera was simply divine—so French! Nobody but Americans in the hotels—and who do you suppose had the next table to ours? Mrs. Will Clum and Irma! They were just back from Egypt, and were crazy about it. Irma said it gave you the most wonderful Old World Biblical feeling—and that you met practically everybody from home riding donkeys out to Tutenkhamun's tomb. It must have been a wonderful sight! They went out to see the pyramids by moonlight, and who should they run into but Harry Wetzel!

"Majestic" is the only way to describe it, Mrs. Clum says.

Do you remember the Hessenpeffers? Well, he was there divorcing his present wife, and she was there divorcing her present husband. There's something about the Riviera that's terribly romantic. You don't need to know a word of French except to read the signs in the carnival parade. The people who paraded were French, of course, but all the watchers on balconies were Americans.

Wish you had come with us, dear. It must be lonely, with everybody sailing. Devotedly ——

LONDON, June, 1923

Dear ——: Well, as you know by this time, we've been presented! It was simply wonderful! Please don't judge by the photograph you'll see of me in the rotogravure sections. It was taken at five o'clock in the morning after I had been standing hours and was ready to drop! I really looked very well, although I do think those feathers stamp out every bit of individuality one has, don't you? Of course it was a marvelous experience. We had to start dressing at four, and from that time on we hardly sat down. But of course it's a wonderful experience. I must say I was shocked when you asked in your last letter "what I expected to get out of it." My dear, have I ever been the sort who did things for what I could get out of them? In the first place, it entitles you to curtsy to the King and Queen when you see them at the races or anywhere. And in the second, it's a very wonderful and unique experience. There were only eight hundred women presented the night we were. Having a crowd like that makes it much easier, I imagine, than it was in the old days, because now you all go along together in a long queue like a bread line, with stunning men every few feet to tell you just what to do.

I suppose you want to know who was there. Well, the King and Queen, of course, and loads of people from home—some, my dear, that you never even heard of! Who do you suppose was right in front of us? Mrs. McCresson and Corabel! As I said to mamma, "How do they do it!" Her father has always done a lot for his party in their state, but if Republicans do such things it makes one shudder to think what must have happened when the Democrats were in! The whole affair was simply brilliant. The Queen looked very handsome, although I think white brocade and Irish lace are a trying combination. I don't think she ought to be called upon to mix politics with clothes. Naturally there was a smattering of English people presented too, but I didn't know any of them. Mrs. Horatio Whilks looked awfully well, but the Peck girls were terrible—especially Minette. As I said to mamma, "How do they do it!"

We've been to the theater several times, and seen a good many of the plays that were in New York last winter. They just change the names a little. For instance, you remember that musical comedy Guess Who? Well, it's called What, What! here. There's something awfully distinguished about the British stage

We spent a wonderful week-end with the Mulletts, who have rented a marvelous old Georgian house called The Chumps, Chiddingly, Bucks. It's terribly picturesque. There are sixteen bedrooms and one bath. You just feel as though you were living in an English novel! We didn't meet any English people. I'm too tired to write any more.

Do wish you were with us. I feel this trip has been so broadening. And such fun! My dear, the Ritz or Ciro's is just like home, there are so many people you know!

Devotedly, etc.

P. S.—We had an amusing experience in the train the other day. We were in the same compartment with what we thought was an Englishman, but finally we got talking and discovered he was one of those Yale men who writes, and a great friend of the Winkles! It's a small world!

"My, Isn't Your Husband Enthusiastic Over Housecleaning!"
"Yes, I Told Him He Was Getting Old and the Work Was Too Hard for Him"

PARIS, July, 1923

Dear ——: Paris is just the same dear old Paris, crowded with Americans! Everybody you ever heard of from home—American jazz orchestras—American dancers—American buyers—all sorts of interesting people! You'd simply love it, it's so different! Everybody you ever heard of is at our hotel—everybody from home, I mean. The Gubelmans, and the Mellishes, and the Crumpits, and perfect stacks! That's what I love about traveling

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The more you like beans the better you like

Campbell's

Hosts of people like beans so well that they are one of America's great favorite dishes.

You will notice that the people who eat beans oftenest and like them best are just the people who are enthusiastic about Campbell's.

To be selected week after week, year after year, as the preferred beans of these critical buyers, is a compliment indeed.

The quality and delicious flavor of Campbell's Beans have given them a reputation that is unique.

Slow-cooked — 12 cents a can, except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada — **Digestible**

A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

The Little Mother-o'-Pearl Automatic Was Streaming Lead at Sullivan at an Ever Diminishing Range

XXXVIII

THIS day, so eventfully begun, was yet to provide further incident. After the midday meal the company broke up to pursue their various occupations. The search party searched, Mary wandered by the sea and Henry drifted off into the bush with paint box and easel. All this was normal enough; but, coming back in the late evening, Tommy saw a figure half a mile away across the beaches. Thinking it was William, he gave a hail; but, instead of responding, the figure vanished into the fringe of coconut palms and was seen no more.

This incident, small enough in itself, was the precursor of others more mysterious. For example, Mrs. Morgan discovered that not only the tinned ham had vanished from her storeroom, but other comestibles as well. There being no ready explanation for the fact, she concluded that some of the island boys had raided the camp during the night. This theory was supported by Lydia's statement that a spare blanket which she kept rolled up in her tent had disappeared.

Vernon, to whom these mysterious losses were reported at the evening meal, shook his head at Kate's solution and expressed the view that in the main these island boys were an honest crowd and would hardly risk the chance of picking up a stray bullet by robbing a well-armed camp.

"Well, you don't suggest I've buried the ham?" said Kate tartly. "Or poor Lydia's blanket, either?"

"No; but ——" He stopped, as his thoughts reverted to the strange disappearance of his rifle and his hat, which, in the other excitements of the day, had passed from his mind. "No; but—it's certainly very peculiar."

"One thing I am sure," said Mary, "that that nice Kaifulu would never permit his people to steal."

"Then who has bagged the stuff?" asked Tommy. Then to Vernon, "By Jove, and there was that ——"

But Vernon waved him into silence.

"We'll look into the matter in the morning," he said. "William, lend me a pair of pliers—there's a good chap."

Armed with the pliers, and taking Tommy for company, he made off for his tent.

"No good scaring the women with the loss of that rifle," he said.

"No, I was an ass. Still, it's an odd business. What do you want the pliers for?"

"An act of vandalism. Ever since I was a boy I seem to have been breaking up sixteenth-century relics."

"You're going to pull that cutlass to pieces?"

Vernon nodded.

"H'm—though Lord knows what persuades me. I seem to remember reading somewhere that these old-time fellows sometimes hid important documents in the hilts of their weapons."

Tommy's eyes always sparkled at anything like that. They were glittering in the candlelight as Vernon took up the rusty old cutlass and examined it.

"You see, the blade passes right through the hilt and is riveted off in this rusty old boss. There's a hollow space between the barrel and the socket."

"By gad, yes! But d'you think the chap it belonged to was one of Winslowe's men?"

"He may have been. In which case, we shall probably find nothing. On the other hand, there's a chance the earthquake threw up the body of John Trefusis."

"That was the fellow he marooned on the island?"

Vernon nodded.

"Lord, what a thrill!" exclaimed Tommy, clasping his hands. "You are a provider, Winslowe."

Vernon looked across the flickering candles at the gleaming face opposite.

"Tommy, has this show—this cruise—come up to expectation?"

"Old man," came the answer, "it's been marvelous."

"But suppose it all fizzles out in nothing."

"It will still have been marvelous."

"For you, perhaps."

"For us all."

"Not quite all," said Vernon slowly. "If we fail, there's one of us at least who will feel like a murderer."

Tommy flushed angrily.

"I won't hear you say that. D'you think I could ever forget the wonderful months of life you've given me?"

"Couldn't you?"

And emphatically the answer came, "No!"

"All right," said Vernon, "don't lose your temper. Get a towel and hang onto the blade and I'll see if I can snap off this boss."

The aged steel, brittled by years, broke with the report of a child's pistol.

"Easy now, how you draw out the socket."

It came away with a half twist and a little easing. After that it was simple to reduce the hilt to its component parts.

"Now," said Vernon, taking the grip in his hand, "we shall see what we shall see."

He rapped it smartly on the table edge and from the cavity within a cylinder of parchment detached itself. For a breathing space the two men looked at each other.

At last, "Open it," said Vernon.

Tommy shook his head and clicked a dry tongue against the roof of his mouth.

"No, you—your hands are steadier."

And at that moment the flap of the tent was flung aside and Henry Julius, gasping and with a brow upon which the sweat stood out in beads, burst in.

"The map!" he cried. "Stolen! My tin box—where we put it for safety—burst open—and it's gone!"

Vernon and Tommy came to their feet. "Gone?"

Henry nodded and threw his beautiful hands over his head.

"Gone! I went to the box a minute ago for some medium I wanted. Hasn't been opened for days—and then ——"

No one had noticed the arrival of William Carpenter until his enormous shadow was cast against the walls of the tent. In his hand fluttered a sheet of white paper. His voice cut sharp across the agitation of the moment.

"Marconigram from the Mascot—just taken it down."

Vernon took the paper and read, "'Edward Sullivan not on board. A. A. A. Message ends.'"

XXXIX

VERNON'S mind was occupied with too many other affairs for immediate speech. He was thinking of that strange dark object which he and Averil had seen in the water as the Mascot passed out through the heads, of the loss of his rifle and cartridges, the provisions, the map, and the mysterious figure that had not replied to Tommy's hail in the dusk. And last, but not least, he was thinking of the crooked light which had shown for an instant in Edward Sullivan's eyes that day in his cabin. An armed menace had appeared among them; this easy picnic adventure upon which they had embarked had suddenly been transformed to one of danger.

It was Tommy Gates who broke the silence.

"Well," said he, "that explains a good many things. D'you think he means mischief?"

"If not mischief, then competition," said Vernon slowly; and added, "Probably both. I'd be a lot happier, though, if he hadn't got away with that rifle."

"But the map?" wailed Henry.

"We can afford the map. It hasn't been much use to us so far, and at any rate we know it by heart. It's the fellow being armed."

"We must round him up, that's all"—from William.

"Not so easy. I'd guarantee to hide for a twelvemonth in this bush."

"But dash it," exclaimed Tommy Gates, "the fellow's civilized! He's not going to be such an ass as to shoot people"

"Let's hope you're right. After all, his quarrel is only with me; but there's a queer streak in Sullivan I don't like.

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"*Double action*" destroys every trace of odor

Sunbrite not only cleans and scours but also sweetens and purifies

"How easy it would be," you think, "if all cleansing could be done with just soap and water." Yet you know that in spite of careful washing, stains and streaks loom up and stale, unpleasant odors creep in.

But thorough cleansing need not mean hard work. For now, in a single process, you can scour off the stains and at the same time destroy all clinging odors.—With **Sunbrite,** the "*double action*" cleanser!

Sunbrite has just the right amount of abrasive to scour well without scratching. But it is much more than a scouring powder. It has an element which actually sweetens and purifies every surface that it touches.

Double action! Yet the price of **Sunbrite** is much less than you might expect; much less, in fact, than you often pay for just ordinary cleansers. And every can carries a United Profit Sharing Coupon.

Try **Sunbrite's** cleansing power for kitchen and bathroom; it will keep them not only clean and shining but really fresh and odorless and sanitary.

Double action *yet costs less*

Swift & Company

Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there! A Sunbrite *cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor*

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I've met the type before. They behave very prettily while the forces of law and order are about them, but there's no telling what they'll get up to when those forces are not there. Solitude and a grudge act on that kind of temperament in funny ways."

"That's true enough," nodded Henry. "I've known a man to shut himself away and pickle a little molehill of a grievance into a mountain. Chap I was thinking of was hanged for murder."

"What do you think brought him ashore?" asked Tommy. "Vengeance? Must have been a pretty hefty emotion to risk swimming in the lagoon with those sharks."

"Possibly vengeance, but probably greed," Vernon replied. "I don't imagine he'll do anything desperate as long as the treasure is unfound. But assuming we find it ——"

He left the sentence expressively incomplete.

"Then what's our plan of campaign?"

"For the present I suggest we borrow a watchdog and go on as if nothing had happened."

"How about telling the women?"

It was William who answered that question.

"There's not a woman here who hasn't every bit as much pluck as we men. I'm for telling them."

Vernon nodded.

"So am I."

"Carpenter's right," Julius assented. "After all, they should be put on their guard." Suddenly he sniggered. "I must tell Mary to carry that bag she put that fellow out with at the bull fight."

It was good to have something to laugh about. Laughter relieved the situation of its tension.

"Shall we call 'em in?"

"Yes," said Vernon; "off you go, Tommy."

Mrs. Morgan was retiring for the night when summoned to Vernon's tent. She appeared in a dressing gown made of some kind of bedticking. It was very voluminous and had a toby frill at the neck. In a sense it helped the beholder to understand her trepidations as to her husband being brought too closely into the society of attractive females. Her mouse-colored hair was in papers. Mary Ottery, looking rather like Toots in Peter Pan, appeared in pajamas and offered no apology for the immodesty of her attire. The others were clad in their ordinary clothes.

The little tent was crowded when Vernon made his announcement, and nothing could have exceeded the calmness with which the news was accepted. Mary Ottery borrowed a cigarette from Henry, and Kate Morgan remarked that it was a comfort to know that, as Edward Sullivan was on the island, there was no chance of his slitting poor Joshua's throat. That was all. Nobody was going to be frightened because a dog was snarling at their heels. Let him snarl.

"One thing is certain," said Kate. "I should never have slept a wink if I hadn't found out where that ham had gone."

Somehow their courage and equanimity put a lump in Vernon's throat.

"You're splendid, all of you," he said rather gulpily. "You've taken your powder like good 'uns and now maybe there's a bit of jam to make up for it." He picked up the little scroll of parchment. "He and I"—nodding at Tommy—"have been fiddling about with that old cutlass, and in the hilt we found this. Like as not it won't help us much, but —— Who cares to open it? You?"

Averil took it tenderly as though at a clumsy pressure it might perish into dust. But the dead man had taken care to protect his message against the ravages of time. It was incased by a covering of skin, possibly the skin of a bird, which passed through the center of the cylinder and was sewed at the edges. The age-old stitches snapped one by one at the touch of a finger nail. The outer skin was peeled off and three minutes later everyone's head was craned over a curve of parchment held out beneath the flickering candles

Then Averil drew breath and read. "'I, John Trefusis ——'"

The name was repeated like a whisper of wind stirring dead leaves.

"'I, John Trefusis, of Polseth, Cornwall, write these lines of pardon for the pirate, Roger Winslowe, who left me marooned upon these shores in the year 1638, to perish miserably. It was said that treasure was hidden on the island, but whether this be true or was but told to mock me, I cannot say, nor have I ever sought to prove. Of what virtue is the treasure of riches to one removed from his fellows? But certain is it I found great treasure of another kind. I have found treasure in solitude and in reflection; in the company of bird and beast and the music of the insects and the sea. I have found the treasure of simplicity, of the power to forgive the wrongs done to me and of repentance for my own misdeeds. Thus I, who was left miserably to die, have instead received from this lonely island a treasure of health and happiness, great enough to fill my heart to overflowing and leave in it no corner for malice against any man.'"

Perhaps it was to hide emotions that Henry spoke. Certainly, his eyes were strangely wet and he had blown his nose moistly after Averil finished reading.

"Ha-ha! Still, it doesn't help us much."

"I think it does," said Mary Ottery, and her voice rang.

"Yes," came from Tommy. "Yes, by gad! A treasure of happiness and health, eh!"

Then Olive said, "You brought us here," and gripped Vernon by the hand.

The action was infectious, an idea which came to everyone alike. A moment later they were all holding hands in a circle, with the tent pole as the axle of the wheel. Impossible to say what folks will do when they share a common emotion, but surely it will be something very simple. It was Kate who started singing Auld Lang Syne. Perhaps the circle of hands suggested it. The rest joined in and the neglected parchment of the happy John Trefusis curled itself up on the table like a dog before a fire.

Then something happened—a whine—a sliver of wood pecked as though by magic out of the tent pole—a tiny star peering through a sudden hole in the canvas and from far away in the distance the pop of a rifle.

There was one man on the island who stood in the pathway of happiness.

Vernon extinguished the candles with the palms of his hands.

That night a guard was mounted over the camp.

XL

DEAR EVERYBODY

For the next few days I shall be busy looking for the treasure. As I do not intend to be disturbed, I issue this warning that the whole island, except for a quarter of a mile radius round your camp, is placed out of bounds. I do not want to harm anybody and you can feel perfectly safe as long as my instructions are obeyed. If, on the other hand you are foolish enough to ignore them, you do so at your own risk. My shot last night was not fired in any spirit of malice, but merely as a reminder that I am here. Behave yourselves nicely and I shall not repeat the practice. I would hate to get on your nerves, and have no wish to start a reign of terror. Later on I may have something to say to your gas-bag leader, but that must wait until more important affairs have been settled.

Further instructions will be published from time to time. (Signed)

EDWARD SULLIVAN,
Winner of the King's Prize at Bisley, 1912-13.

This insolent message, which was tied to the stem of a palm tree within a hundred paces of the camp, was discovered by Tommy Gates early the following morning, as he and Olive were starting off for their day's work.

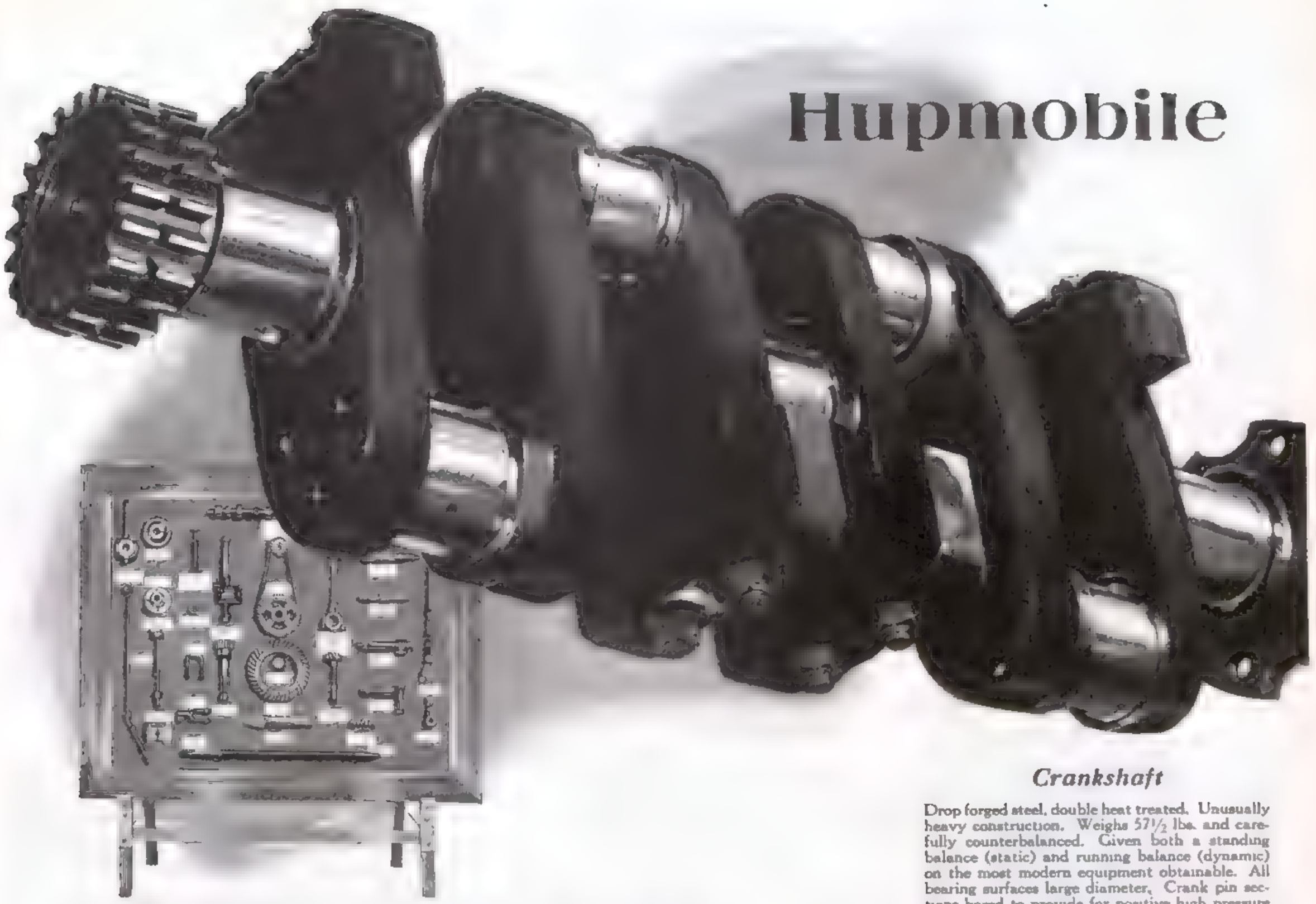
"For profound cheek," he exploded, "this takes the biscuit! Come on, Olive, we'll show him whether the island is out of bounds or not."

They only waited long enough to circulate the news among the rest of the company, then with picks upon their shoulders started off into the bush.

"One can't help laughing at that Bisley Prize stuff," said Henry while collecting his sketching materials. "Man must

(Continued on Page 36)

"These Sketches I Paint Mean Nothing. They're No More Than Tributes to a New State of Mind"



Crankshaft

Drop forged steel, double heat treated. Unusually heavy construction. Weighs 57½ lbs. and carefully counterbalanced. Given both a standing balance (static) and running balance (dynamic) on the most modern equipment obtainable. All bearing surfaces large diameter. Crank pin sections bored to provide for positive high pressure lubrication. Three large bronze-backed, babbitt-lined bearings, all bored at one time to insure perfect alignment, and then hand-fitted to crankshaft. It would be much less expensive, but not nearly as satisfactory, to use a lighter crankshaft, not counterbalanced, not bored for lubrication; and to use plain die-cast babbitt bearings, not hand-fitted, and not backed by bronze.

Common Sense Tells You This is Right

Buy No Car Till You Know What It Is

You can make up your mind to one thing—either the car you buy will measure up to Hupmobile in quality and value, or you will not get your money's-worth.

Prove What You've Always Wanted to Know

You've always admired the Hupmobile—consciously and unconsciously made it the standard.

If in the past you've bought a less finely built car, you were insistent upon being assured that the other car had the sheer mechanical value and trustworthiness that you feel the Hupmobile possesses to a greater degree than any other car in its class.

Now, before you buy another car, go a step further. Buy deliberately and with your eyes open.

Think of your money in terms of the effort it cost you. Think of the car in terms of performance, sturdiness, freedom from structural or material weaknesses, and of closely calculated dollar-value. Do not be misled by mere bulk and glitter.

The Safe, Sure Way to Get the Facts

To help you do this on the only practical basis, Hupmobile has done a revolutionary thing.

It asks you to check the Hupmobile, part by part, against any other car, of any make, at any price.

To make it practical and easy for you to do this, Hupmobile, in its famous parts displays, has brought hidden but important parts out where you can see them.

On these boards are captions telling what the parts are made of and how.

In red ink, significantly enough, are described the lesser processes and materials that are often used.

This will prove to you that you cannot find a better made car than Hupmobile.

The plain truth is that—until you find a car that equals Hupmobile in quality of materials, in structural and mechanical soundness, and in fineness of manufacturing, you are not justified in buying that car as a transportation unit.

The Way to Buy Wisely and Well

We know this—hundreds on hundreds are making this unique and fact-revealing test. And a surprising percentage are buying Hupmobiles.

Make the test—convince yourself. And then when you know the definite, cold-steel reasons for Hupmobile superiority—buy your Hupmobile.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 34)

be an awful cad. Suppose he wears a marksman's badge on his dress coat. Out of bounds, indeed! The idea of such a thing! Well, so long, everybody."

But before going Henry contrived to think of many means for preventing Mary leaving the camp that day.

"Terrible," he said, "the way I wear my socks into holes! Haven't a decent pair left—not one."

Mary's silence was disappointing.

"What's more," he continued, "unless I give up a morning to washing some shirts and trousers, I won't be fit to be seen."

More silence.

"And I very particularly didn't want to give up a morning just now," he added with a beseeching glance.

"I'll wash your shirts and darn your socks," said Mary. He brightened perceptibly. "I'll do them tonight."

His face fell.

"Why not now?"

"Because," said she, "if I shirked having my usual walk this morning, I could never hold up my head again."

She was breathing through her nose as she said the words, and Henry, who had come to understand Mary Ottery, realized by the same token that further argument would be wasted.

"Suppose I were to lend you a gun," he suggested. "A little beauty with a mother-o'-pearl handle."

Mary debated the point in silence.

"Please, Mary."

"A gun—a pistol—it would kill a man?"

"Dead as an ox."

She looked at her hands. They were brown and hard! They had lost the feel of mittens. Suddenly she nodded.

"All right, I'll take it."

A moment later, "Look out," he cried, "it's loaded!"

"Well, I should hope so," said she.

She dropped the tiny automatic into a pocket of her coat and gave its hard contour a slap. Laughing a little to herself, she marched off along the beach.

"There goes a woman"—mused Henry Julius—"a woman who would shoot a man if she believed the cause was just."

Curiously enough, the reflection gave him an extraordinary sense of personal security.

"I dare say she'd shoot me if she thought I deserved it."

Vernon did not talk of what he intended to do.

"Everyone must act as he thinks fit," he said. "Though I confess I'd be happier if the women didn't go too far afield until we get some idea of this fellow's temper. It may all be bluff, of course. Still"—his eyes rested anxiously on Averil—"we ought to avoid any chance of ——"

He left the sentence unfinished.

A few minutes later he was examining the sand at the foot of the palm where Sullivan's message had been found. Footprints led away from the spot into the bush. Here they were lost, but broken twigs and stamped grass showed where a man had passed. Vernon followed these vague indications for a half mile or more. Something bright which reflected the sunlight attracted his notice. He picked it up. It was an empty brass shell of a rifle cartridge. Evidently it was from here Sullivan had fired the shot. After that, though he searched diligently, Vernon could find no further traces. It was a hundred to one against stumbling on Sullivan's hiding place without a clew, but that clew suddenly came to him through a natural cause. The sun was hot and he was thirsty and had forgotten to bring a water bottle. Water was the clew—a man who was hiding in the bush without proper equipment would choose a spot where there was water close at hand.

Once in the course of his wanderings Vernon had come upon a little spring not very far from where he was standing now. The water bubbled out of the rock into a kind of natural basin and disappeared again a few yards below. It was a wild, rocky spot, surrounded by trees and tangled undergrowth—an ideal hiding place for a fugitive. There was no reason to suppose Sullivan knew anything about it. On the other hand, he had had several hours of freedom and was pretty certain to have spent them to advantage. The fact that he had advertised his presence argued that he had discovered what he thought was a safe retreat.

Vernon struck away to the left and twenty minutes later was forcing a passage through the undergrowth. The sunlight dappled the tiny clearing where the water ran and a wisp of jewel-like birds glittered in the air. Vernon stood upright and looked about him. There was no evidence of human occupation. With a humph of disappointment he threw himself on his face and took a long draught from the pool. As he was raising himself he saw the imprint of a man's fingers in the soft clay that margined it.

"Then I wasn't so far wrong after all," he thought.

Skirting the pool, he began to poke about in the rocks and bushes on the far side. Then he laughed, for neatly hidden under a screen of branches was Lydia's blanket, a number of tins of meat and the missing ham from Kate's storehouse. It was clearly evident this discovery could be turned to tactical advantage; and he was on the point of retreating, with the object of returning later, when a voice behind him rapped out the words "Hands up!"

Pivoting on his heels, Vernon looked down the barrel of his own rifle. Edward Sullivan was standing on the far side of the pool.

"Hands up!" he repeated in a voice which trembled with anger. "D'you hear? Put 'em up!"

"I hear," said Vernon, "but I'm damned if I'll put up my hands for you." And he sat down on a shelf of rock with a ten-foot drop behind him.

"Better be quick, old friend. I'll give you till I've counted ten."

"If I refuse to put 'em up for a rifle, hearing you count ten isn't likely to make me."

Edward Sullivan looked puzzled.

"What have you got?" he demanded. "Don't I look like business? Do you think I'm afraid to shoot?"

Vernon took a packet of cigarettes from his shirt pocket. It was risky, but he took the chance.

"Going to give me a match, or shall I use my own?"

"I think you'll postpone that smoke."

"I'm certain I shan't."

He never even looked at Sullivan as he produced a match box and struck a light.

"All right," said Sullivan. "I can afford to wait."

"That's just where you're wrong. You can't. There's only one thing you can afford to do, Sullivan, and that is make yourself scarce. I warned you on the yacht to keep out of trouble and you hadn't the sense to take the warning. Well, I've looked you up today to repeat it. I've looked you up to tell you that we won't stand for funny notices pinned to our trees, or for this Afghanistan border stuff at night. I've looked you up ——"

"Looked me up!" cried Sullivan shrilly. "You liar! You tracked me here by a fluke, and if I hadn't come along when I did you'd have sneaked off and fetched the others to ambush me."

Vernon shook his head.

"Nonsense! I should have sat down and waited for you. It's perfectly obvious someone had to come and tell you how to behave."

Edward Sullivan fingered the trigger of the rifle lovingly.

"I put the island out of bounds"—he said—"out of bounds—do you hear?"

"Do you know," said Vernon slowly, "I sometimes think you must have a tile loose, Sullivan. No man in his senses could kid himself he'd be able to intimidate a whole crowd. Still, that doesn't matter. The point is, this mad-dog business has got to stop. I shall take you down to the camp with me, where you'll stop until I've arranged with some of the native boys to paddle you over to one of the adjoining islands."

Edward Sullivan put back his head and laughed.

"Ho! You'll do that, will you? Ain't that sense of humor of yours getting the better of you? Ain't you forgetting which end of the rifle you're sitting at? Winslowe, I can enjoy a joke with any man, but sometimes it goes a bit too far—gets a bit too practical!"

He was working himself up to something which approached hysterical fury. He was letting his anger outride his vigilance. Vernon's right hand had dropped to his side and his fingers closed upon a moss-covered bowlder about the size of a boxing glove.

"I think you're asking for a bullet through the kneecap," cried Sullivan. "That hurts like ten thousand furies, old friend; nothing like it to bring a man to his senses."

"Sullivan," said Vernon, "if you talk like that I'll have you proscribed. Either you come down to the camp with me or I give orders that you're to be shot on sight."

Sullivan made no attempt to reply, but slowly brought the rifle to his shoulder and took aim. Vernon saw how he drew breath before taking the first pressure on the trigger—the inevitable preliminary of any marksman.

At the sight he cried out, "Let fly, William!"

An ancient dodge, but it gave him a second's grace. Sullivan threw a quick glance behind him, and as he did so Vernon was on his feet and flung the bowlder. As bad luck would have it, the sides were moist with moss. It slipped from his fingers and fell with a mighty splash into the pool, drenching Sullivan from head to foot and filling his eyes with upflung spray. The bullet which should have split his kneecap splashed harmlessly into the ground. Vernon was on the rock now, crouched for a spring, and as a second cartridge clashed into the breech he leaped far out over netted undergrowth, slithered down a ramp of loose stones and, to an accompaniment of whining bullets, plunged into the protection of the bush.

"Blaze away!" he cried. "There are only fifty cartridges, Sullivan—blaze 'em away!"

The shooting stopped, and presently he heard a voice say very clearly, "Honors to you, Winslowe. But wait till I begin to feel lonely, old friend—till I begin to feel lonely."

Very cold and threatening sounded the words.

XLI

"YOU saw him?" said Averil. "You talked to him?"

Vernon nodded.

"For five minutes."

"At the end of a rifle?"

Again he nodded

"I don't understand. Weren't you afraid—or don't you want to live?"

"Yes, I want to live; but I wasn't afraid—at least, I don't think so."

"He might have shot you."

"No; I knew pretty well he wouldn't shoot until I meant him to. Men who've never committed a murder before aren't generally in a great hurry to begin. Even in the war you saw that—two fellows holding each other up and not firing—never firing. I've known men to throw away their weapons and go for each other with bare hands. There's a—a nicety about these things."

"A nicety—with him?"

"Yes; I know what you're thinking."

Averil seemed to be looking back at something which was past.

"I remember when he and I were—were friends—that time, you know I'd see a streak in him sometimes—a yellow streak—not a bit normal. I was a fool then. I knew nothing and even found something attractive in that mood—strong. He'd say impossible things to people and look—— Oh, I can't explain."

"Crooked?"

She nodded her head quickly.

"Yes, almost mad; but with laughter to conceal it—to make you believe it was just his humor."

"I've seen that mood too."

"He would be terribly brave, too, in a stupid way. The maddest things! Once he jumped his mare over a perambulator with babies in it. Oh, awful! I blazed up at him, and he laughed the temper out of me. I was furious with myself afterward." She gave a little shiver and reverted to the present. "What did he say?"

"Nothing that mattered—except after I'd got away."

"Yes?"

"'Wait till I begin to feel lonely.' Queer sort of threat. I've been racking my brains what he could have meant."

"'Wait till I begin to feel lonely,'" she repeated, and once again shivered. Then, "Are you going to wait?"

"No," said Vernon. "No. I hate the job, but somehow I daren't let that fellow roam about at large. We must hunt him up, I'm afraid. 'T any rate, he must be scared off this section of the island."

But though they searched high and low and fired large tracts of the bush, not a sign of Edward Sullivan was found. He had vanished like a cloud, and, as day succeeded day, and a week, a fortnight passed without further incident, the threat of his presence diminished and the normal courses of their lives were resumed. Happiness picked up dropped stitches and the shuttle of pleasant affairs slipped to and fro across the loom of their life.

But strange as it must seem, Vernon did not rejoice in Edward Sullivan's disappearance. With a tangible foe to fight, there was no leisure for gloomy considerations. Thus the imminence of danger had in a sense been a joy to him. It is so much easier to walk with one's life in one's hands than with the responsibility of other people's futures upon one's shoulders. They had not advanced one step toward finding the treasure, and all the doubts and misgivings which had assailed him in the past came crowding back with clubfooted tread.

And as hope cannot live in the company of despair, Vernon lost all belief that the treasure would be found. There was so little money left and, because of that, so little time. Of course, they would find nothing; of course, there would be no registered letter awaiting him at Honolulu; of course, he would have to confess that the whole business had been started as a fraud. And that would mean good-by to Averil, to his reputation, to anything and everything he held dear in life. A man was insane to believe there was a straight way out of a crooked deal. What was God's justice for, save to confound such belief? Fool not to have driven Edward Sullivan to put a bullet through him!

He took to going out by himself, avoiding all company save his own. And they—his dupes—exalted him; talked of his bravery and resource; rejoiced in the knowledge that in him reposed the governance of their affairs; and they were happy, happy, happy. Almost he could curse their credulity, their unshakable trust. Fools! Why couldn't they see they had nailed their ensigns to a rotten mast which one day would snap and bring them fluttering to the muddy ground?

Then he would remember the faded words of happy John Trefusis, or the island would sing to him of its thousand other treasures, or some spark of youth and faith would re-ignite the dead embers of extinguished hope and drive him back to the camp to hearten them with fresh excuses and inventions why they should believe the treasure would be found.

XLII

MARY was walking fast, for her thoughts ran fast that morning, speeded by a tale of island devils which old Kaifulu had told with more than his usual vigor.

In her hand was a scarlet flower gathered by the way. In a small clearing she came upon Henry Julius folding up his easel. A still wet sketch was leaning against his camp stool. It was a very bad sketch, and as a creator of works of art

(Continued on Page 141)

Waterproof, Fade-proof—the Ideal Rug for a Sun-parlor

How cheerful and friendly the flower boxes and potted plants make this sun-parlor! The *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug, too, with its simple, colorful design, adds to the cozy, home-like atmosphere.

And the rug is so easy to clean. Every drop of water from the watering can—every particle of soil that sifts through the flower boxes and the baskets—will vanish from its smooth surface with a few easy strokes of a damp mop.

Congoleum Rugs have many other qualities to recommend them to up-to-date housekeepers. They are sun-proof, waterproof and sanitary; they are seamless and lie flat without fastening of any kind. And their patterns are charming—Oriental, floral, tile, woodblock—designs for every room in the house.

You must see these rugs to appreciate their beauty—you must use them to know how much time and labor they really save. Their amazing durability and very low prices make them the most economical floor-covering you can buy.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
Art-Rugs

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Note the Low Prices

6 x 9 feet	$ 9.00	9 x 9 feet	$13.50
7½ x 9 feet	11.25	9 x 10½ feet	15.75
		9 x 12 feet	$18.00

The rug illustrated is made only in the five large sizes. The small [illegible]

1½ x 3 feet	$ .60	3 x 4½ feet	$1.95
3 x 3 feet	1.40	3 x 6 feet	2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Look for the Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug. It protects you against substitutes. Look for it!

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
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Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco Minneapolis
Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans London Paris Rio de Janeiro
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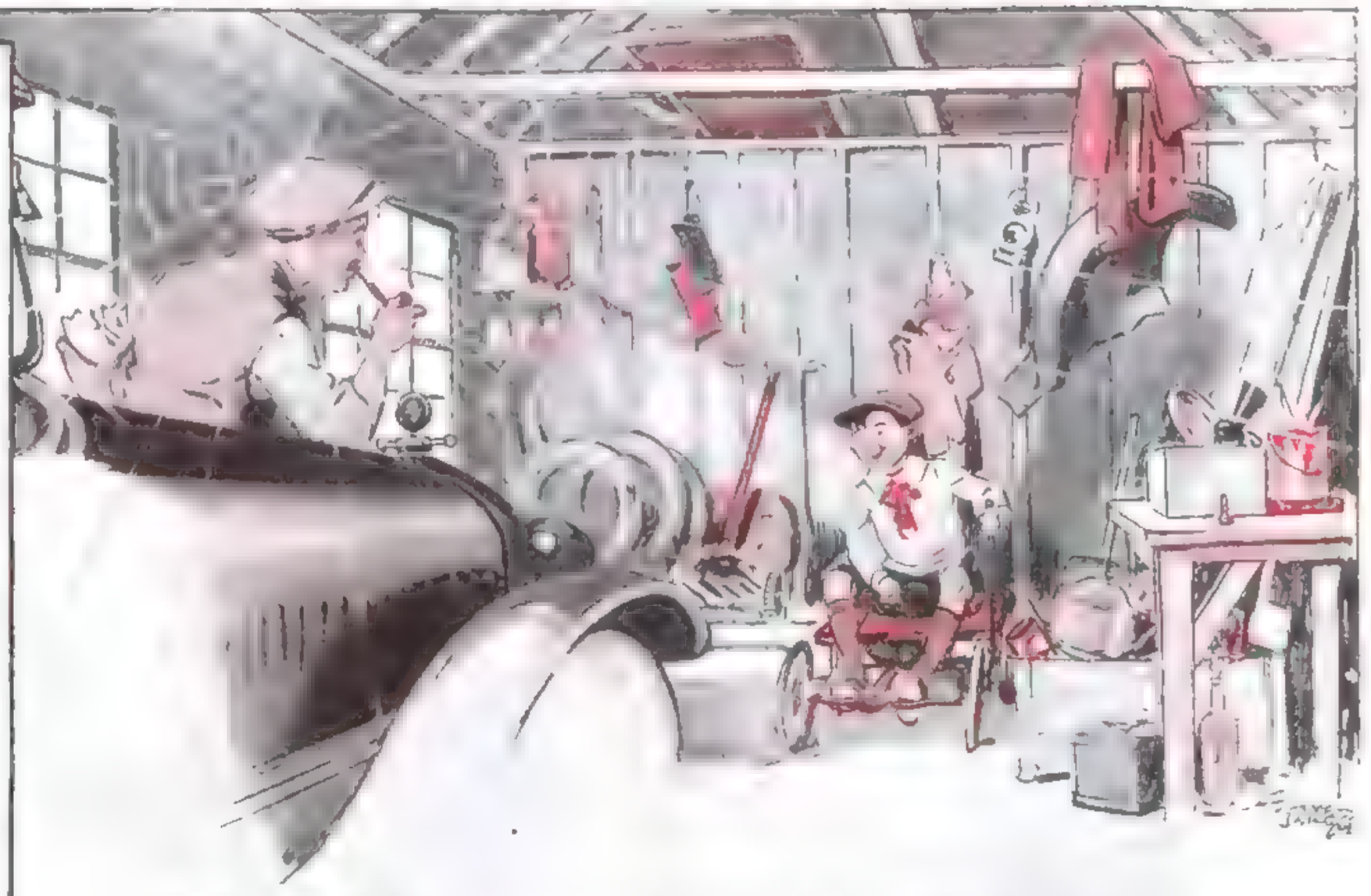


Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

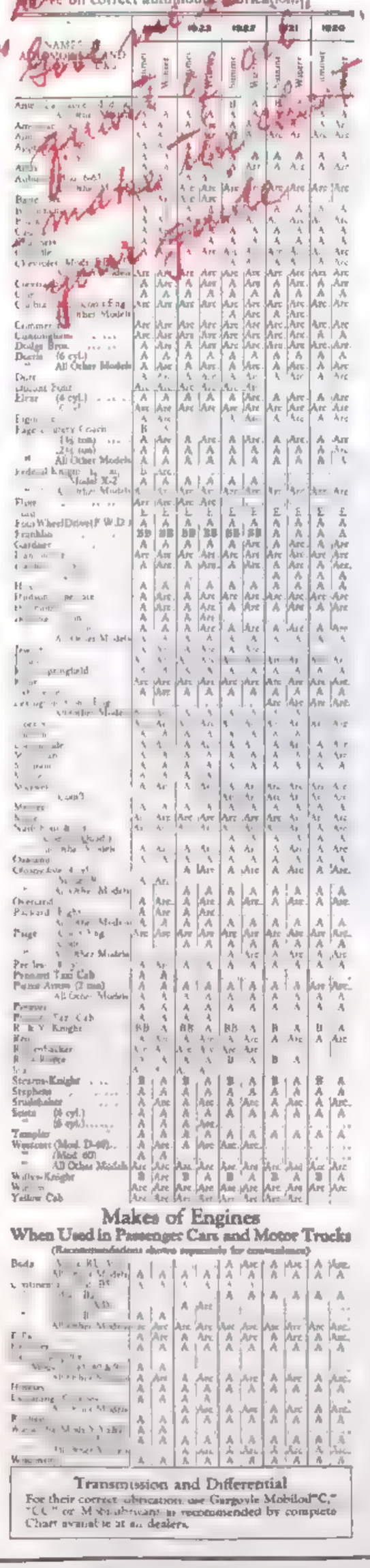
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger cars and motor trucks are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures are experienced.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.



Makes of Engines
When Used in Passenger Cars and Motor Trucks

(Recommendations shown separately for convenience)

Transmission and Differential

For their correct lubrication use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

Mr. Happy-Go-Lucky's Home Garage

A Vanishing Sight—and Why

Mr. Happy-go-lucky's private garage looks like the cave of the average home. On miscellaneous nails hang miscellaneous articles, an old pump broken beyond repair, a collection of worn out tires, some old license plates and a sprinkling of old wires, nuts and spark plug parts. On miscellaneous shelves rest miscellaneous tools, kitchen pans, empty cans, and treasured but useless motor-car odds and ends.

And quite likely, no oil supply at all! Mr. Happy-go-lucky explains: "Oh, my car works all right. I just ask for a quart of oil when I need it."

But times are changing

"Give me a quart of oil" is changing into "Give me Mobiloil." More than that, "Give me Mobiloil" is more and more turning into requests for Mobiloil in the 5-gallon cans and 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums to keep in the home garage.

Motorists have discovered that an ample home supply of Mobiloil is the greatest single factor in securing motoring economy. Every time you back out of your garage you can feel sure you have the correct grade and genuine Mobiloil. Frequent additions of fresh oil keep up the quality and body of the oil in use.

Mobiloil is endorsed by more automobile manufacturers than any other oil. It is asked for by more motorists than any other oil. It is kept in more home garages than any other oil. *It is the only oil bearing the Gargoyle in every country the world over where motor-cars are operated.*

The correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil is the most important single item you can put into your own home garage. If your car is not included in the partial Chart shown here, see the Complete Chart of Recommendations at the dealer's.

For Your Touring Needs

Gargoyle Mobiloil in the new convenient one-quart can, at 35c each or 3 for $1.00, is now on sale in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, and the Middle Western States. As fast as production will permit, this package will be placed on sale elsewhere.

Put two or three one-quart cans under the seat. A handy refill when your oil gets low along the road. Be prepared!

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches

New York (*Main Office*)
Philadelphia
Indianapolis
Milwaukee
Peoria
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Detroit
Minneapolis
Des Moines
Rochester
Chicago
Kansas City, Mo.
Pittsburgh
Dallas
Oklahoma City
New Haven
Portland, Me.
Albany
Springfield, Mass.
St. Louis

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

How We Export Our Capital

A Cattle Corral, Argentina, South America

By Frederick Simpich

CONSIDER the cow. She stands knee-deep in fine clover, yet stretches her neck over the pasture fence to bite at roadside forage. A sweet, juicy mouthful may be her reward; or she may grab only a thistle or get a bee-sting on the nose.

A homely, bovine parable. Yet not without a moral, perhaps, in these days of American oversea investments. Our own clover is tall and sweet, even if home investors do now and then pluck a thistle or get kicked by a bee. On the whole, ours is a safe, nonskid country, the best place on earth to make money. Why then, you ask, do we invest at all in foreign ports; why risk our roll in any flat-money, flivver land—where cabinet making is the chief trade, and where they get so little mileage out of kings and presidents? It is a fascinating story, this tale of how and why American dollars have gone adventuring over the earth.

Splashing through the sloppy streets of Bombay in the monsoon season, our gharri came suddenly upon an odd-looking stone structure, windowless and moss grown.

"That's the old American ice house," explained our consul, who was showing me about. "Long ago, when our clipper ships sailed these Eastern seas, they used to bring out cargoes of ice—all the way from New England. It was stored in that stone house and sold to officers' mess, hotel and thirsty trader at a huge profit. A pioneer American venture, one of our first business investments in the East."

Higher Yields in Foreign Fields

SINCE those thrifty Maine skippers went peddling ice in India, we've put close to $8,000,000,000 of our own capital into one foreign enterprise or another. Scattered over the earth from Mexico to Mandalay, from Peking to Paris, this huge sum is invested in everything from oil wells and mines to railways and factories, from Bolivian bonds to rubber farms in the Dutch East Indies. In the very shadow of the Great Wall, I saw grunting Manchu coolies carrying stones to make a Yankee warehouse. Wireless towers we've built in Warsaw, and steel bridges to span the jungle streams that Stanley knew. Fortune and failure, romance and adventure, on every continent bold Yankee pioneers have met them all. At a giant smelter perched amid the blue hills of Sonora I watched the peons piling heavy ingots of new-made copper. Below and far away stretched the vast, bustling American mining camp, with its mills, ore dumps, company stores, saloons and dance halls. It was like a resurrected Cripple Creek, or a Tombstone of the roaring '80's. Beside me stood Jim Kirk, veteran superintendent, master miner, among the last Apache fighters.

"There wasn't even a dobe shack in these cañons when Bill Green and I poked in here thirty years ago," he told me. "Nothing but Apaches. The very first day they ambushed us down by that butte. Knocked off our cook—our mules—even burned our wagon. Somehow we shot it out, then hung up eight of 'em, feet first, to a big live oak. I'd had eleven pardners killed by Indians before I went in with Bill. They'd shoot him now and then, but they couldn't kill him. So we stuck here and worked this mine. Other gringos came and Cananea grew up. This year we'll make close to $10,000,000 worth of copper."

Today there are 537 American companies in business abroad, or holding investments there, that made tax returns on profits, they told me at the Treasury Department in Washington; 1747 Americans are living abroad, who pay tax on net incomes of over $5000; and 28,599 other Americans received net incomes of $5000 or over from foreign investments. From these globe-trotting Yankee investments, Uncle Sam enjoys a tax revenue of over $100,000,000 a year.

Suppose 28,599 Americans did make money on their foreign investments last year, you say. Not meaning to be personal, there's one flock of 10,000 others who partook of a certain Latin-American bond issue, all crowded now on the mourner's bench. They can't pick up a paper and read the foreign-bond column without crying out loud.

If we must lose our money, why not lose it here in the family? Why go clear to China to lose it on railway ventures? Or why bore for oil away over in Mosul, when there's still room for so many nice deep holes here at home? And these Chicago packers—they bought big ranches in South America. They even exiled bands of our brave cowboys to wrestle with the wild bulls of the pampas so far from the movies they can't even get timely tips on how a cowboy really should wear his pants and pistols or greet a bootlegger on entering a drawing-room.

Nevertheless, if thousands have invested abroad, there must be a reason. There certainly is.

In the lobby of a Washington bank I met an old friend, a major of cavalry.

"Putting in or taking out?" I asked him.

"Putting in," he answered. "I have saved six months' pay on the Mexican Border and just bought some French bonds."

"Why?" I persisted.

"Because they yield nearly 10 per cent," he explained.

Higher yield—that's one reason our capital is often tempted to leave home. It goes to Mexico, to Cuba or Canada because they promise higher returns than money may be earning at the moment in Kansas, California or Kentucky. Often, of course, the promised higher yield isn't forthcoming, but that's another story. Other reasons also influence money to go abroad. Thousands of Americans have bought European bonds as much from patriotic motives as for economic reasons. And many a Yankee industry has bought mines, forests and plantations abroad in order to insure a steady supply of raw materials needed in our factories here.

Into Canada we have put more money than into any other foreign country. Today our investments over our northern border may reach the astounding total of nearly $2,500,000,000. Our bankers estimate that for Canadian bonds of one kind or another we have paid out $1,200,000,000; that the remaining $1,300,000,000 is invested directly or indirectly, through holdings of shares in stock companies, in lands, farm mortgages, factories, banks, and in small business undertakings and private loans.

In one year, 1919, Yankee manufacturers set up over 200 branches in Canada; today, it is said, there are about 1000 American-owned factories up there, and more are seeking sites. In a late bulletin from the Bankers' Trust Company of New York we read that "in 1919, when the last survey was made, it was estimated that United States capital practically controlled the motor-car accessory, proprietary medicine and artificial abrasive industries, while the motor-car industry was divided in the proportion of 61 per cent United States and 39 per cent Canadian capital. Over 40 per cent of the electrical apparatus, meat packing, rubber, paint and varnish, brass and copper, condensed milk and refined petroleum industries were American owned."

To look after these investments, close to 1,000,000 Americans have quit the United States and now make their homes in Canada.

American Factories in Canada

SINCE 1919 our investments in Canada have increased enormously. In 1920, for example, it is said, close to $250,000,000 of our money was put into the Canadian pulp-and-paper business, which gave us an 80 per cent ownership in that important industry. And lately, we hear, Yankee capital is seeking to develop various water-power projects in Canada.

Our manufacturers were led to build branches in Canada largely to supply the Canadian market and yet escape the high Canadian import duties, and also to obtain the benefit of the preferential duties on exports to such British areas as accord accessions in duties to goods of Canadian manufacture.

From Canada, too, these Yankee manufacturers can ship to France to much better advantage than if their factories were located in the United States, because Canada has a special tariff agreement with France whereunder a lot of Canadian goods are treated more favorably than similar goods from the United States. And, after all, the United States and Canada form to a peculiar degree a sort of economic unit in the world capitalistic system; for reasons of proximity, common customs and speech, our interests are curiously mutual.

In England, too, there are now many American branch factories, making or assembling many things, from motor cars to safety razors. Here, too, it was largely local laws—and not alone the elements of labor and raw materials—which led these Yankees to set up shop over there. Since 1907, for example, England has had a patent law which, in general, requires that the person holding a British patent must, within four years, begin the manufacture in Great Britain of his device as patented on a scale sufficient to cover the sales thereof in that country.

"The export of capital is an agent of great efficacy," said John Stuart Mill, "in extending the field of employment of that which remains; and it may be said truly that, up to a certain point, the more capital we send away, the more we shall possess and be able to retain at home."

The success of American investments in Hawaii, Mexican oil wells, copper and silver mines, Alaskan gold mines,

East Indian rubber groves, Central American fruit plantations, Cuban sugar and railways, Canadian mines and lumber industries, show why this can be true. It may not be true, however, as regards our huge investments in Canadian factories. The Americans who own the factories get the net earnings; but the Canadian Government gets the taxes and Canadian wage earners fill the pay rolls.

Often we enter into foreign-loan contracts containing a so-called restrictive clause. That is, if Porto Cortez wants to borrow $1,000,000 to build a light plant, we lend her the money on condition that all imported materials required shall be purchased in the United States. In late years, both here and in England, an argument has grown up as to whether this is advisable, or even fair. During the war nearly all our private foreign-loan agreements embodied this clause.

"Many business men have gone so far as to say," Thomas W. Lamont declares, "that no American banking house should make a loan to a foreign obligor unless the borrower agrees to earmark and spend here the very dollars that he borrowed. This fallacy ignores the fact that, with America the heavy creditor nation that she is today, any credits obtained here by foreign borrowers must necessarily be used here, either by the borrower direct or by those to whom he assigns the credit."

In the Federal Reserve Bulletin we read that "a decision on this point will greatly influence the character of the advances made by the United States to other countries. They will also inevitably alter, at least for the time being, the extent of our export trade. Advances made in considerable amount without the so-called restrictive clause requiring expenditure in this country may easily result in the development of a balance against us in favor of such countries as receive cash payment in return for goods."

Investments in the Far East

BUT even without this clause, if we lend the $1,000,000 to Porto Cortez, and Yankee engineers go down there to build the light plant—well, they naturally buy Yankee equipment. It is nearly always so with English loans and contracts. Fully one-third of all British money invested in South American railways has been returned to the United Kingdom for buying supplies and equipment. One of the early roads in India spent two-thirds of its whole capitalization in England. As late as 1912, over half the capital outlay for railways and irrigation in India was spent in London. American capital largely built up Manila and Havana, and American materials were mostly used. As American capital has gone heavily into Canada, so more Yankee than English engines are used there; though the Canadians, of course, build many of their own. In Australia it's different; England is the greatest outside investor there, yet we can compete with England in the sale of locomotives to Australia. In fact, due largely to Yankee ventures into the foreign-railway field, England is exporting less railway equipment than thirty years ago.

To a singular degree, Mexico shows how strong a tendency exporting capital has to do its buying in its home country; making all allowances for proximity, the result is yet convincing. Into mines, oil fields and ranches Yankees have put $1,000,000,000 or over. Despite the waste of rebellion, we have, on the whole, earned steady profits on most Mexican industries. And from Mexico has come—in war and peace—a steady stream of ores, oil, sisal, hides and other raw materials we need. And from us, through it all, Mexico has bought from 70 to 90 per cent of all her imports, depending on whose figures you read; she lately juggled her official statistics—with the aid of depreciated European currency rates—to try to prove that she isn't really buying so much from us.

On the other hand, our heavy and growing trade with the Far East is out of all proportion to our investments out there. This is due, I was told by Frank R. Eldridge, chief of the Far Eastern Division of the Department of Commerce, to the fact that for years we have had so few distributing agencies of our own in the East. To a great extent all American goods are sold there through agencies set up by other foreigners. They have invested their capital and gained a strategic position by it. But due to the practical working of our open-door policy, we have been prevented from seeking or obtaining preferential treatment as a *quid pro quo* for investing our money.

"In Japan," says Mr. Eldridge, "American investments consist chiefly of our holdings in the organization of the Standard Oil Company; the Japan-American combination effected between the General Electric Company and the Japanese interest in the Tokio Electric Company; American holdings in the mines of Korea obtained before its annexation by Japan; American capital in the Osaka tramways, and a few minor hydroelectric schemes under Japanese control. In these latter companies the purchase of American equipment was a part of the loan agreement.

"The recent flotation of a development company issue in New York is a new step by American bankers in the Far East. It involves no sale of equipment, but is a mere purchase of debentures in a colonization company guaranteed by the Japanese Government.

"In China the first attempt of American investors to become interested in the railroad situation resulted in our floating the Canton-Hankow loan of 1905; but on the attempted sale of our interests in this railroad to Belgian interests the amount invested by the American company was bought back by the Chinese and the railroad is still unbuilt. This was the only participation of American capital in railroad development in China until 1919, when by large sales of equipment to the Peking-Suiyuan and the Peking-Hankow lines, under Chinese government control, American interests became involved to the extent of about $27,000,000. This has since been reduced to about $10,000,000. This indebtedness represents about 5 per cent of the total over-due obligations of the Chinese Department of Communications at the present time, which are in the neighborhood of $220,000,000 gold, or about one quarter of China's total indebtedness.

"American capital is also represented in China by heavy investments in tank steamers, wharfage equipment and storage tanks of the Standard Oil Company of New York; in real estate, in the international settlements of Shanghai, Tientsin and other treaty ports; by investments in missionary property throughout the interior, and by other scattered investments of lesser consequence. In all, we have probably $200,000,000 invested in China and $100,000,000 in Japan."

"Prior to the war, when we were a so-called debtor nation," I was told by Mr. Grosvenor Jones, financial expert of the Department of Commerce, "foreign capital invested in the United States exceeded the total American investments in foreign countries. Even then, of course, we had already exported several billions of capital; but today foreign investments have a new significance to us. We used to send money abroad largely because individual American enterprises wanted to extend their field of operations and thus protect their position in international trade. Most of these investments were made out of the accumulated capital of strong American concerns, or through loans based not on the value of the foreign investment but on the financial position of the domestic concern itself. In other words, the investing public was not asked, as a rule, to share directly in these foreign ventures.

"Today, more than ever before, causes are at work which induce our capital to seek outlets abroad," explained Mr. Jones. "Many of our larger manufacturing industries have reached a point in their development at which, if they are to be fully and efficiently operated, a certain proportion of their production must be exported regularly. In the case of locomotives, freight and passenger cars, rails and other railway equipment, and of electrical, mining, plantation and other heavy machinery, this is particularly true. More and more, too, our larger factories must draw on foreign countries for raw materials. They must be certain of steady sources of supply, at prices at least as low as those paid by our foreign industrial competitors. It was doubtless this motive which influenced the United States Rubber Company to put millions into plantations in the Dutch East Indies; for the same reason the Bethlehem Steel Company is developing iron properties in Cuba and Chile, and the United States Steel Corporation is buying manganese mines in Brazil.

"Our total foreign loans, including the Allied debt, and our foreign investments are now so large that the interest and amortization on one hand and the dividends on the other aggregate huge sums which, if paid directly in goods—as they must be in large measure despite the efforts of our debtors to pay as much as possible through increased exports to other countries—will greatly increase competition in the home market. If payment cannot readily be made in goods or services, our debtors will be obliged to restrict their purchases in this country to the barest minimum. If, however, the returns on our foreign loans and investments are reinvested abroad, either this importation of goods will be avoided or it will be offset by a corresponding export of our own manufactures."

Foreign Profits Reinvested Abroad

WHEN we speak of the export of capital we, of course, don't necessarily mean that actual gold, silver or paper dollars are packed up and shipped abroad. This seldom happens. Usually the process is simply to grant credit to foreign governments, municipalities or industries by making a loan. Sometimes the foreign enterprise that wants credit is already owned by American citizens. Sometimes the export of capital is made by simply leaving dividends in the foreign country where they were earned. Take the Southern Pacific Railway of Mexico, for example; the stockholders of the mother company in the United States own its shares. Yet this year, instead of paying a dividend, it may take all earnings and use them on its present extension of its lines from Tepic to Guadalajara.

With our present capacity for quick, enormous and economic production, we know that the dollar proceeds of foreign-government bond sales made here, as well as the proceeds from bonds and shares of oversea enterprises—whether American-owned or not—are eventually spent chiefly in this country.

"Drafts will be drawn against such proceeds," Mr. Jones told me, "either to liquidate past indebtedness or to buy more American goods. This occurred in the case of large loans to foreign governments and to foreign railroads and to public utility, shipping and industrial enterprises which our investment bankers placed in this country in the last few years. If this had not happened, we should have had a great outflow of gold, whereas, as a fact, so much gold has come into the country as seriously to embarrass our far-sighted financiers as well as those in the Government who control our currency and credit system. Had it not been for our heavy investments abroad since 1919, two things might have happened: Our exports would have declined even faster than they have; and the huge unfunded credit balances due our exporters and bankers as a result of our tremendously favorable trade balance down to 1921 would still have been largely unfunded, and heavy losses would have been suffered."

Since the export of capital largely means, then, the export of commodities and wares, you can see how important this great question is to our continued prosperity. Even if our capital export took for a time the form of gold, the consequent lowering of prices here would help us to compete more easily abroad and would facilitate our export trade just that much.

It is the opinion of the Department of Commerce that for years to come the further growth of our industries and the development of our natural resources will use up most of our savings. Yet undoubtedly, its experts point out, it will prove wise and profitable in the long run if—within the proper limits—we put a share of our wealth into foreign fields.

England affords us a striking example. She has invested abroad for nearly 100 years and profited hugely, in spite of occasional lemons. It was her money, practically, that developed the United States—and we grew up to be her chief competitor. Yet long after we got independent and ceased to buy her rails and railroad equipment, we continued -as a result of the prosperity she helped to create here—to buy her textiles, cutlery and mill machinery.

New Development Through Foreign Loans

MANY economists say that just as soon as our present building shortage is met and we have restored and improved our transportation systems, industry—needing new stimulus—will turn again to foreign markets. In periods of unusual home demands we habitually lose sight of our foreign customers. Yet the history of American manufacturing proves that we cannot keep our shops running to capacity, year in and year out, unless we export at least a fair part of our production. The grave necessity, then, of building up and maintaining our export machinery and of nursing and cherishing our oversea markets is ever before us; we cannot soon forget the bitter lesson of 1921, when, our home demands met, we hurriedly dumped millions' worth of merchandise on the docks of foreign ports and lost so sadly from canceled orders.

"It's all very interesting," said one experienced exporter, "to look at trade statistics that cover only a few months, and that result from temporary, unusual conditions, and then hastily conclude that Europe is still our best market. Even if—or when—Europe totters back to something like a normal prewar basis, its buying powers may not be able to meet our increased production. It's to the newer countries we shall have to look. We shall have to put our capital into them and help develop them as markets, just as the Dutch and the British helped develop the United States."

As pointed out by the English writer, C. K. Hobson, in his book on The Export of Capital, when the British sold us so much railway and other materials they helped at the same time to develop our sources of grain, cotton and other raw materials on which they still largely depend. So when we sell farm, mine or railway equipment on credit to Cuba, Brazil or the Dutch East Indies—or when, in other words, we export our capital to them—we not only enable them to buy such machinery from us but we establish larger and more certain sources from which to draw, year after year, the sugar, coffee, rubber, hides, minerals, lumber, sisal, tin, chrome, manganese, vanadium, and the like, that we need more and more.

Consider again such powerful trade rivals as our friends the British. They put millions into Argentine railroads. They made big profits on sales of equipment. Some South American lines they still own and operate, though perhaps at diminishing rates of profit. Yet by this same export of capital they helped develop vast sources of wool, wheat, linseed and meat products, without which England would perish.

American and British capital, exported to Chile, developed the vast nitrate fields there. To Chile we alone have also paid something under $1,000,000,000 for nitrates. By a heavy export duty it imposes on this product, Chile can support its army and navy from what American farms and factories hand over every year. By a more mysterious and—to us—equally painful process, the export price of nitrates is fixed in London.

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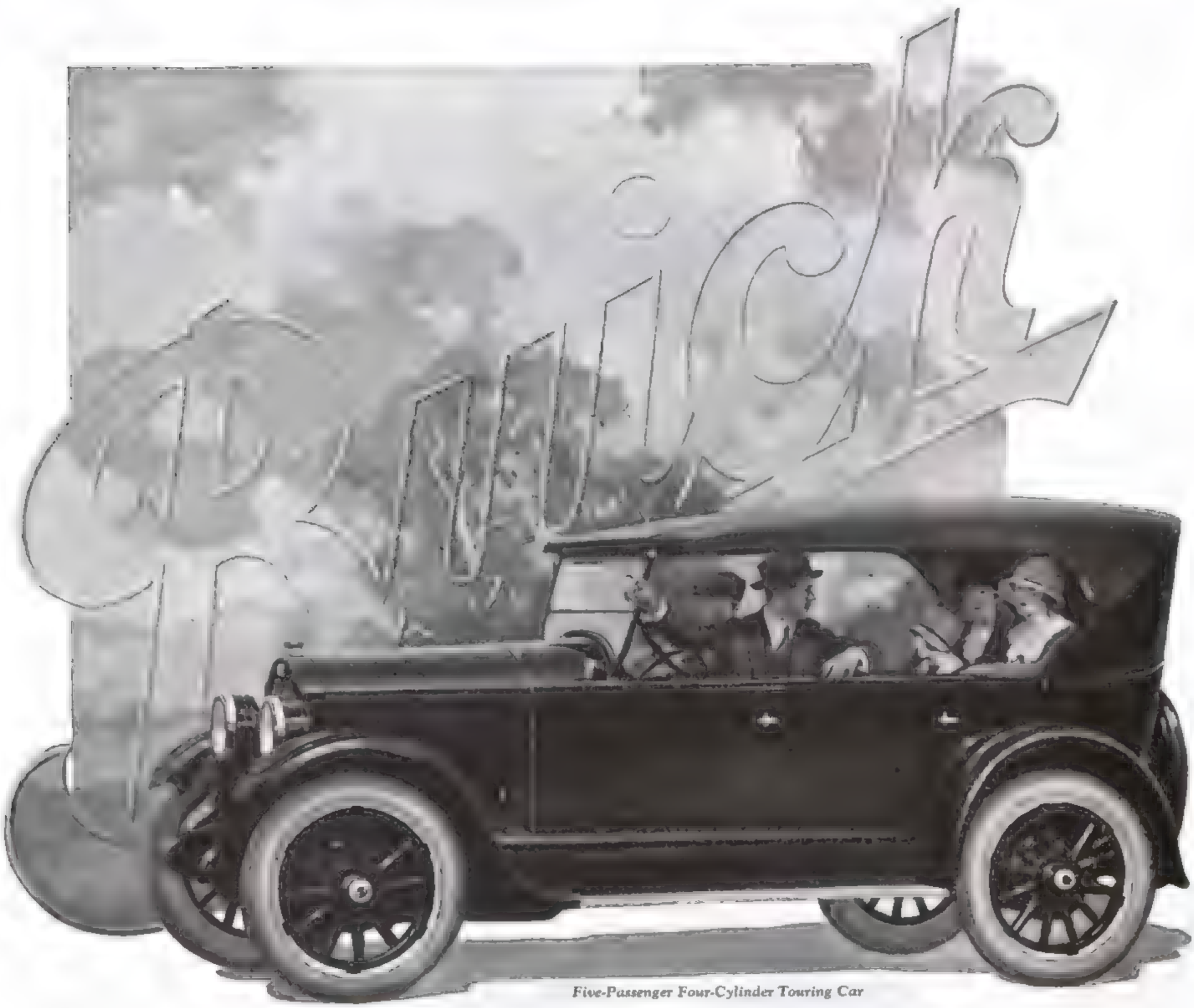

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I consider the four-wheel brakes indeed very fine. In fact, one does not know their real value until used. The car has a world of pep and power and I am well pleased with it.

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Scott City, Kansas

DIFFERENT Buick owners give different reasons for the genuine affection which they hold for their cars. Some say it is because of Buick's extraordinary dependability; others, the many years that their Buicks have continued to give this same sterling performance. Still others maintain that it is because of Buick's safety and driving comfort. But in the end they agree that it is exceedingly difficult to place one Buick point of excellence above another—that, after all, their regard for Buick is based on that all-inclusive quality which they like to call Buick character.

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BOBBY BURSTS HIS BONDS

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THOSE who have observed Dame Fortune closely and for any considerable length of time must have found an uncertain, baffling and elusive quality in her smiles, however dazzling they may have appeared at first sight. They have, to the discerning, a sort of Mona Lisa demureness, a hint of the equivocal that should warn one to walk warily in their light. For so the lady smiled on Nebuchadnezzar before turning him out to grass; so she smiled, and winked at Winged Victory, just before she deserted Horatio Nelson for the sharpshooter in the maintop of the—whatever its name was. And here, only this morning, one reads how, after she had been smiling right along on Capt. Joe Harker, of the Saucy Sally—British registration—and even as the Saucy Sally was speeding merrily on over the sunlit sapphire seas, less than three miles from shore, right then and there the revenue cutter, Alexander Hamilton, rounded the point, came up hand over fist and nabbed him.

These are only random instances verifying the age-old maxim which in its modern rendering reads, "When everything is jake watch out!" Robert Walmsley Peters believed—and expressed without hesitation his belief—that everything was jake. You had only to ask him how everything was. There is no denying that he had reason to believe so. Young, handsome and graceful, he charmed the eye; intelligent for the most part, ready-tongued and enthusiastic, he persuaded the mind, or—having an odd streak of shrewdness running through the simplicity of his character—he found ingenious ways, means and devices to attain his object against objection. Latterly, too, he had become more industrious than ever and had applied his natural energy to the affairs of Riley & Kemp, real-estate agents, from whom he was dragging down a really amazing amount of money, considering his age and experience—and Riley & Kemp.

But Fortune was smiling. If she hadn't smiled all Bobby's energy, acuteness and persuasiveness would not have put through the Macrae deal that had given him his real start in the office. If she hadn't smiled he might not have won little Catherine Leach. Not a great deal of ground space would have been required to hold all the superpeaches that could properly be placed in golden-haired, blue-eyed Catherine's class, and Bobby was not the only fellow who knew it. She might easily have had a recent inoculation that would have rendered her immune to his highly contagious case. Furthermore, if Fortune hadn't smiled all of Bobby's resourcefulness and determination might not have won the grudging consent of Cathy's parents and his own to their engagement—or understanding. If the old folks had persisted in their opposition—well, you can never tell when it comes to ifs.

There Were Lots of Other Things She Could be Sure of, Bobby Told Her

And now everything was jake. Of course it was. Weren't all the difficulties removed? Wasn't it all plain sailing over sunlit sapphire seas? Was there now any necessity to scheme and plan and contrive to get Cathy off by herself or to start guiltily away from her if their *tête à tête* were interrupted? Did he have to feign indifference to her or did she have to hide her preference for him? No, all that sort of thing was over and done with. No need of excuses to call at the Leaches'; he just called. Didn't even have to ask for Catherine. The maid would grin at him—a grin friendly, confidential—and say, "She's upstairs. I'll go tell her and she'll be down in a minute." Mr. and Mrs. Leach gradually became quite casual in their acknowledgment of his presence. He might have been the family cat.

Again, at the dances and other social gatherings, no longer did Bobby have to fight to get his proper share of Catherine's society. His right to it was recognized and on the whole respected by the male members of the bunch. He and Catherine were now customarily addressed as "You two." It sounded pretty good at that. Sure! And Bobby didn't have to worry now when conversing or dancing with Clarice Bowman or Pauline Hart or even with May Golding, because all these young women had somehow—well, it is rather hard to describe exactly their manner towards him; but it was not such as to give occasion for uneasiness or misunderstanding on Catherine's part.

Yes, Cathy was his and he was Cathy's, and they could have walked together down the middle of Acacia Avenue holding hands in broad daylight if they had wanted to. Whenever they did walk together they always met with smiles and pleasant greetings—the identical smiles that the Leaches' maid, Lucille, gave Bobby when he called—understanding, sympathetic. And always, if Bobby looked back, he saw that whoever it was looked back, too, still smiling. All the world loves a lover, don't they? Yeah, and don't it make you sick? He knew darned well what they were saying, too, if there were more than one of them—"Yes, they're engaged. Isn't it absurd? Mere children."

Not that he cared for the cackling of a lot of old hens.

When the Leach family departed for their annual visit to Cheepahassac, far across the lake, Bobby felt some anxiety.

"There's going to be a flock of Johnnies at that rotten hole," he said, "and how are they going to know you're an engaged girl?"

"I can tell them," Catherine suggested artlessly.

"Yes, you cannot. And if you did they'd think you were fooling. You know, Cathy, you are—well, you don't look engaged. I mean ——"

"If anybody didn't believe it I could prove it by you when you come down for the week-end," Cathy suggested.

"Week-end!" Bobby echoed bitterly. "I'd like to take old Riley by the neck and bump his bald bean against the wall."

The main trouble with Riley was that he was churlishly inhospitable to new ideas. Any time Mister New Idea tried to break into the office Riley was in conference with the nineteenth century and couldn't be disturbed.

Any modern efficiency expert could have told him that an employe would work all the better for a prolonged vacation at the time he wanted it, but Riley couldn't see it in that light.

"I've got a habit of saying what I mean, young fellow," the old man had told Bobby. "You ought to know by this time that we don't make exceptions to our rules. You're scheduled for the last week in August and that's all there is about it. Two weeks! Why, I'm surprised at you, Bobby! You, a young man with his way to make, and thinking of getting married, too, I hear! To waste two weeks and the commissions you might be making! Don't you have your lunch hour and your evenings and your Saturday afternoons and your Sundays right through the year, and Washington's Birthday and Decoration Day and the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's, and all the other fool excuses for holidays the legislature can think up, to say nothing of the chances of a death in the family? What's the idea? Don't you want to work? When I was young ——"

So Bobby had retired discomfited. Well, there was nothing for it but take his medicine, but it would take the whole blamed Saturday afternoon to get to Cheepahassac, and the boat connections would only give him about enough time to make a lightning change and eat before the Saturday-evening dance at the hotel. Then he would have to rouse out at half past four to catch the train back Monday morning.

Well, it would be mighty lonesome with Cathy away.

It was mighty lonesome. Bobby had no heart for the thoughtless gayety of the gang. In fact, the gang seemed only to recognize him as a half portion now, so all he could

(Continued on Page 45)

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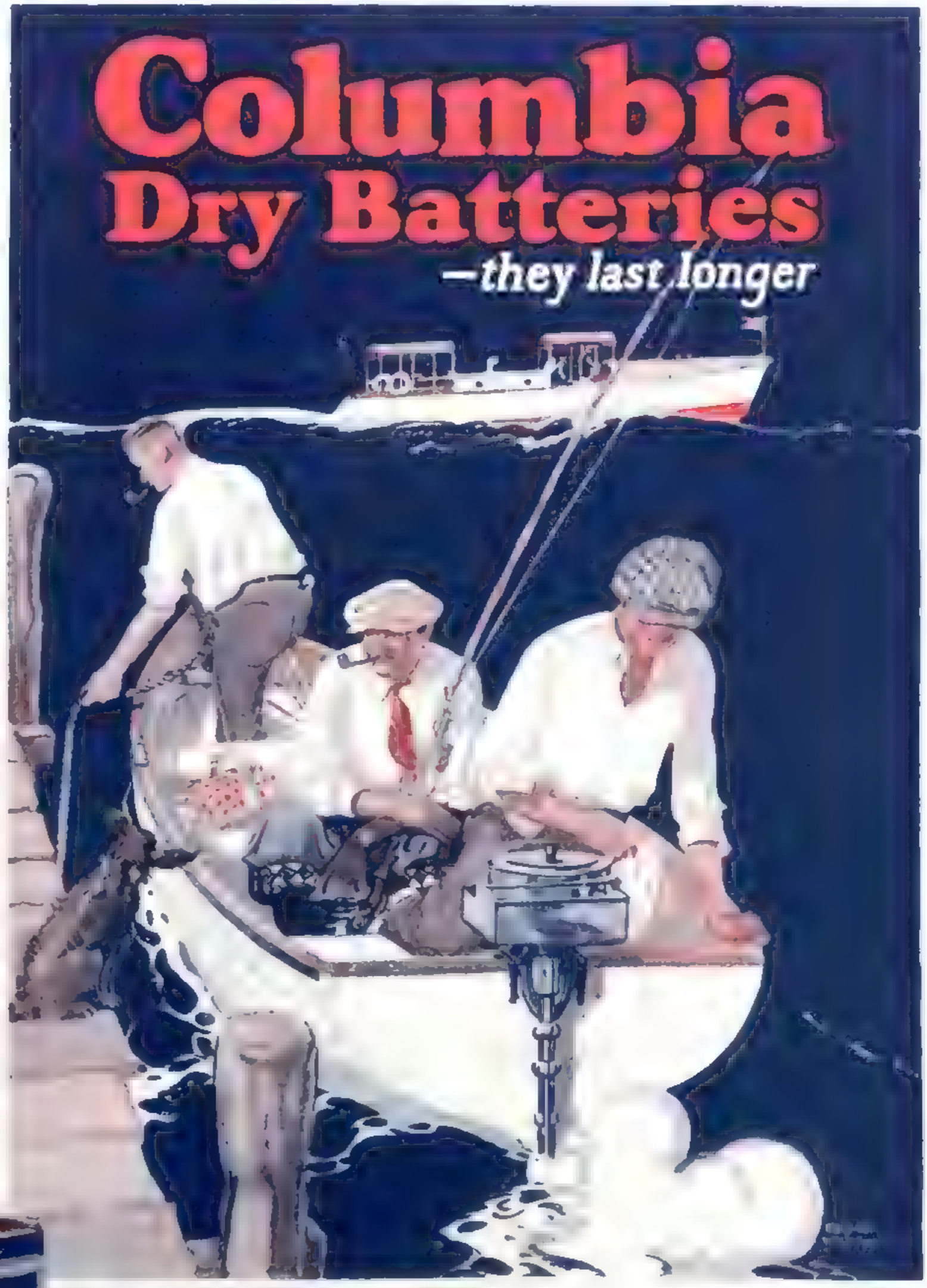

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do after dinner was moon around. Sometimes he would roll over to old Owen's, his brother-in-law's, and play a set of tennis or smoke a pipe with the duffer on the porch. Once in a while he would favor his mother with an hour or two of his society, and sometimes, in the gloaming, he would make a sentimental pilgrimage to the bridged ravine where he and Cathy had trysted and there indulge in mushy recollections of the happy days gone by; but from such wanderings he would always return to his room to cover a number of pages of paper with what he felt to be inadequate efforts to give Cathy an idea how he felt.

He never missed that nightly letter, any more than Cathy neglected her daily epistle to him, and of course these helped to some extent; but, in another way, only aggravated his sense of the distance between them. Letters are only words, after all, and words are only a small part of the communication of ideas at best, divested of the things which give them real force and effect—a glance, a smile, a frown, an inflection of the voice, a posture or a gesture or actual physical contact. What does a row of X's amount to—thus, X X X X X? "My heart in the distance beats close to thy heart." Fine and dandy! But does she mean just that, or is she just kidding? Doesn't exactly sound like Cathy. This goof Burke, too—this new man. "'Nice eyes!' What in heck do I care about his eyes? And this fresh laddy, Parkin. She doesn't say what she told him when he made that cute little remark. Did she let him get away with it? A couple of days to find out—if she doesn't forget to answer my questions. She doesn't say whether Parkin has nice eyes, but he will have if he makes any cracks like that when I get down there. 'My heart in the distance beats close ——' But, by heck, it doesn't!"

The Saturday boat trips across the lake and the relay on to Cheepahassac by the rickety little old Queen of the Waves were not by any means pleasant. The big boat, for the first leg of the passage, was jammed with excursionists who weren't what you would call hand-picked, for one thing; but all things have their ending, and when at last Bobby made out Cathy's figure on the little landing pier up the river and saw her waving—say, was it worth a thousand such trips, worth all the crush, all the racket, all the dismal waiting? Was it? Oh, boy!

Cheepahassac wasn't exactly a fashionable or even a well-known resort. The Leaches stayed at a place where they were the sole summer boarders, as they had been for the past fifteen years, since Cathy was a mere baby. It was on the bank of the Minnehassac and had a little boat landing of its own, from which it was an even fifteen minutes' row downstream to the lake beach. Or you could walk to the beach hotel in ten. Upstream there was some good fishing, which occupied Mr. Geoffrey Leach most of the time. At his first visit Bobby was surprised to see that usually carefully dressed gentleman unshaven and in simple costume of faded blue overalls, khaki shirt and wide-brimmed straw hat—the kind that has gone up to twenty-five cents since the war and which Mr. Leach bought before that catastrophic period. He also wore disreputable canvas sneakers on his sockless feet; and seeing him thus, with a well-blackened corncob pipe between his teeth, Bobby lost something of his boyish awe of his future father-in-law, and their intercourse, brief as it was, became freer and more friendly. Bobby put up at the hotel, where there was a fairly decent crowd; but the only mixing he did was at the Saturday-evening dance, which, it seemed, it was Cathy's one social duty to attend.

What a day that first Sunday was! Cathy had a thousand things to tell him, two thousand to ask him and so many more to show him that she didn't know where to take him first.

"I don't want to see anything but you. Let's go up the river; I've got a few things to tell you—one, anyway. Maybe I told you about it before."

"What is it?"

Bobby whispered.

"Don't be mushy, Bobby!"

But they went up the river and they found a place suitable for the asking of questions and for the appropriate answers to them. And in the afternoon they went up the river again, passing Mr. Leach on the way, who was casting for bass in a weedy inlet. Bobby rowed very quietly there so that he might not frighten the fish or distract the fisherman's attention.

And that Sunday night, sitting on the bench at the edge of the river bluff, with the big moon rising over the tree tops throwing the opposite bank into inky shadow and making a wavering path of molten gold across the water almost to their feet! Some moon! And how still!—so that their voices sank to the lowest murmur in question and answer and in their intervals of silence every least sound was magnified and distinct—the splash of a fish, the faint drowsy chirp of a bird, the distant creak of a well windlass and clank of the bucket, footsteps on a wooden walk and the closing of a door, a distant voice presently dying away.

"I must go, Bobs dear. Heavens, do you know what time it is?"

Bobby kissed the wrist that she curved to peer at her watch. No, he didn't know and he didn't care.

"But you've got to get up at—didn't you say half past four? Well, then! And, Bobs, will you look up at my window and wave as you drive by? I'd like to feel sure that you had when I wake up."

There were lots of other things she could be sure of, Bobby told her. She could be sure that at any time she gave him a thought he would be thinking of her at that precise minute

"Unless it's in business hours," he added conscientiously

"Or when you happen to be thinking of something else," said she.

Three-quarters of an hour later they parted for that time. It hardly seemed worth while going to bed. But do you know, when Bobby went by the house in the morning in the old rattletrap that took him to the station, and when he waved as per agreement, the curtains of a certain window were drawn aside and somebody waved back! What do you know!

But when, on his departure after his second visit, Bobby waved, that curtain hung motionless, and there was no answering flutter of a little white hand. Of course Bobby didn't blame Cathy for that. He had told her that she wasn't to break any of her beauty sleep on his account and she had evidently taken him at his word. Oh, he had had a good time, a lovely time, smooth as silk; but ——

At each succeeding visit everything went more and more smoothly. Mrs. Hotchkiss, the Leaches' landlady, acquired the confidential and sympathetic smile just like the rest and regaled Bobby with anecdotes of Cathy's childhood. Well-meaning, motherly old thing; but dog-gone,

"Do You Like Me?" "'Like' Isn't the Word," Replied Bobby

she fixed up a room for him, too, so that he wouldn't have to wear himself out walking to and from the hotel. Mrs. Peters began to fuss—mother him—occasionally, and Mr. Peters joked him about it in quite a fatherly sort of way. Apropos of changing some wet things, which Cathy and Mrs. Leach insisted that Bobby should do, the old gentleman advised submission.

"You'll find it easier in the long run to give in," he said. "You'll soon learn that you have to sooner or later. They've an inexhaustible, unwearying patience and an immovable, unalterable determination that will wear down a man's stoutest resistance. They'll keep pecking and pecking away—oh, you'll find out, my boy!"

Yes, there was no doubt that the opposition of Papa and Mamma Leach was diminishing rapidly. Well, it simply didn't exist. One would have said that Bobby was the man of their choice for their daughter. And that guy Burke had left—faded from the scene. Nothing to worry about, nobody to be mad at, everything jake.

One evening about the middle of the week as Bobby was returning home he was suddenly shocked with the realization that he had not once thought of Cathy since passing a jeweler's shop window at noon. Now how did that happen? Her letter, received that morning, was in the breast pocket of his coat and there had been nothing to prevent him from taking it out and rereading it on the train; but he hadn't even thought of doing so. He had looked through the evening paper, noting among other things Babe Ruth's latest achievement; he had considered the condition of his tennis racket and the possibility of its repair; he had even gloated over the consummation of a deal that would bring him in a fat little commission, and that without any consideration of the ultimate object of all commissions—to feather the nest to be. He had wondered whether old Owen and his sister Lynette were going to the picture show that evening and what there would be for dinner, and many other things; but if Cathy had been thinking of him at any hour since two o'clock, assured that he was thinking of her, her confidence had been a mistaken one.

Poor kid! Think of him not thinking about her!

Could it be that the novelty of this wonderful state of being engaged was at all wearing off, that as each obstacle to his happiness was overcome happiness itself was diminishing? He dismissed the thought with a feeling of shame for having entertained it even for a moment. Still it returned when, after dinner, he went over to Owen's and found his brother-in-law sitting on the porch in his slippers, putting the boy to sleep with a discordant lullaby.

Owen frowned warningly and Bobby refrained from speaking and seated himself on the porch step to wait. Occasionally the boy stirred in his father's arms, and once opened his eyes; but Owen kept up his tuneless croak long after Bobby considered it necessary. At last, very cautiously, very slowly, he arose and glided into the house with his unconscious burden. In a minute or two he returned, stretching and swinging his arms.

"They went to sleep ten minutes before Boy did," he informed Bobby, referring to these members. "The little rat won't even let his mother rock him bye-bye now. Bound to have daddy do it." He spoke proudly. "I'm dead for a smoke," he continued, "but I can't smoke and sing too."

"You can't sing anyway," Bobby told him, watching him curiously as he lit his pipe and began to draw on it avidly. "Where's Lynette?"

"She ran over to Bailey's for a minute or two." He tilted his chair back and put his slippered feet up on the porch railing. "Ah, this is the life!"

"Do you call it life?" Bobby queried.

For some reason his brother-in-law's satisfied air annoyed him. He could remember Owen as a somewhat peppy, up-and-coming fellow; one who wanted to have something doing all the time and contrived that there should be. It came to him that Lynette once said Owen was so romantic, and that his father called him harum-scarum. And now look at the old stiff! Downtown by the 7:30 every morning, sugar broking all day and back by the 5:18 every evening; puttering about in the yard with a lawn mower or in the garage with his old bus, rocking the kid to sleep and hitting the hay at 10:30 if he didn't get gay and take Lynette to a show once in a blue moon or let her take him to play bridge somewhere. Life!

Owen cocked a shrewd eye over the bowl of his pipe.

"I know what you're thinking of, young-feller-me-lad," he said. "You're wondering how I can find any pleasure in existence with Lynette away. Natural, of course! What do you hear from Catherine?"

"Lynette!" Bobby exclaimed scornfully.

He loved his sister and was willing to admit that she was all right and that sort of thing; but that anybody could conceive a real passion for her was beyond his imagination. Pretty enough and—yes, she was smart enough—for a woman. Lots of people thought she was kind of cute. But Lynette! That was another thing that had always puzzled him about Owen.

"Owen," said he, "don't you ever get a bit fed up with sugar broking and this dinky little place and the people? Don't you feel as if you'd like to break loose and do something different in different surroundings—really live?"

"'Smatter with the place?" demanded Owen. "'Swrong with the people?"

Bobby made a gesture of disdain.

"I get you," said Owen, after grinning at him for a moment. "Masefield stuff. I must go down to the sea again. The temple bells are callin' me where there ain't no Ten Commandments. Ho, for the coral isles and the pearl-shell lagoons with the brown copra-wreathed girls dancing around the flowing kava bowl! All I ask is a schooner, a tall schooner, the salty tang of the pretzel and the heave of the barroom floor. Sure, Bobby! Heigh-ho for the good old wild days! But I'm tied down, Bobby. I can't burst from my cell with a hell of a yell because Lynette won't let me. But the time has been, young-feller-me-lad—the time has been. Did I ever tell you of that little adventure of mine in Port Said—in Spanish Joe's dive?"

"You're a great kidder, ain't you?" said Bobby. "Got any fresh anecdotes about Boy to tell me? What was it he did today that was so cunning?"

"I'll have to refer you to Lynette," replied Owen. "I've been holding my nose to the dreary grindstone all day same as you. Toiling for the loved ones at home as you'll be toiling for 'em before long. Did you ever think that you're traveling the same road I've traveled and that you're approaching the same melancholy end? I tried to warn you, if you remember. Now the first thing you know you'll be a respected citizen and then a prominent one and finally a leading one, active in all movements for the upbuilding and betterment of the community. No use shuddering. Hello! Was that Boy? Yes, by jingo!"

He laid down his pipe and hurried to his offspring. Bobby sat and pondered. Owen had said something. All the same, it wouldn't be that way with him and Cathy. None of the home life of our dear queen for them. No need of getting into a rut unless you want to.

Of course, Owen had Lynette to hold him down; but Cathy ——

Well, anyway, Cathy didn't try to boss. Hadn't so far. She would like what he liked, and once they were married ——

Great goshness! One would think Owen would get sick of playing nursemaid. Somebody ought to put words to that lullaby and set 'em to music. Was he going to keep it up all night?

"'This is the life!' Huh!"

Wilkes started it; Wilkes, in the office, whose fluent and effective sales patter and obvious familiarity with the varied phases of the business Bobby had once envied, and who, ever since the successful outcome of the Macrae deal and subsequent successful little deals that Bobby had conducted, had been rather deferring to his junior. Wilkes was telling Brodie of a hectic night before at Soper Gilbey's studio. Mildred May Mellish, who wrote The Guttersnipe, was of the party, it seemed, and the old girl—you wouldn't think it to look at her pictures, but she ——

"Do you mean Soper Gilbey who does Wangle and Wop?" inquired Bobby, somewhat surprised and a trifle incredulous.

"Sure! Listen! What do you think the Croff-Scott Syndicate is paying him for that? Just give a guess. What would you think would be a reasonable remuneration for half an hour's work a day and no brain strain whatever?"

"Do you know him—personally?"

"Well, if I didn't he wouldn't be inviting me to his little parties like the one last night. Sopy isn't that kind of a guy. You've got to belong—speak the language of the tribe. I never cared about the society pink-tea bunch. Me for people who do things—paint—sculp—artists. I write a little myself. I don't mean the advertising stuff; but that was where I first got acquainted with Sopy. He illustrated a series I did for the Kan-Korn-Ko when I was with Brent's. I'll tell you what, Peters, I'll take you around to his studio some night."

"I've got several evening hours on my hands this week," Bobby promptly informed him.

"Fine! But let me see. Sopy's going up into the northern woods this week. He wanted me to go along. Let me think. There's going to be some of the crowd at Sashka's. How about Thursday night?"

"Thursday night suits me," said Bobby.

So Wilkes had another side—artistic, literary! You never could tell, could you?

Bobby, almost up to the last minute, had a haunting suspicion that Wilkes might

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They Went Up the River and They Found a Place Suitable for the Asking of Questions and for the Appropriate Answers to Them

Fisher design and quality are the foundation of the great demand for Fisher bodies. This, in its turn, has resulted in production skill and facilities which give a new impetus to leadership in design and supremacy in quality. The symbol—Body by Fisher—is everywhere recognized as the mark of the best in motor car bodies.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

BODY BY FISHER

FISHER BODIES

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back out on some excuse or another. But no; when Bobby came to the office with his suitcase it was Wilkes who seemed anxious.

"Not going to pass up your little excursion into Hobohemia, are you?" he asked. "No? Then why the suitcase?"

"Why, don't you dress?" Bobby asked innocently.

Wilkes laughed him to scorn.

"If you went to Sashka's in a dress suit they'd—well, they wouldn't do a thing to you. Tear it off you, I guess."

"Tough as that?"

"Oh, not tough, but you might say informal. Not loose, but relaxed. Well, you'll see. We'll eat a bite somewhere, take in some show and get out there about the time they're warmed up and getting good."

"Gee!" cried Bobby. "This sounds like an all-night resort."

It certainly sounded interesting, what Wilkes was telling him; but he was probably joking. Perhaps the joke was not in the best of taste. Yet it seemed to Bobby that he was in for a new experience.

He thought so again when they had got off the car and walked southward on Halsted Street and then again westward. He had supposed himself to be tolerably familiar with the main thoroughfares of the West Side and had traversed most of them. He could put his finger on any location you might mention—on the plat; but this was a different thing, going afoot, rubbing shoulders with the denizens of the district on a warm summer night, realizing the foreign aspect of certain stores with their strange wares and stranger inscriptions, hearing more or less mellifluous Tuscan, guttural Yiddish and broken mixtures of each with West Side Chicagoese. Odd combinations of garishness and squalor, of gayety and gloom. Life, though—teeming, swarming, crawling life!

Wilkes stopped at a delicatessen store and bought a bottle of olives and two dry, withered, gray-skinned sausages and two tins of sardines.

"Guests aren't expected to provide their own provender," Wilkes remarked, "but a little contribution to the commissariat is never unwelcome to the bunch."

A little farther on he made another halt at a bakery and two loaves of Vienna bread were added to the supplies. A few minutes more brought them to a dingy brick building, before which some scantily clad children were happily hopping on a design chalked on the sidewalk.

They entered a vestibule, where a feeble flickering gas jet showed a worn uncarpeted staircase. Two flights up, on a landing decorated by a not altogether inodorous garbage can, Wilkes knocked at a door—three loud knocks, three soft and a final loud one; and Sashka opened to them.

A tall woman; as tall as Bobby at least. Her eyes as she looked at him were certainly on a level with his, and her dress gave her the appearance of being taller than she was. A long garment, cut squarely at her rounded throat and falling to her feet in folds hardly broken by a loose girdle. A dress of some dull-green stuff, and her throat and bare arms were very white; the girdle was of a silvery metal studded with mock emeralds; she wore long jade earrings. There was a touch of rouge in her slightly hollowed cheeks; her lips were vivid crimson; her straight hair, fringed at her forehead and dropping lankly to her shoulders, was dark red; and her eyes—there was the really striking thing—her eyes were green as the jade of her earrings, green as green almonds, and almond shaped.

It seemed to Bobby that they widened and gleamed, those wonderful eyes, as they fell on the bread and the packages. She flung the door wide open and made a sweeping gesture embracing the room. A rather spacious room, softly lighted by a big oval lantern of some translucent material that depended from the ceiling by a rusty iron chain. A room with much artistic litter, colorful and intriguing

"He comes, bearing rich gifts," Sashka cried. And then she saw Bobby as he emerged from the gloom of the hall and her crimson lips parted in a smile. "And with a handsome young stranger," she added and, taking Bobby's hand, drew him within

"This is Bobby," Wilkes told her

She smiled again on the young man. She had not released his hand, which embarrassed him somewhat. He hoped that he didn't look so foolish as he felt. Facing the other occupants of the room, Sashka repeated his name and then completed the introduction.

"That sleepy kitten on the divan in the corner is Violet and the sweet thing trying to wake her is Karl. Over there, making eyes at you, is Dorine, and I take this occasion to inform her that it's no use, because I saw you first. Big Brute, you needn't scowl—or perhaps you were trying to smile. Bobby, Big Brute; Bobby, Marta; Bobby, Eric. Now you know us all and we know you, and aren't you glad? Oh, I am Sashka."

"Her real monicker is Sarah Jane," growled Big Brute.

"Yours," thought Bobby, "is Big Slob." But he didn't say so at the time. He had his opinion of a man who obviously didn't comb his hair and had dried yolk of egg on the bosom of a none too recently washed flannel shirt. Nor did he fancy Karl, who had pouting red lips and a voluminous black web necktie tied in a large bow. Eric looked a halfway decent little chap, fair, fat and amiable. He had bowed and smiled in a friendly manner when his name had been mentioned, and his rosy face was clean shaven—which was more by three days than Big Slob's was.

Sashka dropped his hand to press her own to her bosom at Big Brute's revelation.

"Betrayed!" she cried tragically, and her eyes were so full of anguish that for an instant Bobby thrilled with sympathy. Then she laughed. Bobby had an inspiration.

"What's in a name?" said he. "A rose ——"

A general cry of horror stopped him.

"Ve gant haf dis," said Karl in a pained voice.

"Rialto, take your Philistine friend away," commanded Big Brute.

"All right," replied Wilkes. "Give us our bread and sausage and we'll go."

"Perhaps we should not condemn too hastily," Eric interposed gravely. "Let us see his reaction to Marta's picture"

He took Bobby's arm, and Big Brute grasping the other, the two led him to a picture hanging over the samovar at the farther end of the room. Bobby stared at it; then, shaking himself free of his conductors, he stepped back a pace or two and surveyed it long and earnestly after the manner of connoisseurs whom he had observed at the Art Institute. That brought some applause.

"I don't know much about art," said he, "but I know what I like. What is it? Is—is it batik?"

That got 'em. Bobby didn't exactly know why, but it did. Marta, a kind of stubby girl with black bobbed hair and a fairly evident mustache, surveyed him impersonally through her large shell-rimmed glasses and announced her conviction that he was "clever, although he didn't look so." Big Brute guffawed and slapped him on the back; Eric seemed delighted.

"In a nut's shell!" cried he—whatever he meant. Whereupon Marta took him by the shoulders and shook him and called him banal and a bourgeois. It seemed they were both painters, Eric of the Can't You Speak school and Marta of the Don't You Get It. Eric sold a picture every once in a while.

"I think he's clever enough to come into the kitchen with me and cut bread," declared Violet. "The kitchen, Bobby, is the space behind the screen—just big enough for the two of us."

Sashka again claimed her prior rights.

"And it's too early to eat," she continued "He's going to sit by my side and bare his soul to me. Come, Bobby."

She took his hand and led him to one of the two divans which, covered with black velveteen and piled with stenciled and embroidered cushions of bizarre designs, would hardly have been taken for cots—at first glance. There she seated him, deftly disposing cushions at his back and behind his head. Moving quickly, with sinuous grace, she drew a small painted black-and-yellow table close to him, gave him a cigarette and put another between her own carmine lips, struck a match on the heel of her shoe and lit his cigarette for him—a beautiful arm bent forward, her hands on his shoulders, and lit her own cigarette with his by direct contact. Then she seated herself beside him and let her green eyes gleam at him through a veil of darkened lashes.

"Do you like me?"

"'Like' isn't the word," replied Bobby.

It wasn't. Hard to find the word exactly. She was wonderful! He could quite believe that some of the old hens he knew might not approve of her, though. They wouldn't understand her frankness, her freedom from petty conventionalities of manner and speech—the freedom and frankness that were as much the atmosphere of the room as the cigarette smoke. All of them were smoking cigarettes except Big Brute, who, characteristically, drew on a rotten pipe. Bobby smoked a pipe himself now and then, but not a hobo's short dirty clay with that sort of tobacco. Gosh! But Sashka! You knew right away that here was a woman of the world—cosmopolitan—a woman with brains and ideas—daring, independent. And her eyes! This was life!

Bobby did not tell her his whole history just then—not so far as he knew. He had nothing to tell, he said; but wouldn't she tell him something of herself, please? No, she wouldn't. She had no intention of destroying any possible interest he might feel in her. She knew men and chose to remain a mystery, an enigma, as long as she could baffle his powers of discernment. Something to that effect.

"I am me—Sashka," said she. "Read me."

"I'm one of these illiterate guys," said Bobby.

"So you say. But you're too nice-looking for me to believe it. I think you have graduated from the primary school at least, with that captivating smile of yours. You look innocent, but ——"

There was much flattering implication in that "but" and the look that went with it. Bobby began to lose something of his shyness as the conversation went on. He learned that her name really was Sashka, but she wasn't Russian. Nevertheless, she had lived abroad a whole lot in Florence and in Vienna and Paris and New York - Greenwich Village—and all those places. She had seen life, you bet, and her associates hadn't been exactly dumb-bells. She had studied music in Vienna with Schweinhortz or some such name, but she chucked that for other avenues of self-expression. Now she was messing in clay a little. There was a little thing she had just finished that day. She would show him and see how he reacted to it.

She led him to some trestles and removed damp cloths from the little thing. Two figures in the nude. Bobby's reaction was a blush that he was ashamed of and hoped the artist had not noticed. Because, after all, it was life—and art; and to the pure, you know ——

All this was not without interruption. There was a general discussion concerning some lady called Ethel who had apparently got herself into trouble with the pig-headed authorities by means of a book she had written, in which certain biological and psychological facts and theories based thereupon were considered in relation to sociological reforms. It was an outrageous instance of puritanical tyranny, and they were all a good deal worked up about it. Karl in particular got into a perfect frenzy of denunciation, actually slavering at his red mouth and clutching at his throat to such an extent that his bow necktie hung from his collar in two limp strings. After that a poem of Roy Spey's in the Amalekite was mentioned. Violet blew three rings of smoke and calmly opined that the thing lacked guts and Big Brute agreed with her. He had a little thing of his own that he had just written. He would read it to them, being assured that the Amalekite would never publish it owing to its wealth of the intestinal quality so essential to the true *ers libre*. It was received with great applause. Bobby thought it was pretty rotten, but was amazed to discover that Big Brute wrote—but darn it, you couldn't call it poetry!

By this time Marta and Eric seemed to have made up their differences. She was sitting on the other cot-divan and he was sitting cross-legged at her feet, his head in her lap. But you could see it was just their informality, not twosing. Wilkes, holding Dorine's hand, told that good one on Bobby—about Bobby thinking he would be expected to dress—and Big Brute was positively offensive in his comments. Bobby very properly called him down.

"Listen, Curly-Kale, I can give you the address of a good laundry if you happen sometime to realize that you need one."

Pretty neat that! Subtle—what? But Curly-Kale got it all right. Only Sashka laughingly made Bobby sit down and put his glass to his lips so that he had to swallow more of the beastly stuff, whatever it was; and Violet pacified Big Brute with some of the same. It tasted something like sour turnips, but there must have been a little kick to it. The sausage wasn't so bad as it looked, but it gave Bobby a momentary shock to see Sashka consuming it. Only momentary, though, and even the occasional whiff of garlic was not positively disagreeable. It had a wild exotic tang in combination with the cigarettes and the faint but heady perfume emanating from the enchanting creature by his side. He felt a curious exaltation of spirit that was now and then succeeded by a delicious drowsiness. He heard himself saying quite witty things with amazing fluency, and complacently turned from the laughter and applause to find approval and admiration in Sashka's eyes. And then the drowsy feeling came over him again.

But he shook it off—suddenly. He had to go—to go while the going was good. Time was made for slaves and he was a slave—a wage slave—one of the proletariat. Karl was right about the proletariat—dead right. The proletariat was going to rise—at 6:30, this one was. He had never missed the 7:30 in his whole business career.

He could be firm, Bobby could. Firmness was his middle name—Robert Firmness Peters. Even when beautiful girls they were all beautiful—clung to him and implored him to stay; even when good fellows, men of genius, at that—and they were all good fellows at bottom—even when they strove to detain him. Sashka didn't implore him to stay. Her eyes told him that she would wait, patiently assured of his return, for centuries, ages, æons, any old time. Her fingers left his reluctantly as he began the descent of the stairs. *Facilis descensus*—not so darned easy, either, in the dark, unless you wanted to take a flight at a time.

"Well," said Wilkes, "how did you like it?"

"Some party!" declared Bobby "But I've missed my train by an hour and a half. I'll have to bust into a hotel somewhere, I guess." He stopped suddenly, and then exclaimed, "Oh, darn the luck!"

He spoke in such a tone that Wilkes rightly surmised that he was not speaking of the train.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Oh, something I ought to have done this evening, and by heck, it slipped my mind completely!" Bobby answered.

It meant that before he surrendered to the drowsiness that returned the moment he entered the hotel he had to compose a telegram to Catherine to tell her that his letter was delayed owing to circumstances over which he had no control, but would explain. It meant that the explanation was going to be difficult without lying, or at least suppressing some part of the truth, for the truth was that he forgot. Just naturally forgot! Of course, if he had remained at home he would not have forgotten; but why had he not remembered that he would be likely to forget and written before he left the office—enough to have assured Catherine that she was ever in his thoughts?

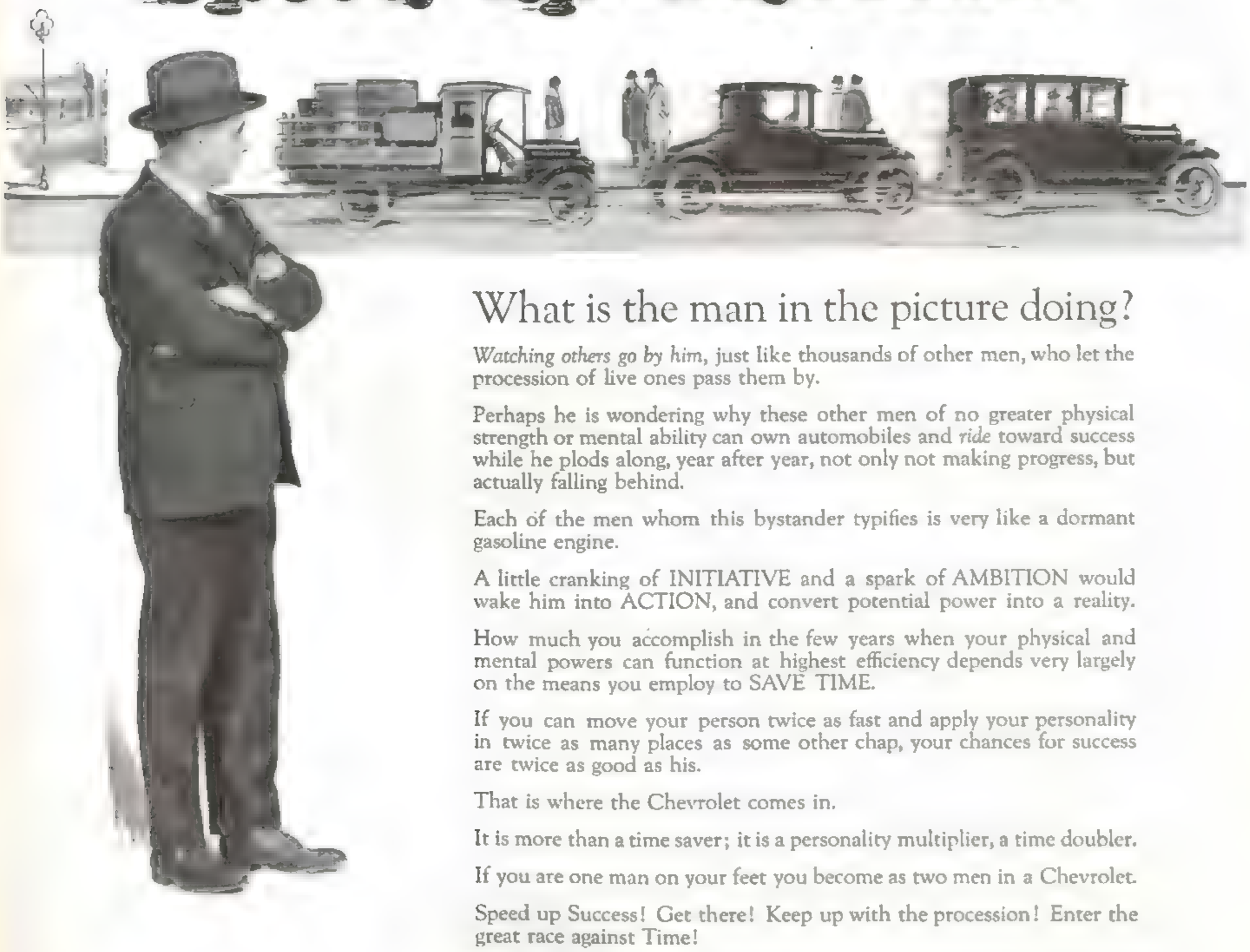
He had also to leave a call for seven o'clock in order to telephone to the house. His mother knew that he was spending the evening in town and ought to be able to reason that he had missed the last train, but that wouldn't prevent her from worrying her head off when he failed to show up for breakfast. So there you were! The tyranny of love! A man was bound by it hand and foot, choked by it from the cradle to the grave. No freedom, no encouragement to be frank and open, to be oneself and live one's own life.

He was not at his best in the office the next day. There was a prospect who got on his nerves and who at the conclusion of a short interview became a prospect no longer so far as Riley & Kemp was concerned. That among a few other things. A rotten day. Then, returning home, he had to sustain a long, heavy fire of questions from his mother, to which he replied as baldly as possible, yet explicitly enough to evoke some irritating comments from his father. Mr. Peters was a good-hearted man, but he had an unfortunate sense of humor, a limited knowledge of modern art and artists and little sympathy with modern ideas—like Old Man Riley. He spoke of the proletariat with marked disrespect, and Bobby found himself repeating some of Karl's denunciatory phrases concerning the bourgeoisie who oppressed and exploited them, whereat Mr. Peters got red in the face.

"Exploit my foot!" he exclaimed. "What do you call a proletarian anyway? I'll tell you—a pin-headed, slack-jawed loafer who

(Continued on Page 91)

Speed up Success!



What is the man in the picture doing?

Watching others go by him, just like thousands of other men, who let the procession of live ones pass them by.

Perhaps he is wondering why these other men of no greater physical strength or mental ability can own automobiles and *ride* toward success while he plods along, year after year, not only not making progress, but actually falling behind.

Each of the men whom this bystander typifies is very like a dormant gasoline engine.

A little cranking of INITIATIVE and a spark of AMBITION would wake him into ACTION, and convert potential power into a reality.

How much you accomplish in the few years when your physical and mental powers can function at highest efficiency depends very largely on the means you employ to SAVE TIME.

If you can move your person twice as fast and apply your personality in twice as many places as some other chap, your chances for success are twice as good as his.

That is where the Chevrolet comes in.

It is more than a time saver; it is a personality multiplier, a time doubler.

If you are one man on your feet you become as two men in a Chevrolet.

Speed up Success! Get there! Keep up with the procession! Enter the great race against Time!

You can do it. There is no intelligent worker so poor he cannot arrange to buy a Chevrolet. There is none so well-off as to feel above the grade of this quality car.

Call on the nearest Chevrolet dealer. Find out how easy it is to buy it and how low its operating cost.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Superior Roadster	$490
Superior Touring	495
Superior Utility Coupe	640
Superior 4-Pass. Coupe	725
Superior Sedan	795
Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Light Delivery	495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

(Fisher Bodies on all closed models)

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices. Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high grade men only, for territory not adequately covered.

Chevrolet Motor Company

Division of General Motors Corporation

Detroit, Michigan

In Canada—Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ontario

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Watch This Column

Introducing our new star

LAURA LA PLANTE, Universal's newest star, is living proof of the fact that Universal does not choose its stars for their looks alone. This very unusual young lady, who has a very likable screen personality, has won her way to stardom by natural ability and hard work, but in addition to this, she has the beauty and animation you always look for, and have a right to expect, in a star. I introduce her to you, therefore, with a great deal of pride. She is appearing now in her first feature, entitled *"Excitement."* Please let me know what you think of her ability as an actress and tell me whether you think she will add to Universal's popularity.

During the past year Universal has produced, among many others, such remarkable pictures as *"Merry Go Round,"* a fascinating love story—*"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"* a classic by Victor Hugo—*"The Acquittal,"* a modern mystery play—*"A Lady of Quality,"* an exquisite romance of the Middle Ages—*"Fools' Highway,"* an epic of the old Bowery—BABY PEGGY in *"The Darling of New York,"* REGINALD DENNY in *"Sporting Youth,"* that spirited story of our younger set. Note, please, the effort to satisfy all manner of tastes, which is a direct result of letters and suggestions from the public. Have *you* anything to offer or suggest or criticise?

Do you like chapter plays—do you see many of them? If so, are you following WILLIAM DUNCAN in *"The Fast Express"?* How well do you think he fits the rôle he is playing and what do you think of the story by Courtney Ryley Cooper? Watch for BILLY SULLIVAN in his forthcoming series of *"Fast Steppers"*. You will remember him as following REGINALD DENNY in *"The Leather Pushers."*

Watch Universal closely this year. I promise you many pleasing surprises, and I hope to accentuate the fact that you can't see all that is good in pictures unless you see Universals.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

The Autocrats of the Business Table—By Johnson Heywood

IN THE past three years business men in five industries have voluntarily put themselves under the leadership of so-called dictators. Baseball has Landis; the motion-picture industry has Hays; the drama has Augustus Thomas. Franklin D. Roosevelt leads the construction industry, and David N. Mosessohn is dictator to the dress manufacturers.

The newspapers attribute absolute power to all these men. Actually only one—Mosessohn—admits that he is a dictator. Landis, under the rules of his organization, has considerable authority. The others have no arbitrary powers.

Fundamentally the objects which these men are trying to achieve are much the same. Each personifies his industry in the public mind and acts as spokesman for it. He tries to mold favorable public opinion. He tells the public about the industry and he tells the industry how the public feels toward it. In the light of his knowledge of public opinion he recommends reforms within the industry.

In detail, the duties and powers of the five dictators depend upon the conditions which existed in the industries which they head.

Judge Landis became commissioner of baseball as the result of the World's Series scandal of 1919, in which certain players were supposed to have taken money to throw games. The public was disgusted not only with the few players involved but with the whole institution of baseball.

Before this, clubs and leagues had bickered constantly over players and schedules. The business of baseball failed to measure up to ordinary standards. Some club owners realized that the game must be conducted in the public interest or lose support. The industry had to regain public confidence in the honesty and sportsmanship of the players, and it had to stop its squabbling.

Landis and His Job

The foreword to the handbook of rules and agreements under which organized baseball now works tells what baseball wanted to accomplish. It says:

"Just as the game itself cannot well be played without an umpire, so an official is needed who can play the part of an umpire in disputes between clubs and players, between clubs and clubs, and between leagues and leagues. For this reason the office of commissioner has been created.

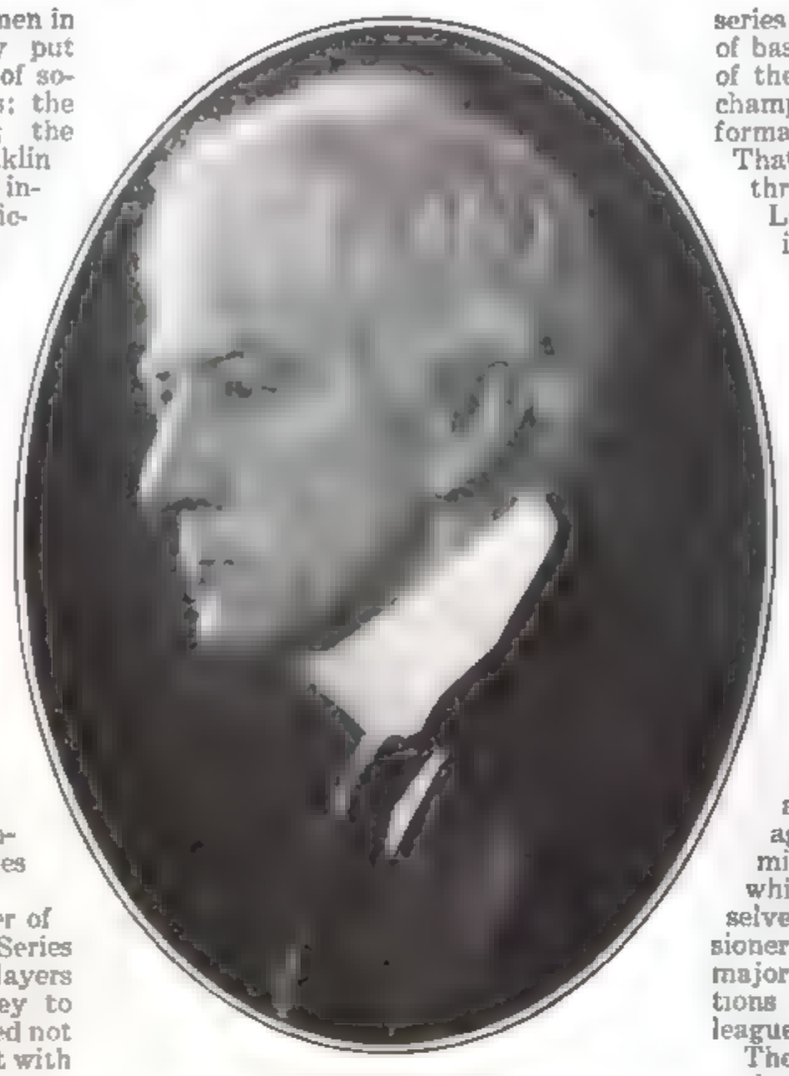
"The good of the game requires that the decision of the commissioner be final. The sportsmanship which compels a player to yield to the umpire's decision has now become the acid test of conduct for club owners and club and league officers.

"In his contract the player pledges himself to conform to high standards of fair play and good sportsmanship. The club owners and officers accept the same high standards and agree to set a good example to their players."

To be most effective in molding favorable public opinion the commissioner had to be a publicist. Even before he went into baseball Judge Landis was considered by newspaper men to rank next to Theodore Roosevelt as a news maker. The public believed him to be fearless, impartial and intolerant of crookedness.

According to the rules, his duties are: To investigate any act detrimental to the best interests of baseball and to take whatever preventive, remedial or punitive measures are appropriate; to hear and determine finally all disputes between the major leagues, any dispute to which a player is a party, or any dispute concerning a player.

He can impose fines, suspend or remove any official or employe of a major league or club for conduct detrimental to baseball, and can declare a player to be ineligible to play for any major-league club.



Judge K. M. Landis

He presides over an advisory council consisting of himself and the presidents of the two major leagues. If there is a division of opinion within the council the commissioner's decision is controlling. There is no appeal from his deciding vote. When a council consists of only three men, two of whom often have clashing interests, the third man's controlling vote gives him arbitrary power. The leagues and the clubs agree to be bound by the decisions of the commissioner and by the discipline imposed by him, and they waive their rights to have recourse to the courts.

Another place where Landis can act autocratically is in the World's Series games. A clause in the rules says, "The commissioner shall have the right to terminate the series at any time that he deems the interest of baseball demands it, and to declare one of the contesting clubs the winner of the championship regardless of previous performances."

That is to safeguard against games being thrown.

Landis says of his job: "There is nothing of the dictatorship idea in baseball. We have a code of rules and regulations governing the situation which are binding upon everybody in baseball, the commissioner included." Landis seems to be a sort of constitutional dictator. Certainly no dictator would be excessively hampered by such rules.

Landis has sponsored several measures that have undoubtedly put baseball on a more ethical and less controversial basis. There has been drawn up a code of rules governing all the relations between the clubs and the players. A standard form of player's contract which does away with many of the old injustices and causes for disputes has been adopted by all major-league clubs. An agreement between the major and the minor leagues has been put in force by which the minor leagues submit themselves to the jurisdiction of the commissioner on much the same terms as do the major leagues. Rules governing the relations between the major and the minor leagues have also been adopted.

These agreements and rules have almost entirely wiped out the causes of interclub and interleague wrangling. Landis personifies baseball in a way that has convinced the public that the game is now clean. At times there have been criticisms of his decisions. Some financially interested people objected when Landis, without consultation, gave the gross gate receipts of the called game in the 1922 World's Series to charity. There is more or less constant grumbling by club owners over too much power vested in one man. But there has been no open revolt.

Room for Improvement

Will Hays was the next dictator to be appointed. The motion-picture industry was floundering in bad practices, poor judgment of what the public wanted, and bad taste. Probably it was censorship that woke the producers up. With the awakening they realized that there were a number of things wrong.

When the pioneers of the industry saw its commercial possibilities they set out on the quest for gold just as did the Forty-niners. In their gold digging nearly anything went—provided it dug up gold. For instance, a picture distributor's salesman would sign a contract with a theater owner for a film at a price of, say, fifty dollars. The salesman would then go to the theater across the street and say, "Your competitor has just contracted to take this picture for fifty dollars. If you will give me seventy-five dollars you can have it instead." Usually he took it, and his competitor seldom sued, because of the cost. Hays has convinced the distributors that such practices hurt the industry out of proportion to the individual's temporary gain. Then, too, an arbitration court has been provided in which the theater owner can obtain prompt and inexpensive justice.

Keen competition between producers brought excesses in publicity that reacted unfavorably against the industry. The salaries paid to actors were exaggerated. For instance, one of the infant stars is said to get $1,000,000 a year. The actual salary can be expressed neatly in five figures; it does not need seven. By Hays' advice there is now much less advertising of salaries and of the extravagantly high cost of producing spectacular pictures.

Will H. Hays

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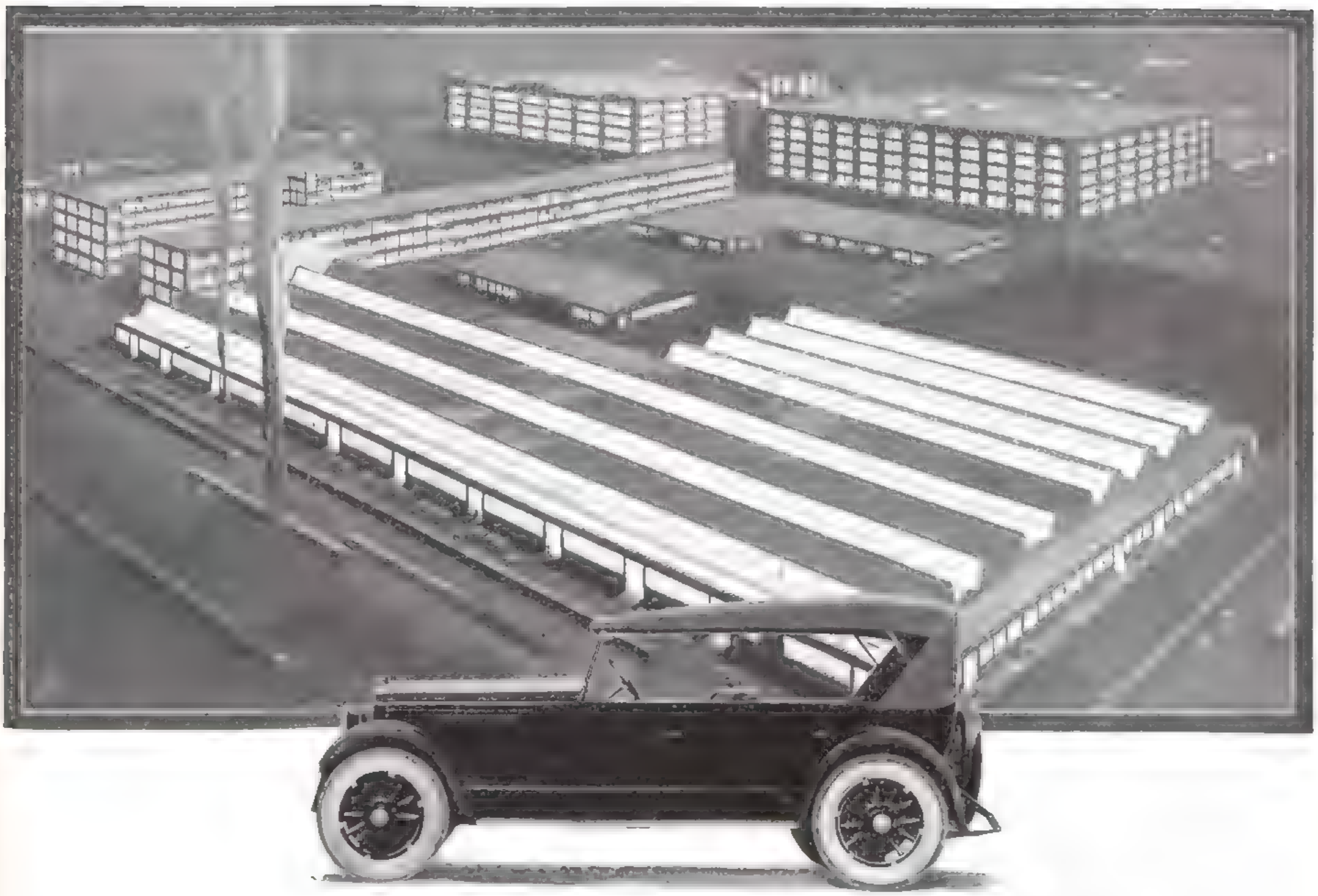


Was $2450 – *Now* $1795

Increased Production Makes Finer Paige Possible at Lower Price

YOU have known Paige for years as a marvelous performer—a big, comfortable car—long lived. Now consider the New Paige—still the same big car but with added refinements, improved performance, smarter appearance. Yes—all this and at a much lower price!

Here's the story: Last year Paige production was limited to 25 cars a day because Jewett production used the entire main plant. This gave us the opportunity to further develop Paige quality methods of construction. The 25 cars a day were practically built by hand. The greatest precision was used in every manufacturing step. The result was a finer Paige than ever.

Now—our manufacturing facilities are greatly increased. Paige again occupies its own plant exclusively. And the quality construction methods developed with a production of only 25 cars a day are now being rigidly applied to the production of 100 New Paiges a day.

Such an increase in production means savings in overhead, savings through increased purchases. These savings we have applied to bettering the Paige even further—as well as to reducing the price. That's how it is possible to sell the finely constructed New Paige Phaeton—an even better car than last year's $2450 Paige—for only $1795.

Compare the New Paige point by point with cars which you consider the finest. Test its marvelous performance, comfort, handling ease. Then consider the remarkably low price. You'll agree it breaks all value records! Make an appointment with the nearby Paige dealer to see and drive the New Paige. (520)

STANDARD MODELS

7-Passenger Phaeton . .	$1795
4-Passenger Phaeton . .	1795
5-Passenger Brougham	2150
5 or 7-Passenger Sedan	2595

Prices at Detroit. Tax extra

PAIGE

DE LUXE MODELS

7-Passenger Phaeton . .	$1995
4-Passenger Phaeton . .	1995
5-Passenger Sedan . . .	2770
7-Passenger Sedan . . .	2770

Prices at Detroit. Tax extra

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

Try tempting them

at breakfast

with grain foods that entice

Novelty, variety—change from routine—here is the secret of intriguing the most indifferent morning appetite.

Quaker Puffed Rice is the lightest, gayest, most enticing of modern foods—a grain confection, crisp, flaky and nut-like.

Each kernel is steam-exploded to eight times its normal size to make digestion easy. Quickly assimilated and turned to strength and vigor. All the invaluable food elements of *whole grains* are contained.

Serve with sugar and cream, or in bowls of half-and-half; try with melted butter or with fresh or cooked fruits. Each grain an adventure—a conspiracy to tempt the appetite.

Another cereal confection

Quaker Puffed Wheat is as enticing as Puffed Rice—the bed-time dish supreme—nourishing and rest-inviting, placing no tax on the digestion.

Professor Anderson's Invention

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the famed inventions of Professor Anderson—food shot from guns, grain foods thoroughly cooked.

Quaker Puffed Wheat

Quaker Puffed Rice

(Continued from Page 50)

Another bad practice was to exploit films as suggestive, whether they were or not. At first it was hard to convince the producers that this hurt the industry, for a few lurid sex pictures had been very profitable.

An incident occurred a year or so ago that gave Hays an effective argument. The Massachusetts legislature was about to vote on a censorship law. It was definitely known that enough members were opposed to the bill to keep it from passing. But the day before the vote a local theater took large space on the billboards and in the papers to advertise suggestively a picture that for box-office purposes was called Passion. Public opinion forced even those legislators who were against the bill to vote for it. It was enacted. Since then when a producer feels like using the old tactics in his advertising it is usually necessary only to remind him of the Massachusetts affair.

Here is how Hays sums up the conditions in the industry when he took his job: "For years competition had been of the fiercest kind. There had been no time for adequate reflection. But now at the end of a period of rapid physical, mechanical, financial and artistic development the pioneers have caught their second breath. They find themselves the responsible leaders and custodians of a great industry which has almost limitless commercial possibilities. The business is seeking a firm anchor, as banking, manufacturing and other mercantile enterprises did in the past. Old rivals now see their common interests. They realize that to prosper to the utmost better pictures must be made."

The objects of the organization which Hays heads are: "To establish and maintain the highest possible moral and artistic standards in motion-picture production; and to develop the educational as well as the entertainment value and the general usefulness of the motion picture."

His organization now brings a normal public viewpoint to bear on a picture before it is released. He has enlisted as critics people who are expert judges of what the public wants. He also has induced leaders of organizations, such as the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Y. M. C. A., and so on, to criticize and make suggestions in the light of their special knowledge of the taste of their groups.

For instance, at the showing of The Covered Wagon, Dan Beard, of the Boy Scouts, criticized a scene in which Kit Carson, a sort of Boy Scout patron saint, was shown in a drunken party with some of his fellow Wild Westerners. Many censors would have demanded the removal of the entire scene.

Beard, being an adviser rather than a censor, said in effect, "The Boy Scouts won't believe that Kit Carson got drunk, and they will stay away from the show. Since it is very likely an accurate presentation of conditions in the West at that time, it should remain in the picture. But if the picture is to be a success I believe you should call the character by some other name than Kit Carson."

It was done and the picture has been heavily patronized by Boy Scouts.

When Filming Rome ——

Hays denied that he has the power or the need to force his opinions on the producers. Not a single suggestion that he or his helpers have made for improving the moral tone of a picture has been rejected.

A recent picture of life in Austria showed a woman smoking a cigar. An Austrian audience would accept cigar smoking by women as a matter of course. Hays felt, however, that it might prejudice Americans against Austria. He suggested that the scene be taken out.

Hays has shown that he knows what average Americans like and dislike, and what their ideals are. The motion-picture producers as a rule do not. He wants motion pictures to show the lives of the rich and the lives of foreigners accurately. He feels that the pictures can be made to exert a great influence for peace—that they can reduce racial and class prejudices. He urges that great care and accuracy be used in depicting the people of other nations. For example, Frenchmen were formerly shown as ridiculous fops who were always somewhat villainous in matters of sex. Mexicans were, as a rule, shown as bandits. Foreigners often protested against such representations, without success. By Hays' advice the movies now frequently portray foreigners as normal human beings.

Some time ago a producer was about to film The Eternal City. At Hays' request the Italian ambassador, one of the ambassador's attachés, an Italian princess and the producer's staff conferred with him for several weeks to get just the right atmosphere. Even the ideas and suggestions of Mussolini were obtained.

Hays is trying to increase the market for films by spreading their use to the schools. To this end he influenced the National Educational Association to appoint a committee to work with the producers. Together they are studying how to make pictures which are scientifically, psychologically and pedagogically sound. When pictures are finally accepted as an educational tool the market will include an at present untouched field of two hundred and sixty thousand schools.

As to his powers, Hays says emphatically, "A czar, a dictator or a prize-fight referee, no. I am an adviser only." That is undoubtedly a correct statement.

The conditions in the business of producing plays were similar to those in the motion-picture industry. The producers were most constantly embroiled; there was jealousy, mutual hatred and intense competition. To reduce their troubles the principal producers organized along the lines which had proved successful for the two other amusement industries.

Augustus Thomas was chosen as executive chairman. As he says, "The interests of the members of the association are so interwoven that it was difficult to select from the membership a presiding officer who would under all circumstances be able to act with perfect impartiality. Since on nearly every question that is deliberated the opinions of the groups differ, the affiliations of the presiding officer are a strong leverage."

Mr. Thomas' Duties

Those who are in close touch with the theater believe that Thomas' chief job is to lead the theatrical producers in their fight against the actors' union. Mr. Thomas, however, does not include this in the following description of his activities:

"I do not hold the position of dictator to the theater," he says. "I merely supply a means of central observation and prompt activity where the interests of all producers are concerned. It is my duty to get concerted action on important matters. I also watch over projects in hand and over the committees handling them to see that they are not forgotten, nor purposely set aside. I represent the association before arbitration courts and before legislative bodies. Closely allied to that is the publicity work of presenting the producers' side of a question to the public. I constantly endeavor to raise the standards of ethics within the industry."

Because Thomas has no business affiliations with any of his members he has been able to conciliate producers whose interests clash. He does not advise the producers on the moral tone of their productions. Some innovations, such as a central ticket office in New York City, have met with such strong opposition from powerful members that they never materialized. Except that he personifies the drama, Thomas seems to have no duties other than those of the ordinary trade-association executive.

Outside of amusements, the women's-dress industry was the first to appoint a dictator. David N. Mosessohn seems actually to have arbitrary power. When his association was organized five years ago he was made chairman. He ran the organization under the supervision and control of the executive board. In January, 1923, the by-laws were revised to give him autocratic powers. Mosessohn says that he has had from the first the same practical powers that he now has, and that the change was made primarily for the psychological effect on members who were inclined to be fractious and go over his head.

The active members of the association are all dress manufacturers, some large and long established, but mostly small and without American business traditions. Many of today's manufacturers were, yesterday, sewing-machine hands. Since large investments in equipment and plant are not needed, it is easy for anyone with scant capital to start. Many of the little fellows are inclined to turn sharp corners and to take advantage of every opportunity to make a dollar. Thus abuses grew up which hurt the entire industry with its customers.

(Continued on Page 54)

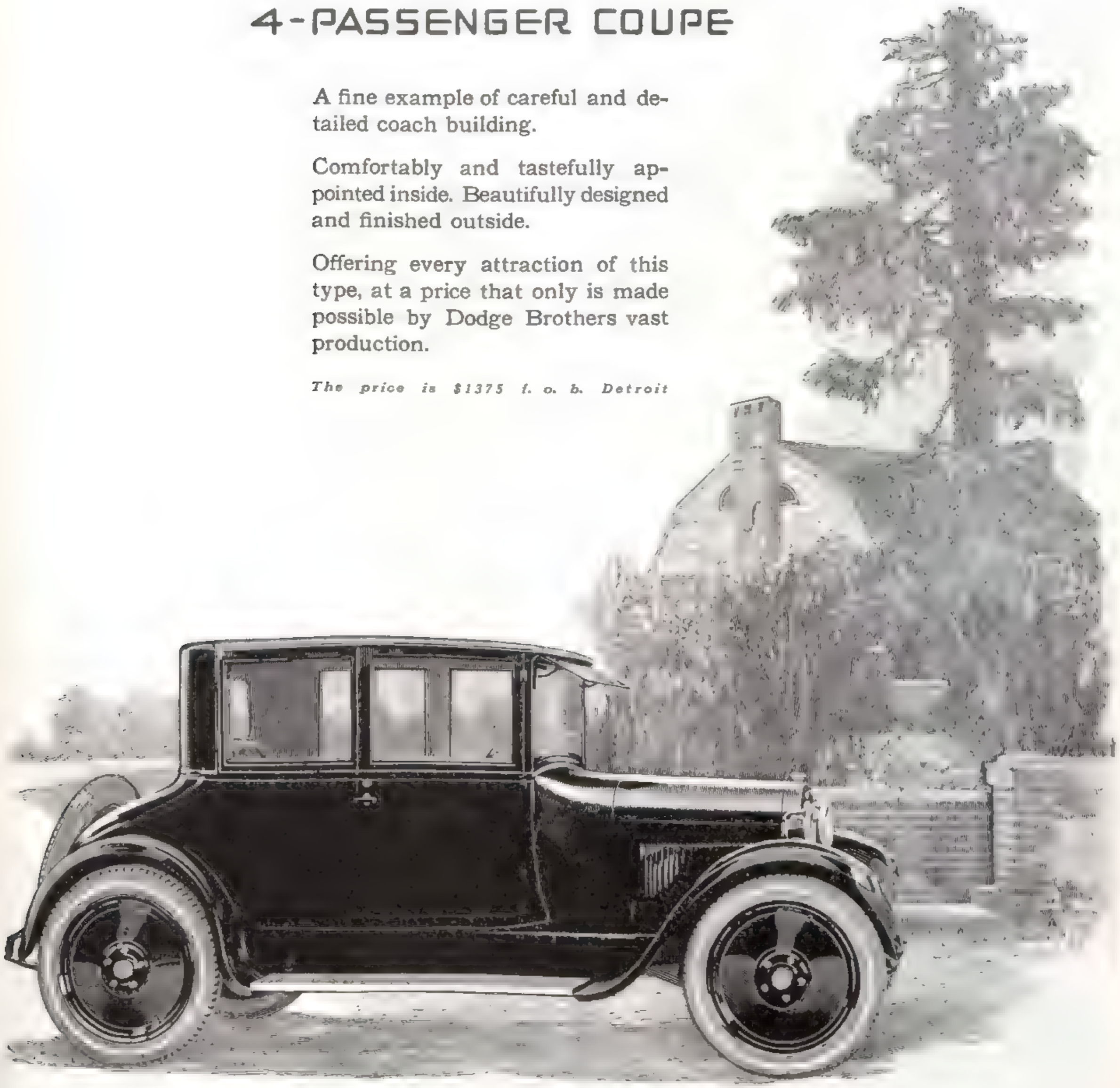
DODGE BROTHERS
4-PASSENGER COUPE

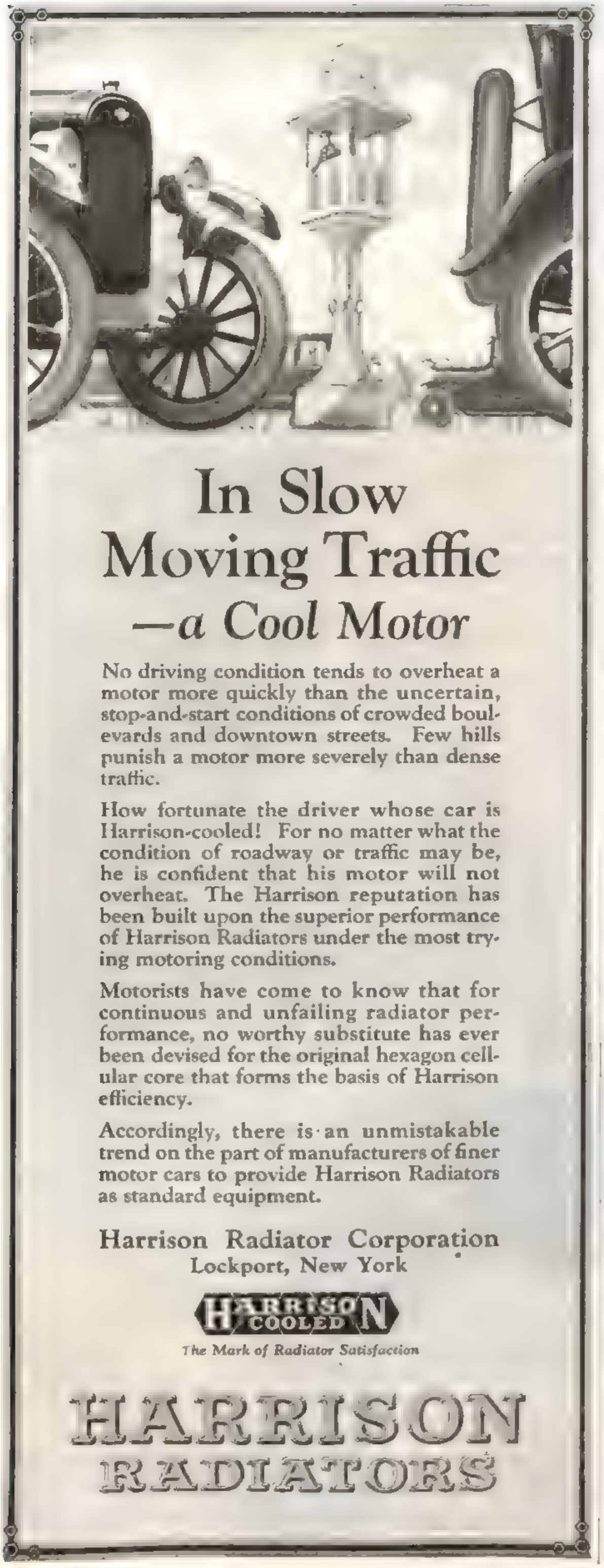
A fine example of careful and detailed coach building.

Comfortably and tastefully appointed inside. Beautifully designed and finished outside.

Offering every attraction of this type, at a price that only is made possible by Dodge Brothers vast production.

The price is $1375 f. o. b. Detroit





In Slow Moving Traffic —*a Cool Motor*

No driving condition tends to overheat a motor more quickly than the uncertain, stop-and-start conditions of crowded boulevards and downtown streets. Few hills punish a motor more severely than dense traffic.

How fortunate the driver whose car is Harrison-cooled! For no matter what the condition of roadway or traffic may be, he is confident that his motor will not overheat. The Harrison reputation has been built upon the superior performance of Harrison Radiators under the most trying motoring conditions.

Motorists have come to know that for continuous and unfailing radiator performance, no worthy substitute has ever been devised for the original hexagon cellular core that forms the basis of Harrison efficiency.

Accordingly, there is an unmistakable trend on the part of manufacturers of finer motor cars to provide Harrison Radiators as standard equipment.

Harrison Radiator Corporation
Lockport, New York

HARRISON COOLED

The Mark of Radiator Satisfaction

HARRISON
RADIATORS

(Continued from Page 52)

its suppliers and its bankers. The guilty were not the only ones to suffer.

Some of the unethical practices which the association is trying to eliminate are: Failure to ship merchandise that is up to sample; failure to make deliveries when promised; borrowing goods from one order to fill another for a bigger retailer or for one who will give a higher price; arbitrary refusal of justifiable returns; dating invoices several days ahead of shipment to get quicker payment.

The manufacturers, in turn, suffer from the unethical practices of some retailers. A retailer may overorder and then return shopworn garments that fail to sell. Some retailers turn models over to producers of inferior garments to be copied. In fact, some retailers with big buying powers habitually take about every possible unfair advantage of the small manufacturer.

A credit bureau tells members whether a retailer is slow pay, inclined to take excessive or unearned discounts, or habitually makes unjust returns.

The association presses claims, usually out of court, which members have against their customers and suppliers. It insists that an order for dresses is as sacred and binding as a contract. This idea is new to many retailers and manufacturers. In fact, the only time that Mosessohn has exercised his arbitrary powers was to discipline one of his members, who habitually violated the terms of his orders.

This manufacturer, who did a business of two million dollars a year, had repeatedly been complained against by several substantial merchants. He had been warned time and again. Finally a retailer reported to the association that the manufacturer had flagrantly broken the terms of an order by shipping two thousand dresses that did not come up to sample in quality of material, trimmings or workmanship.

It was not easy to get the manufacturer into Mosessohn's office to discuss the matter, but he finally came, although in a defiant mood. Mosessohn tried to reason with him.

"Your methods," said Mosessohn, "reflect on the entire industry. It gives us a bad reputation with our customers, with the public and with the banks. Every dress manufacturer is, because of men like you, suspected of sharp practice."

"What do I care about my competitors?" was the retort. "I make money by doing business this way. If it hurts their business, all the better for me."

Sharp Discipline

"But don't you see," urged Mosessohn, "that you hurt yourself the most? You will never be able to sell this retailer again. He won't give you the chance to sting him twice."

"Well, ain't there thirty thousand other retailers I can sell? I'd rather be sure I make a good profit on this feller while I got him, than make a little profit now and hope maybe I'll sell him again and make another little one. I'll tell you, my friend," continued the manufacturer. "You ain't ever been in this rotten business. You ain't a practical dress manufacturer. I am, and I do two million dollars a year. I tell you it's the feller that does clever things like I do here that makes money. You've got to be brighter than the buyer because every time they try to gyp you. Besides, there's nothing wrong in it; it's just business."

After a full three hours of this sort of thing Mosessohn gave up persuasive tactics and delivered an ultimatum: "You take back those goods and deliver the quality you agreed to, or you will be expelled from this association."

"What do I care?" was the reply. "Your association does nothing but try to tell us how to run our business. I'm glad to get out."

"You won't be," warned the dictator, "when I notify your banks and the concerns from which you buy materials that you were expelled for sharp practice."

"What difference does that make to me? I guess a business man can always buy goods when he's got the money. And if I need a little loan from a bank I won't have any trouble. I've got a good line of credit established that no trade-association secretary can take away from me, I guess."

"You are wrong," Mosessohn warned him. "You will be out of business within two years. I'd rather not harm you, but you've got to reform or you will be ruined. Good-by."

The threat was carried out. The banks refused to lend to the manufacturer, and the suppliers declined to have any business dealings with him, even for cash. In a year he was out of business.

This one precedent has been sufficient. It showed unethical manufacturers, retailers and suppliers that Mosessohn has the power to ruin anyone given to sharp practice. It has never since been necessary to use the potential power. It is seldom necessary even to threaten.

Between eight and ten thousand complaints are made each year; 90 per cent of the complaints are settled by persuasion; in only 10 per cent is it necessary even to flourish the club.

Some of the biggest retailers have been disciplined. One small manufacturer sold nine thousand dollars' worth of dresses to a big store, on the usual terms of 8, 10 E. O. M., which means that 8 per cent discount was allowed if the bills were paid within 10 days after the end of the month. The store paid the bill sixty days after it was due, and deducted not only the 8 per cent, but an extra 8 per cent and 2 per cent as well.

The store put up the defense that it always got inside prices because of its big buying capacity. It took this way to do it. A mere flourish of the club brought an additional check for the total amount which had been deducted, plus 6 per cent interest from the date that the bill had become due. The store was not a member of the association—no retail stores belong—so it could not have been expelled, but the association could have written letters describing the sharp practice to all its members and so cut off most, if not all the store's desirable sources of supply for dresses.

Concrete Help

The association helps retailers and manufacturers who are in financial trouble. In one case several competitors saved a manufacturer by indorsing his note for forty thousand dollars. A few years ago the bankruptcy of a competitor was a cause for celebration. Today it is seen to be hurtful to the whole industry. In five years the association has saved the business life of at least fifty manufacturers and several hundred retailers.

Shortly after the Japanese earthquake several manufacturers had reported that silk wholesalers were boosting the prices and talking despondently of a shortage. Mosessohn told users of silk that no serious shortage existed and advised them not to buy ahead of requirements, but only for immediate manufacturing needs. He pointed out that even though prices rose they would lose less by hand-to-mouth buying than they would if they all rushed into the market at once and raised prices suddenly. He also asked the banks not to make loans to silk merchants to finance silk speculation, nor to manufacturers to finance unusually heavy purchases. His advice was generally followed.

Customers and suppliers of the dress industry agree that it is more ethical and on a sounder financial basis as a result of the association's work. They feel that the improvement could hardly have been brought about by an executive who had only advisory powers. Unlimited power, vested in a determined, forceful and impartial man, was required.

The only one of the so-called dictators who gets no salary is Franklin D. Roosevelt, president of the American Construction Council. The council includes construction concerns, subcontractors of all kinds—plumbers, painters, roofers, and so on—manufacturers of all sorts of building material, and representatives of labor. Although the ultimate profit of all depends upon the construction of buildings, their individual interests are often at variance. Each pulled for itself regardless of the good of the business as a whole.

The construction industry suffers all the ills usual to a highly seasonal industry, and also has had violent ups and downs in sympathy with business conditions.

The council gathers figures from all over the country, covering the amount of building contemplated and the cost and available supplies of labor and material. Based on this knowledge, it tells the public whether or not it is a good time to build.

Last spring its announcement that there was too much speculative building and that inflation was imminent was so effective that many builders refused to take further contracts. The public, too, stopped

(Continued on Page 56)

Gabriel *Preference!*

Gabriel Snubbers are America's most successful spring control device—in efficiency and in sales volume.

Two million sets are in daily use—on every type of car made in America and on many made in Europe.

Thirty-eight car makers use Gabriel Snubbers as standard equipment. Thirty-three others drill the frames of their cars to simplify Gabriel Snubber installation.

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Why stop short of the finest degree of riding comfort? You may be sure that 2,000,000 Gabriel users have them only because they do receive full value for their money.

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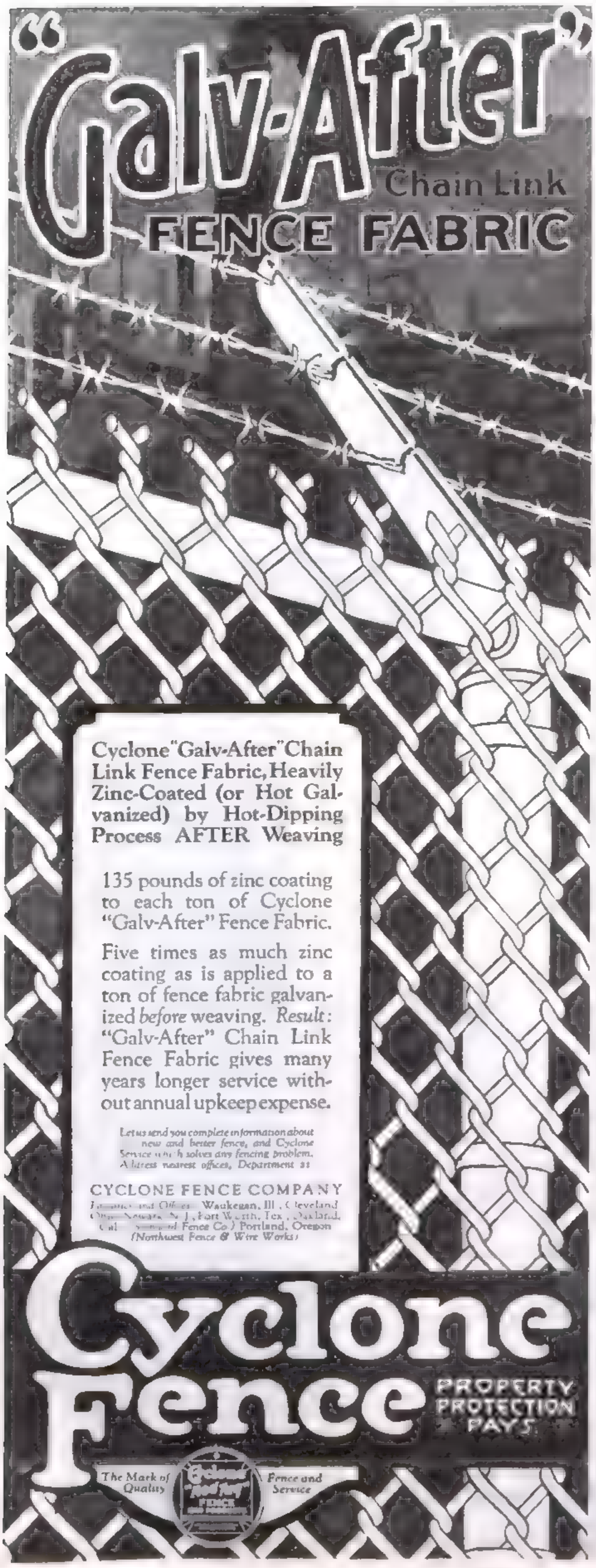
SNUBBERS

Gabriel is the only spring control device officially, by patent and copyright, entitled to the name *Snubbers*. To make certain that you have genuine Gabriel Snubbers installed on your car, go to the authorized Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations which are maintained in more than 1700 cities and towns. Motor car dealers who are desirous of assuring their customers of greatest satisfaction recommend Gabriel Snubbers and many of them install them as well.

Gabriel Snubbers

Greater Riding Comfort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Cyclone Fence
PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS
The Mark of Quality
Fence and Service

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speculative building and postponed other work that was not immediately needed. As a result the raw material and labor situations were quickly improved.

Last fall the council urged that repair jobs and such inside work as painting, interior finish, plumbing, heating and lighting be done during the winter, in order to avoid another peak in the spring.

There is a real scarcity of skilled labor in several of the building trades. In other trades a shortage may exist in one place and a surplus in another. The council tries to adjust these conditions. It also has undertaken to establish schools for apprentices and to secure pupils for them.

Roosevelt not only tells the public about the construction industry, he also tells the members of the council what the public thinks. He describes himself as being "not at all a dictator. I am, rather, a combination of professional layman, information dispenser, and referee of facts and conditions."

People in touch with the construction business say that it is now more stable and that the contractors' relations with their suppliers of raw material and with labor are smoother as the result of the work done by the council.

It is apparent that though in detail the duties and powers of the so-called czars differ, the fundamental reasons for creating such officers are in all cases: First, to improve the business ethics of the industry and its contacts with the public; second, to put the guidance of the industry into the hands of a man who is not financially interested in it; third, to rehabilitate the industry in the public mind.

One business man considers that the so-called dictators are, in fact, super trade-association executives. He points out that the tendency has been stimulated by weaknesses that are common to most trade associations.

"The president of the usual trade association," he says, "is nearly always a man financially interested in one of the member companies. The routine work of the association is carried on by a paid secretary who, though usually a capable and diplomatic worker, is not a man of large affairs or of national prominence. The smaller concerns in an association feel that the association is run for the benefit of the more powerful members. They believe that the most influential officer of the association should be someone not financially interested in the industry, who can be relied upon to work for the good of the entire industry."

Opposition to Dictatorship

Undoubtedly a great many trade-association members are, unofficially, watching this movement. In fact at the latest convention of the American Trade Association Executives—an association made up of trade-association secretaries—the president discussed the trend in his annual address.

"Lately," he said, "there has been a tendency in organized business which should not be passed unnoticed by trade-association executives. The baseball industry employed an able jurist in a czarlike capacity. The motion-picture industry selected Hays to dictate the proper conduct of the industry. The dramatic interests soon did likewise.

"The organizations which these dictators of industry represent are not typical trade associations. Also I do not find it easy to believe that these dictators possess all the power which is attributed to them. Therefore these cases of autocratic control of organized business seem not to constitute any serious departure from the normal executive control of trade associations.

"However, this arbitrary method of determining policies and activities is having an effect in the conduct of real trade associations. I have heard of trade-association executives whose duties have been enlarged and power strengthened to give them arbitrary authority.

"It may be that arbitrary authority enables an executive to do his work most effectively, but I am positive that no matter how efficient an association is under such management, it cannot flourish very long. Autocratic control of trade associations has a weakness which does not exist to the same extent in government. That is, the autocrat may be shorn suddenly of his autocratic powers just when he needs them most."

The discussion which followed this address showed that trade-association secretaries oppose the movement while realizing that it exists.

To determine whether this type of control is likely to spread I sought the opinions of business men and of association secretaries in twenty of the larger industries. Sixteen of the twenty secretaries are definitely opposed to the dictatorship idea and declare that it will not spread to other industries. Most of them dismiss it as bunk or publicity seeking.

The opinions of the trade-association secretaries who are opposed to the idea are well summed up in this statement: "I do not think the present tendency to appoint dictators will develop into a definite trend, nor do I believe it will be followed in many industries. I do not believe that in most industries beneficial results could be achieved. These dictators do not dictate. They are merely trade secretaries like the rest of us, except that they possess halos and we do not. Their influence depends entirely upon their personalities rather than on any notion they can dictate."

Nearly all business men that I encounter consider the movement interesting and significant, whether or not they agree that it is a good thing. Several went on record that they would like to see dictators appointed in their own industries to make the obstreperous manufacturers behave.

Mr. Hoover's Opinion

Franklin D. Roosevelt, who has made a study of the results in the four industries which first employed dictators, believes that it will spread to many industries. He says: "Business realizes that it exists to serve the public and that the better it serves the more it will profit. Then, too, favorable public opinion which is deserved is the best possible safeguard against government interference. An impartial leader, who knows public opinion—who is himself a typical cross-section of public opinion—is essential. So marked is this trend in business that before long I believe we will train men in this new phase of management. Well-fitted young men will be given training in public relations. They will be given a broad outlook rather than a detailed knowledge of a single business. These men will ultimately lead most branches of industry."

On the whole, the majority of well-informed business men believe that we have struck upon a valuable new development in business that offers much of good. Those who know say that several industries which are now unpopular with the public are seriously considering the step. They are even now looking around for men who are big enough for the jobs. One of them is a branch of finance, another is one of the mining industries.

A leader in one of the oldest of all forms of manufacturing says: "The need or absence of need for a dictator in any industry is determined largely by the type of people who are the leaders and responsible heads. If they are without background, if they have come suddenly into success and lack experience and training, I can quite see how a dictator might be a useful person. In the old and established industries manned by competent merchants and manufacturers I am not able to foresee a time when a dictator would be likely."

Herbert Hoover says of the tendency: "The probabilities are that it is the industries that are in trouble with public opinion, or those that are in a state of disorganization from an economic point of view, that will ever take the step."

Probably the amusement industries were the first to adopt the plan because they have the closest contact with the public, and therefore suffer most and quickest from unfavorable public opinion. Some men cannot see that the more legitimate—that is to say, more prosaic—fields of business have anything in common with the amusement industries.

The fact is that several old-time fields of business are in much the same fix as were motion pictures. They are ignorant or contemptuous of public opinion, they suffer from cutthroat competition, and they are hampered with senseless trade customs.

Such conditions call for the leadership of a man who is a keen judge of public opinion and knows how to mold it, who is impartial and has a high standard of business ethics, and who has the administrative ability, persuasiveness and diplomacy necessary to get his ideas accepted and put into effect. He may or may not be an actual dictator.

This Favorite Super-Six Improved In All Ways

The attractions of a more beautiful and comfortable body, with the greatest Super-Six chassis ever built are combined in the new Hudson Coach.

Also unmatched price advantage. At $1550 it costs but little more than open models. Yet it provides the wanted comforts, distinction and all-season utility of a fine closed car.

Motordom concedes that no car excels Hudson in performance reliability and long life at low maintenance.

Now, to those famous qualities are added refinements that assure prompt starting in coldest weather, as well as greatly increased gasoline and oil economy.

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HUDSON

BACK TO THE BUSHES

When the Girl Came to Herself Again She Was Standing Limply in a Corner of the Paddock, With One Arm Around Old Slumber's Neck

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

LONG before the local boosters' club came into being Timberton was a law unto itself. But further to emphasize this epoch-making event, certain enterprising citizens decided to advertise a derby horse race for a prize of two thousand dollars. It was big money in that neck of the woods, and served due notice to those most concerned, especially the inhabitants of adjoining towns, that Timberton was about to elbow its way to a place in the sun.

Now if all these things had not occurred Jockey Stormy Sellers might have passed out unsung; but, as it was, on a certain Fourth day of July said derby was run and won; and simultaneously Mr. Sellers tore right into the limelight on the quarter-deck of a cadaverous old racer called Slumber, a relic of better times on the big tracks and the proud possessor of one good leg that was not under suspicion.

Perhaps I should tell you that the Timberton Jockey Club was *sui generis* in more ways than one. When that organization graduated from the ranks of cheap county fairs with side lines of itinerant carnivals, and blossomed into the more important rôle of an association banded together for improving the breed of race horses, they did not waste any time getting permits or sanctions from the powers that control the affairs of racing either East or West.

No doubt there were good and sufficient reasons for this. Locality and environment played some part; but in order to have racing one must have horses, and the latter of necessity must be owned by somebody. Should it be necessary to confess that turfmen who patronized the merry-go-rounds of the jungle circuit were almost without exception persona non grata on the big tracks where rulers of racing sit in judgment?

Up Timberton way no official busybody asked a man where he came from or why he left that place. No one was barred. A sojourner would have been equally welcome had he been ruled off every course of consequence between Montreal and Mexico, as though he had come with voluminous credentials from the jockey club itself.

Once upon a time a visiting pilgrim ventured to inquire as to what rules the Timberton association raced under.

"Rules!" exclaimed the secretary. "That's what you want to know, huh? Well, we race under Timberton rules."

"Never heard of 'em," persisted the visitor.

"Guess you didn't," retorted the official calmly. "Fact is we ain't never had time to print no book on 'em. Just make 'em as we go along, an' to fit whatever occasion turns up."

Following out this line of argument the distance over which the Timberton feature was run measured six furlongs in place of the mile-and-a-half derby route prescribed by custom and convention. Added to this, horses of any old age were eligible, instead of three-year-olds carrying their regular weight, because the conditions up at Timberton provided that starters should pack ten pounds below the scale, and from this elasticity of ruling the reader will appreciate the fact, as before stated, that in racing, as in all things else, Timberton was a law unto itself.

Jockey Stormy Sellers and his mount arrived the night before the big race. He and the owner of Slumber had driven many rugged miles across mountain roads in a ramshackle buggy. Jingler, the veteran quarter horse, was between the shafts and the superannuated Slumber walked gravely behind the rear wheels. Facetious folks were wont to say that Jingler was an aged horse when Hickory Jim was a two-year-old, and it might be stated that the memory of the oldest-timer on the turf has no record of the date when the latter historic and venerable Thoroughbred first came to the races.

Old Man Stebbins, who owned the outfit, had never shipped his horses a mile by rail in his life. But if Jingler could have talked he doubtless would have related wondrous tales of adventure away up north in the country of the Assiniboins and of thrilling nose-and-nose finishes with speedy "short horses" down by the Rio Grande.

Stebbins himself was a walking encyclopedia of the turf, but it was all of a different kind from that which one will find recorded in the racing calendar; moreover, utterly at variance with the sport that manufactures thrills for kid-gloved patrons of metropolitan jockey clubs.

For the first time in the history of Timberton a paddock and patrol judge officiated at the meeting where the initial derby was staged. This individual was a visitor from the East, and volunteered his services gratis, intent upon showing a primitive people how real racing should be conducted

"What you got?" he queried brusquely, approaching the owner of Slumber as the latter was saddling up.

"Eh, what's that?" vouchsafed the veteran good-naturedly. "Well, stranger, to tell you th' truth, I ain't got much. 'Bout forty dollars in cash an' a chance to win this race."

"Never mind that," snapped the official. "I want to know what you're carrying; what equipment, I mean. Do you ride him with whip and spurs? Does he wear blinkers?"

"Oh, that's it," returned Mr. Stebbins amiably. "Well, o' course, my jock's got a bat an' gaffs, added to which the old horse is wearin' cheaters like he always does."

"Anything else?" persisted the paddock judge sharply.

The old man hesitated. He didn't know much about the modern frills of racing or the check-ups of latter-day jockey clubs, but in his years of itinerant wandering he found it was just as well to be candid with officialdom under certain circumstances and with judicious limitations—so he made a cup out of his hands and whispered in a swift aside:

"This bird's as full of dynamite as his hide'll hold!"

"He's full of what?" expostulated the official. "Why why what do you mean, dynamite?"

"That's what I said," reiterated the veteran. "Some folks call it th' hurry-up specific; but this ain't no cracker-dust dope, it's my own recipe, an' they all say it's th' real article," he added, not without a touch of professional pride.

"Why, you don't mean to say your horse has been drugged?"

"I ain't sayin' nuthin 'bout drugs," responded the turfman cautiously; "but I'll state that on top of what he's carryin' inside his carcass, he has enough ether on his legs to freeze th' north pole. If the starter don't keep 'em all evenin' at the post they won't know which way he went when the flag falls. If I wuz you I'd have a bet on him."

"Gracious goodness, you don't seem to realize that I am an official of the club!" sputtered the irate paddock judge. "Why, do you know what they'd do back East to anyone daring to make such a suggestion?"

Continued on Page 63

Stuck in the Mud for 13 Days— but Valspar-Enamel sees it through!

Friends told him the road was impassable. But R. C. Allen of 3906 Central St., Dallas, Texas, determined to take a chance!

Knowing what he was up against he was not greatly surprised when his car got stuck in a mud hole. But the subsequent developments, told in his letter, *did* surprise him.

He writes, "Repeated rains kept me from removing the car for *thirteen days*. Naturally I supposed my new paint job would have to be done over again. But when the car was thoroughly cleaned the Valspar-Enamel was as good as new. Thirteen days in the mud had not injured it a bit."

And Mr. Allen further states, "I have never seen anything like the way Valspar-Enamel holds up. The car has been washed scores of times and each time a soft cloth applied brings it right back to a new looking finish."

Besides being absolutely waterproof, Valspar-Enamels are weather-proof and accident-proof. Oil or grease cannot spot or dull them. Not even boiling water from the radiator can dim their lustre and color.

Why drive a shabby car?

Make the old car look like new. Give it a durable, lustrous finish that will protect it from water and weather. You can do it yourself, at a trifling cost, with Valspar-Enamel.

Valspar-Enamel is the most brilliant and lasting finish you can put on your car. Made of the finest pigments carefully ground in Valspar Varnish, it affords absolute protection combined with beautiful, fadeless colors.

They are easy to apply and come in Red—*light and deep*; Vermilion; Blue—*light, medium and deep*; Green—*medium and deep*; Ivory, Bright Yellow; Gray and Brown. Also Black, White, Bronze, Aluminum, Gold, and Flat Black.

Send in the money-saving coupon below for a sample can. Get acquainted with Valspar-Enamel today.

Postscript

If you do not care to refinish the car yourself go to an automobile painter for a professional job In a few days and at a reasonable price he will refinish your car with Valentine's Auto motive Varnishes and return it bright and new as the day you bought it.

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S E P—3 X 4

Judge Corn Flakes by this unfailing test

Post Toasties Stay Crisp in Milk or Cream

We prove this by scientific demonstration

Madam, will you please accept, with our compliments, a generous Test Package of genuine Post Toasties, the delicious, *double-thick* corn flakes that *stay crisp in milk or cream?*

Science has discovered an unfailing, simple crispness test which you can make easily in your own home.

And we urge you to make this test yourself. It will settle the Corn Flakes question once and for all in your mind. It will demonstrate clearly to you the superiority of Post Toasties (improved corn flakes); prove to you instantly why they are a better, more inviting food.

Post Toasties are *double-thick* corn flakes made from the plump, nutritious hearts of selected white corn. Toasted to golden crispness by a special process, Post Toasties stay crisp in the bowl, even when literally swimming in milk or cream.

The *double-thickness* means better flavor, lasting crispness. Children like Post Toasties better. Grown-ups prefer them to softer, mushy foods.

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THE DOUBLE-THICK IMPROVED CORN FLAKES THAT

We furnish generous Test Package Free

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JUST write your name and address on the handy coupon below and forward it today. By return mail we will send you, absolutely free, a generous Test Package of Post Toasties Improved Corn Flakes (or buy a full-size, family package at your grocer's).

Open the sealed-tight, waxed-wrapped carton and pour some of the crisp, golden flakes into a bowl. Now add milk or cream, as much as you like. Then eat the tempting, golden flakes slowly.

Note the delicious flavor. See how firm and crisp the *double-thick* flakes are, even to the last spoonful at the bottom of the bowl.

This simple, scientific test has convinced thousands of housewives, just as you will be convinced: that Post Toasties are different, better corn flakes; that they have a more tempting flavor; *that they do stay crisp* in milk or cream.

In the future, always specify Post Toasties when you order. That insures your getting the genuine.

Clip the coupon below. Send it in today. The Test Package costs you nothing. We send it free.

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Motors for
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  Washing Machines, etc.
Newel Posts
Percolators
Radio Equipment
Rectigon for Charging Automobile and Radio Batteries
Safety Switches
Solar Glows
Table Stoves
Transformers
Turnover Toasters
Waffle Irons
Warming Pads
Water Heaters

On the Street

Street Railway Equipment

Arc Welding Equipment
Automatic Substations
Babbitting Outfits
Babbitt Metal
Baking Ovens
Circuit-breakers
Control Equipment
Fans
Gears and Pinions
Insulating Materials
Lightning Arresters
Lighting Fixtures
Line Material
Machine Tool Motors
Mazda Lamps
Motors
Portable Substations
Relays
Solder and Babbitt Pots
Switches
Transformers
Trolley Poles

Street Lighting Equipment

Cables and Conduit
Control Apparatus
Mazda Lamps
Ornamental Posts
Street Hoods
Transformers

Automotive Equipment

Ammeters
Generators
Ignition Equipment
Lighting Equipment
Mazda Lamps
Micarta Propellers
Starting Motors
Switches
Timing Gears
Voltmeters

At Sea

Condensers and Auxiliaries
Electric Heating Apparatus
Engine Room Auxiliaries
Fans
Galley Equipment
Generators
Insulating Material
Light and Power Plants
Mazda Lamps
Meters
Motors and Control
Propulsion Equipment
Pumps
Reduction Gears
Switchboards
Turbines
Ventilation

In the Theatre

Fans
Lighting Equipment
Mazda Lamps
Motor Generators
Pre-set Switchboards
Rectifiers
Safety Panel Boards
Safety Switches

On the Farm

Curling Irons
Fans
Fuses and Fuse Boxes
Irons
Mazda Lamps
Motors for all Home Appliances
Motors for Power Purposes
Outdoor Switch Houses
Percolators
Power Stand
Radio Equipment
Switches
Toasters
Transformers
Waffle Irons and the Westinghouse Light and Power Plant

In Mines

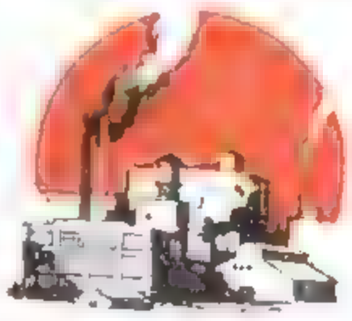
Arc Welding Equipment
Automatic Starters and Controllers
Automatic Substations
Battery Charging Equipment
Circuit-breakers
Electric Heating Apparatus
Fans
Gears and Pinions
Headlights
Insulating Materials
Lightning Arresters
Line Material
Locomotives
Mazda Lamps
Motors for Hoists, Pumps and Tipples or Breakers
Motor Generators
Portable Substations
Switchboards
Synchronous Converters
Transformers
Ventilating Outfits

On the Railroads

Arc Welding Equipment
Automatic Substations
Baking Ovens
Circuit-breakers
Control Apparatus
Electric Heating Apparatus
Electric Locomotives
Fans
Gears and Pinions
Generators
Headlight Equipment
Instruments
Insulating Materials
Lighting Equipment
Lightning Arresters
Line Material
Mazda Lamps
Motor Car Equipment
Motors
Motors and Control for Shops
Pantagraphs
Power House Apparatus
Solder and Babbitt Pots
Stokers
Switches
Transformers

In Light and Power Plants

Circuit-breakers
Condensers
Control Apparatus
Fans
Frequency-changers
Generators
Instruments
Insulators
Lighting Material
Lightning Arresters
Meters
Motors
Motor-Generator Sets
Panels and Switchboards
Pumps
Relays
Synchronous Converters
Steam Turbines
Stokers
Switchboards and Switching Equipment
Transformers
Voltage Regulators



In Mills and Factories

Arc Welding Equipment
Automatic Starters and Controllers
Circuit-breakers
Fans
Furnaces and Ovens
Fuses
Glue Cookers
Insulating Materials
Knife Switches
Lighting Equipment
Locomotives
Mazda Lamps
Meters
Micarta Gears
Motors
Panels and Switchboards
Power House Apparatus
Safety Switches
Space Heaters
Static Condensers
Stokers
Transformers
Ventilating Equipment

Westinghouse

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(Continued from Page 58)

"Well, we ain't back East now," soothed owner Stebbins without emotion; "an' let me tell you somethin', young feller—there's eight horses startin' in this race. If you wuz to rule off all the ones which had a little assistance, none of 'em would go to the post."

The old man turned away and busied himself with his preparations. People so lacking in perspicacity were beyond his understanding.

"Stormy," said he to his jockey as he cinched up the extra surcingle, "I guess that'll hold the saddle without slippin'. There ain't no use of me tellin' you how to ride, an' the horse knows more about racin' than either of us. He's as good as I kin make him, an' if they don't delay too long at the post his legs ain't goin' to bother him none."

"He sure ought to have his speed with him today," volunteered the jockey. "P'r'aps I better go out an' stand 'em on their heads right from th' jump."

"Well, I dunno 'bout that," counseled the old man. "Slumber's purty old, but if you find you have the foot of the bunch you might go right along, just so as you don't set the track on fire. Still, it all depends. If you make the runnin', the rest of 'em hev got to ketch you. But if they make it, you've got to ketch them. It all depends on how the race is run, Stormy; only don't forgit that there ain't no money hangin' on th' half-mile pole."

And now cometh Miss Adeline Mulkern, known to fame through the West as the singing cowgirl, also champion trick lady rider and roper of the state of Montana.

"Oh, you Stormy!" was Miss Mulkern's airy greeting. "Oh, you Stormy boy! Better drive down there today."

"That you, Addie?" queried Mr. Sellers cheerily. "Why—why, I heard you wuz up to Butte organizin' a rodeo."

"'Deedy, no, Stormy. I read all about the doin's down thisaway, so hit th' rattler, an' here I am."

"Yep, you're here all right," responded the rider. "Gosh, it's good to see you, Addie."

"There you go, Stormy; always had a way with us wimen, didn't you?" laughed back Miss Mulkern. "But listen, boy, don't stop for no refreshments once you get started in this race. An' I'll remind you that th' post office is down in front of the judge's stand. Th' family plate goes today."

"Don't you worry, Addie; I'll call for my mail at the right place. But say, did the dream book tell you that Slumber was goin' to win?"

"Stormy," enjoined the girl, "hearken to me a minute. I ain't bettin' soldier buttons this time. I'm shootin' all the money I won down to Pendleton an' up to Billings. If you don't win this race I'll have to hit th' grit from here to New York; an' it's a long, long hike, little brother."

"N'York. What you talkin' 'bout, Addie?" Mr. Sellers registered a sudden and unlooked for interest, not to say consternation. "What you talkin' 'bout? You ain't got no idea of startin' East an' leavin' the West to take care uv itself?"

"I ain't, eh?" retorted Miss Mulkern with a flourish. "I'm just amblin' down to th' main drag to lean up against that old town."

"What you goin' to do?"

"Vodville. Big time, too," rattled on Miss Mulkern casually and as though such a departure from her usual vocation was to be expected. "Yes, sir, Stormy, a agent saw me ridin' an' ropin' down to Pendleton an' he signed me up. I'm to sing an' rope for a hundred an' a half a week, with transportation for self and hawse. That beats ridin' in contests and takin' whatever they got a mind to give you."

"Gosh!" vouchsafed Mr. Sellers blankly, after a considerable pause. "Gosh, Addie, ain't yer takin' all kinds of chances?"

"Not a-tall," retorted Miss Mulkern. "Everything is all fixed up. It's as sure as that you're a-goin' to win this race."

"Yep; but I ain't won it yet."

"Why, Stormy, don't you think you'll win?" The girl caught her breath with sudden panic.

"I'll win all right if there ain't no sleepers around," returned the jockey. "But I see Kelly is here to ride a horse they call Bald Eagle. I can't place that nag. He's a new one on me, an' he might be a ringer. Anyway, it's a dollar to a hole in a doughnut that his owners didn't bring Kell all the way from Frisco just to give him a jaunt on the cushions. They must have a ace in the hole."

"Kelly!" shot back the girl. "I've seen him ride, an' he's nothin' to worry about. He wouldn't know a horse if he saw one lookin' over the fence. But there goes the post bell. Here, Stormy, lemme give you a leg up for luck."

Miss Mulkern grasped the jockey's boot and with professional dexterity tossed Mr. Sellers lightly into the saddle.

"Go on over there, Stormy," she enjoined, "an' get back here as quick as you can."

She gave old Slumber an affectionate pat on the neck and noted with the approval of an expert that the moisture was beginning to dampen his coat into deep spots of chestnut.

"He's breakin' out nice, ain't he, Stormy?" vouchsafed Miss Mulkern with a certain air of sophistication.

"Yep, I guess he's got all that's comin' to him," responded the jockey as he reached over and tied a short knot in the reins. "Well, I guess I'd better be on my way, Addie. I'll do the best I know how. So long."

"So long, Stormy."

The girl watched him as, with the easy carriage of a born rider, he passed out of the paddock and cantered around to the quarter pole. Miss Mulkern was inured to the hazards and chances of a strenuous occupation. She would have resented any hint that she might be giving way to a manifestation of sentiment; but she had to confess to herself, nevertheless, that Mr. Sellers, with his good looks, happy-go-lucky ways and precarious method of securing a livelihood, held a singular appeal.

She hung over the fence and watched the horses as they cavorted at the post, holding her breath at every false start and keyed up to concert pitch with the excitement of the moment. Then suddenly they swung into motion in perfect alignment. The barrier shot up and the race was on.

If Stormy Sellers had one gift above another it was the art of getting his horse off in the front rank. He had learned the science of starting with the quarter horses when he was yet a small boy. So at the outset he beat the rest of the field away about half a length, took the path along the inner rail and avoided the jam that usually occurs in the first hundred yards of a race. So far, at least, all was well.

Up the back stretch sped old Slumber, racing like a two-year-old. No one who watched him would ever have dreamed that the chestnut horse had seen thirteen summers and winters, eleven of which had been devoted to hard campaigning.

"If he can only hold his speed," thought Stormy as the wind roared in his ears and the old horse strode gallantly along! "If he can only hold it to the top of the stretch I might take him back a little an' save up for the last drive!"

At the half pole he peeked sideways out of the corner of his eye. His vision could take in only two horses; but in that swift glance he noted the white face of the Bald Eagle racer lying about a length behind him and out in the middle of the track. His jockey evidently was rating his horse along and had no intention of cutting out the pace.

At the upper turn the positions of the leaders remained the same. The rest of the field were strung out, and by this time it was quite evident that the race would narrow down to a battle between the leaders; and as they rounded into the stretch the rider of Bald Eagle pulled in toward the fence and drew alongside. Like lightning, Stormy sensed the object of the move. It was just the place to crowd old Slumber against the rails and throw him out of his stride.

As Kelly's boot struck his and the stirrup irons grated together, Stormy Sellers lifted his whip menacingly.

"Keep off of me, you flannel-mouth!" he shrilled. "Keep off of me, or I'll beat the face off of yeh! If y' try to herd me again your own mother won't know you tonight!"

The rider from San Francisco evidently heeded the warning and straightened his mount. In addition to the fear of personal injury, Stormy's panicky challenge convinced him that old Slumber had about shot his bolt. This was substantiated when he found Bald Eagle was gaining and was now half a length in the lead. All these jungle jocks knew was to get a horse away from the post and run him into the ground. Slumber was the only serious contender, and he was as good as beat now.

But vanity, as in all things else, plays no small part in the lives of some jockeys. Talk all you like about the temperament of a leading man in the spoken drama or the idiosyncrasies of a he doll in the movies, but they haven't anything on the jockey whose one dream is to give the grand stand a thrill.

Jockey Kelly was not urging his mount now. He was content to hold the position he had already acquired. Slumber was not gaining an inch. Chances were at the drawgate he'd drop farther back, and the Bald Eagle was still going strong. Kelly almost laughed to himself. That was the reason he opined that the owners of Bald Eagle had sense enough to send down to San Francisco for a real rider. He would give them a run for their money, besides showing up this unsophisticated jockey from the bushes.

At the paddock gate he still maintained his position. Only fifty yards now and the derby would be won. Visions of drawing a fine finish began to flit through Jockey Kelly's brain. Above the thud of hoofs he could hear the roar from the stand. It broke like the thunderings of a storm-swept ocean on a rock-bound coast. Men and women were clambering on seats, shrieking and gesticulating wildly; and apart from them all, clinging to the paddock fence, with her face drawn down and lined with the abject terror of impending defeat, was the champion lady rider and roper of the state of Montana.

Miss Mulkern had no illusions about the relative speed of horses. She could tell at a glance that Bald Eagle was not entirely extended. It would only be a question as to how far he could win. She glanced swiftly over to where Slumber lay against the rail. In the last hundred yards he had not gained an inch. His head was still on a level with Bald Eagle's saddle skirts. Stormy was sitting as still as death. Why didn't he make some effort? From his actions one would suppose that poor old Slumber had given about all he had and was evidently well beaten. Gone was the dream that Miss Mulkern had woven for herself of a luxurious journey to New York and an impressive entrance into the metropolis. Nothing to do now but wire the vaudeville managers for transportation and so cheapen herself. What was the use of looking at a funeral, thought Miss Mulkern, as she noted that in twenty-five yards more the racers would speed under the wire. She turned away.

But Miss Mulkern did not realize that it is the glorious uncertainties and the unexpected happening that, after all, make horse racing the sport of emperors.

Suddenly there was a lull. It seemed as though, like the falling of a shadow, a great silence had passed over the multitude. Then pandemonium broke loose. In spite of herself, Miss Mulkern turned her head. Through a thin veil of dust, and in that brief space of time, Stormy Sellers had sprung into action. His whip hand was up now; he was riding like an electrified demon; and Slumber was responding nobly, eating up the space that separated him from Bald Eagle's nostrils.

Jockey Kelly saw the move, but it was too late. Stormy had caught him napping. He lifted his whip and stung his mount's sides, while with vicious energy he raked his flanks with the steels. But he could not get Bald Eagle going again in time. Old Slumber had a few ounces of speed left; and these, together with a heritage of valor bequeathed from a long line of famous forbears, he put into that last heroic effort. It was a wondrous manifestation of superb jockeyship and almost unbelievable gameness. The presiding judge said afterward that Slumber had won the Timberton Derby by the breadth of his palm.

When the girl came to herself again she was standing limply in a corner of the paddock with one arm around old Slumber's neck. He, with heaving sides and dilated nostrils, was testifying to the strenuosity of the struggle he had just been engaged in.

"Gosh, Stormy, you did put up one ride. Nobody else could 'a' done it. No, sir, nobody else," half sobbed Miss Mulkern. "It was wonderful, that's jest what it was. An' poor old Slumber, ain't he the gamest thing! Gosh, he put all of himself into that last stride!"

"Aw, Addie, he had to do it. Guess he knew that jump kept you out o' th' poorhouse," parried the rider.

"Yes, but look how you helped him! What a race you did ride!"

"Oh, I didn't do nothin' much, anyway, but jest sit still an' ride chilly till th' time

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came," protested Jockey Sellers. "All I did was to ask old Slumber a question, an' he give me th' right answer. It was nothing to write home about. Anybody could 'a' done it."

"Stormy," retorted the girl, lifting her head suddenly and smiling through tear-wet lashes—"Stormy Sellers, you're a-lyin' an' you know it!"

Miss Mulkern was booked on the Overland, going East at midnight. Stormy Sellers walked along with her to the depot. In his right hand he carried his little kit bag, on the outside of which was firmly strapped a two-pound racing saddle and a whip. Stormy, from long habit, traveled light.

"I'll just go an' see you off, Addie, although I hate for you to leave," said he slowly as they wended their way down the main street. "My train leaves for Butte at two o'clock in the mornin', so I might as well sit up an' wait at the depot." There was a pause before Mr. Sellers continued: "I should of thought, though, Addie, that you'd have considered it some before you left the West, where all your friends is, an'—an' went East, where you didn't know nobody."

Mr. Sellers was not an adept in expressing emotion or sentiment. He really wanted to say something entirely different or more to the point, but felt his shortcomings.

"You don't seem to understand, Stormy," returned the girl. "It's a big chance for me. I like the West an'—an'—an' everything that goes with it; but a girl has to carve out her own career." Which latter sentiment was borrowed from Miss Mulkern's favorite movie heroine.

"Anyway, Stormy, I don't see what you want wasting your time here; everybody said today that you rode the best race they ever saw, and it was nothing but your ridin' won. Don't tell me that any of those jocks back East could put it over you, and here you are playin' around in the jungles; but I guess you know best perhaps. Still, if I wuz as good a rider as you, they wouldn't keep me off Eastern tracks unless they hired a regiment of soldiers."

"That's maybe so, Addie," retorted Mr. Sellers lamely. "But I got to go to Butte to ride a match race Thursday. I've seen lots of 'em go East; but they all come back, and I didn't notice that they wuz any too fat when they did."

They were standing on the platform of the little depot now, and an awkward silence had enveloped the pair. Both appeared to have run out of conversation. The headlight of the oncoming train began to throw its reflection on the thin ribbons of steel. Stormy gulped a couple of times as he evidently made an effort to say something.

"I wuz goin' to say somethin' to you, Addie," he stammered. "I had it in my mind, right after th' race today that I wuz—that I wuz goin' to say—ah—ah——"

"Yes, Stormy," murmured Miss Mulkern, "you were goin' to say——"

"Ah-um," replied the jockey desperately. "You see, 'twas this way, Addie——"

But the train had pulled to a stop now and the conductor was yelling, "All aboard!"

Miss Mulkern was necessarily busy with her baggage. She stood on the steps, looking down at the boy and smiling.

"Good-by, Stormy," she said nervously as he walked along with one hand on the railing of the moving train.

"I was just a-goin' ter tell yer, Addie——" commenced Mr. Sellers again, lifting his voice somewhat.

And then all at once Stormy Sellers saw—or thought he saw—in her shining eyes the wonderful thing poets call the revelation; which, we are told, comes alike to prince and peasant, once to every man. He stopped suddenly and let go of the rail; then, wheeling quickly and with a dive, he grasped the little valise with the saddle strapped on the outside. The train was getting under way now and the last car was approaching. Stormy Sellers broke into a run, a few swift steps, a skip and a jump, and he landed lightly on the step of the rear coach. The rider of Slumber was going East!

II

ONCE on the train, Stormy began to take stock of the situation. He could not just exactly tell why he had acted on the sudden impulse. He felt reasonably assured that the girl had not seen him get aboard and that she was ignorant of the fact that he had changed his plans.

Mature consideration helped him to decide, however, that it would be better not to disclose his presence until further along. In a cooler moment he decided that she had never looked upon him other than as a friend and a good pal. He could not assure himself that anything bordering on tenderness had ever existed between them. Stormy's experience with the fair sex was more than limited. But he opined that an atmosphere of uncertainty surrounded all things feminine. Better to wait, he thought, until the cards were dealt; then it would be time enough to play a hand. Meanwhile he would lie *dormi*.

He rode in the day coach until the train reached Ogden, which was about two o'clock in the morning. The occupants of the Pullman were all asleep now, so Stormy bolted out, snatched a hasty lunch and secured a berth in the car set apart for tourists. This was next to the baggage coach, so there would be no danger of being discovered by the passengers who were passing into the diner. Between Ogden and Chicago, he told himself, there would be lots of time to formulate a best plan for making his presence known to the girl. Procrastination was an important word in Stormy's limited category. Anyway, there would be plenty of opportunity while the passengers were changing over to the New York train.

But the best laid plans sometimes go galley-west. Right at the outskirts of Chicago several passengers got aboard, and it was not long before a group of local baseball players started a dice game. First, last and all the time, Stormy Sellers was a gambler. For a few moments he hung on the outskirts of the crowd; but the temptation was too great, and the fact that he had the best part of five hundred dollars, profits of the race, whetted his appetite for a plunge. Almost unconsciously Jockey Sellers dropped into the game. He commenced with small bets and a certain amount of luck. Then with larger ones that began to eat their way into his capital. When the train finally pulled into the depot at Chicago the game perforce broke up, and, in summing up, the jockey found himself possessed of a ticket to New York and a little more than twenty-five dollars.

He couldn't face the girl now and confess that he was practically at the end of his resources. He would have to go on to New York, but not on the same train that she took. From a dark corner of the depot Stormy watched the girl pass and take the bus across town to catch the Eastern express. She would leave at noon, and he made up his mind to take an evening train and sit up in the day coach all night. Following his usual methods Stormy would trust to luck when he reached New York. Then, after he had rehabilitated himself—why, he might again look up Addie. It was a rude ending to a romance that had promised so much.

Now, on the big race tracks of the metropolis good riders have always been at a premium. But, like many other things around and about the Great White Way, millionaires' trainers are of the Missouri type and have to be shown. Stormy Sellers consequently did not find that there was a wild demand for services depending on a reputation gained out in the Timberton country.

But in one stable Stormy eventually secured a job as exercising boy. It was a step backwards, of course, for the jockey who rode old Slumber when he won a Western derby. But it was forty dollars a month and board, and Stormy could not afford to pick and choose at this stage of the game.

The stable he joined was a kind of stock affair owned by three or four interests. From remarks he heard dropped he judged that his employers regarded racing more as a business than as a sport. But this made no difference to Stormy. Racing had been a very serious business with all the people he had ridden for in his short young life. The main thing was that he should be given an opportunity to prove his ability. This was not long coming, because no man who knew anything about horsemanship could see Stormy astride of a horse without sensing that he was a born rider.

One morning after a trial the leading spirit of the stable approached him.

"I hear you've been quite a jock out West," said the man. "I like your style and I've half a mind to give you a chance."

"Don't do anything you'll be sorry for," quoth Stormy shortly, who did not like this patronizing way of enlisting his services.

(Continued on Page 66

"Price Class"—that mysterious stranger who greets and confuses motor car buyers

Why a "Quality" Car No Longer Means an "Expensive" Car. Why Two Cars of Identical Quality May Show a Price Difference of $400 to $1,200 or More. Why You Cannot Judge Value by Price. Why Believing in "Price Class" May Cost You $1,000 or More When You Buy a Car

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(Continued from Page 64)

"Well," said the man, not noticing the curt retort, "I've got a mare here called Wait Awhile and I'm goin' to start her at this meeting. I think you're just the boy to handle her. She hasn't shown us much yet, but still I have hopes of her. Anyway, I'm going to take a chance and put you up."

Stormy did not reply. There was something about this man he did not quite like. But beggars can't be choosers, and at least it would give him a chance to wear the colors.

Two days afterward Stormy Sellers rode out of the paddock on Wait Awhile.

"I haven't got much to tell you about this mare," said the trainer as she was being saddled up. "She has done nothing much so far, but you may get a good run out of her. Hustle her off as well as you can and use your own judgment."

Following instructions as nearly as he might, Stormy, after no little trouble, got the mare away from the post flying and led his field for the first eighth of a mile. At that point Wait Awhile stopped as if she had been shot. In two hundred yards she had changed her position from first to last, and finally finished hopelessly beaten, twenty-five yards behind the last horse.

"Guess the mare's short today. Needs a race or two," commented the trainer as Stormy dismounted and unbuckled his tack.

"Looks that way," returned Stormy. "She was doin' all right till she hit th' eighth pole, then she died a horrible death. I kept her goin' as long as I could."

"Don't look as if she's up to much," agreed the trainer; "but I'll run her back next Friday an' see if we can't get some kind of a line on her."

Stormy had heard such talk many times before. So many trainers seek to persuade themselves that they have been mistaken in their judgment. He made no comment when he was told the next Friday morning that he would again have the mount on Wait Awhile. She didn't amount to much, it is true; but he told himself that anything was better than sitting on the fence watching the other jockeys go by.

On his way to the post Stormy experienced none of the elation or anticipation with which he usually approached the riding of a race.

"I suppose this old crab will burn up the track for the first half mile and then she'll bid 'em all good-by an' lean up against th' fence," he muttered as he cantered to the starting point. "Well, I can ride as fast as she can run—that's one sure thing."

There was little delay at the post. The mare was on her good behavior, and when the barrier lifted Stormy as usual was out in front. Up the back stretch they tore, Wait Awhile a good length in the lead and going apparently easily.

"Ain't it a crime!" thought Stormy as he sped along. "Here she is, runnin' like Salvator, an' when she gets to the head of the stretch she'll be yellin' murder."

All around the turn Stormy waited for the mare to hang out the distress signal. But so far there was no evidence that she was in trouble. He kicked her with his heels a couple of times and she responded instantaneously, putting another length between herself and her pursuers. Stormy glanced around, and the two leaders of the second division had gone to the whip.

"Holy Saint Cats!" said Mr. Sellers to himself. "This must be her day! She's wishin' them farewell!"

He took a steady pull on his mount and drew her closer to the rail; if she could win nobody would get on the inside and steal the race. Stormy would see to that. They were halfway down the stretch now, and no one else was within striking distance. She could hardly lose unless she were to stop to a walk in the last hundred yards. But the mare showed not the slightest sign of faltering. She raced bravely on and passed the judge's stand three good lengths in the lead and with her mouth wide open.

No doubt many people who saw that race were surprised; but none more so than Jockey Stormy Sellers, who rode the winner. After pulling up, he rode slowly back to the stand, marveling to himself at this surprising reversal of form. Stormy had often seen such happenings, but out where he came from he would have known how to account for them.

He dismounted, weighed in and took his way back to the jockeys' room. As he passed along the rail down the quarter stretch he could hear a subdued murmur of disapproval.

"These highbinders put over another one!" bleated a man to his companion, who was leaning against the fence. "They tell me she was as good as fifty to one in some of the books, and she won by her lonely. They're a pretty wise bunch, I'll say that for 'em. . . . Hey, Jock, did they declare you in with the play?"

Stormy glared back at the speaker, not vouchsafing a reply. He knew without being told that trouble of some kind was brewing, and he had hardly reached the jockeys' room when the messenger of the stewards arrived on the scene.

"Your name Sellers?" he exclaimed gruffly. Stormy nodded.

"Well, the stewards want to have a talk with you. Come along." The man turned sharply on his heel and left the boy to follow.

"More bad luck!" thought Stormy.

He ascended the steps leading to the official pagoda. He still wore his racing colors, with his cap pulled down tightly over his ears.

As he reached the door the messenger ejaculated roughly, with a peremptory air, "Boy, take off your cap! Don't you know nothin'?"

Stormy did not deign to reply. You see, the trouble was, this little Western jockey was wholly innocent concerning the ceremonial worship accorded to the august stewards of jockey clubs, or a deference heaped upon most officials, which in some quarters verges on a devout recognition of the celestial. The ethics of sport east of the Rockies was all Greek to him.

"You folks sent for me," began Stormy. "What wuz it you wanted?"

Again, and all unwittingly, Jockey Sellers' foot slipped.

He did not mean to be brusque or forward, but he had all the Western boy's contempt for convention. He did not notice the look of almost consternation that swept over the faces of the men who were seated about the little table.

"Sellers," began the individual who appeared to be the spokesman, "I see by the form sheet that you rode this mare last Wednesday."

"That's right," agreed the jockey.

"And I also note that in that particular race you got off first but never tried to make her run. Her price went up in the betting from five to one to twenty. She wasn't bet on then."

"Well," interjected Stormy, "what's that got to do with it?"

"But today," resumed the inquisitor, not noticing the interruption, "she was off in front and made every post a winning post. She also was backed down from fifty to three to one in the ring."

"If you wanted me to say anything, I'd say she was an in-an'-outer. A field full of her kind ain't worth three dollars."

"Yes, yes; that's all right enough," resumed the chief inquisitor; "but here's the patrol judge. He tells us that on the first occasion you made no serious effort to ride that he could see. What have you got to say to that?"

"He's a liar!" blazed the rider. "I didn't get her away at first because I couldn't get her away. She acted like a mad horse with me, wheelin', backin' up and kickin'. The starter told me to take her to the outside and behind the other horses, but if I did that I'd 'a' been standin' the wrong way of the track when he sprung the tape. He's a liar!"

"That'll do, boy; that'll do! You mustn't say things like that. Don't you know where you are?"

"Why shouldn't I say things like that?" protested Stormy, now thoroughly aroused. "Wuz any of you fellers ever over at the post on a crazy-headed mare like that, which was bad enuf if the starter wuzn't makin' a mark out uv you, an' showin' off in front uv the stand? That's what they all do with the jocks that come from the bushes, an' because I wuzn't ridin' for some guy black with money. I did try my best, but she was dead under me when we had gone a eighth of a mile."

"Sh-h-h!" resumed the man who had been questioning him, lifting an admonitory hand. "That'll do, that'll do! We think you had better not try to ride here any more. If you are not actually dishonest you will have a bad influence on the other riders. That will do. You can go."

Stormy stumbled down the steps and out upon the lawn, making his way in a dazed manner back toward the jockeys' room. Halfway there he met the stable trainer.

(Continued on Page 68)

Malnutrition

"We now know definitely that the regular diet of a large portion of the people of the United States is falling short of maintaining satisfactory nutrition."
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A hundred and forty-five thousand doctors and forty-eight thousand dentists are interested in what you eat.

Back of these men there are others, biological chemists, who are devoting their lives to find out just what it is you need.

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More and more the main source of human ills is being traced to this one thing—*malnutrition*

Yet you can do much to protect yourself from its evils if you will

Malnutrition is not limited to the poor. It takes its toll from those whose tables are loaded with food as well as from starving people.

In the mouths of the American people are more than one billion bad teeth. At least one-third of our adult population suffer from indigestion or dyspepsia. Hardly a man or a woman today who is not from time to time troubled with faulty elimination.

And all of these—dyspepsia, bad teeth, faulty elimination—lead slowly but surely into far worse ills.

Doctors, dentists, and biological chemists—men spending their lives to find out just what your needs are—more and more are tracking down the main source of these conditions to this: *malnutrition.*

Malnutrition means that your body is not *taking up* sufficient nourishment for its daily needs. Food and nourishment, these authorities will tell you, are two very different things. Food is *what you eat.* Nourishment is *what your body gets out of it,* what it can digest.

In this food is nourishment you need, in the form your body can digest

AT LEAST one-third of all your nourishment *should* come from the *carbohydrates* (starches and sugars). For the *carbohydrates* are your greatest source of strength and vitality—your power to do work.

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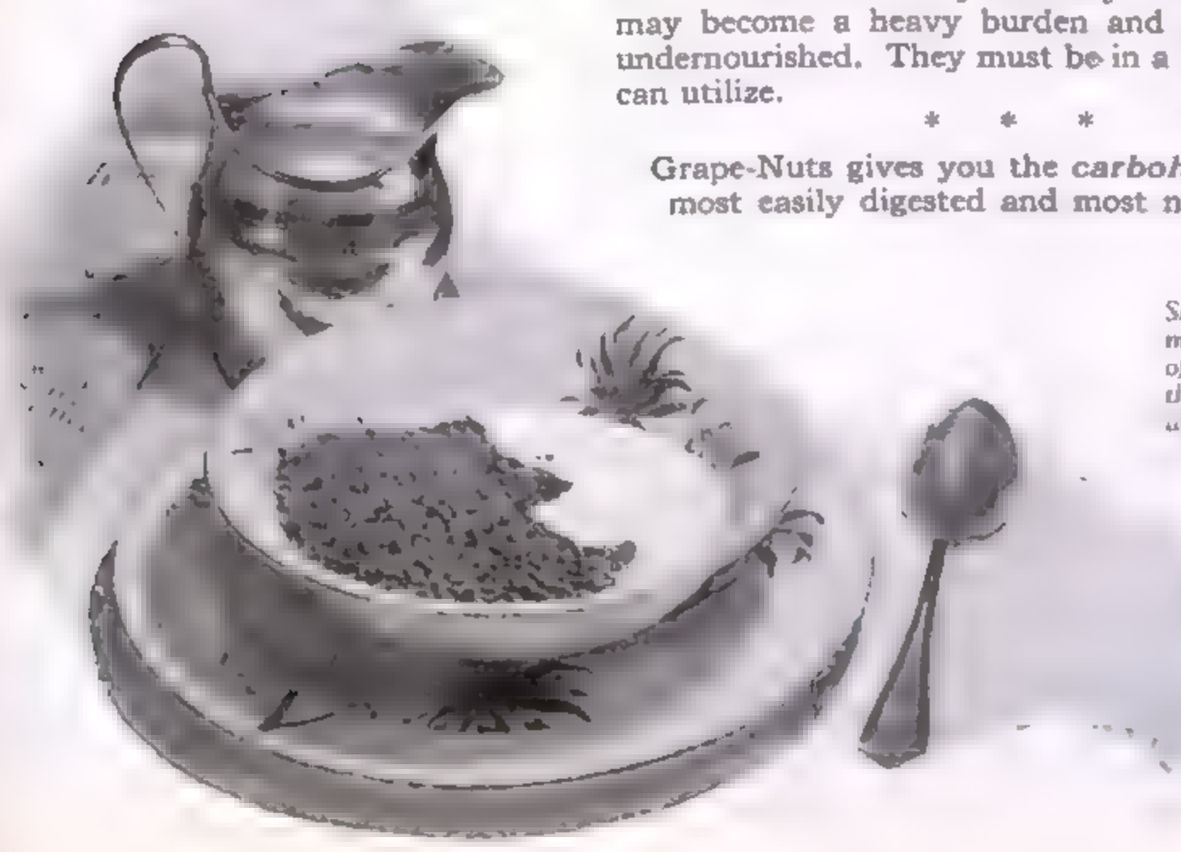

Serve with cream or milk and pour at side of saucer to retain to the full the crispness and flavor of the grains

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SHOCK ABSORBER

(Continued from Page 66)

"You rode a pretty good race today, an' I won a dollar or two on you," volunteered the man.

"That's good," returned Mr. Sellers shortly. "I'm glad somebody won somethin'."

"An' I had a little bet down for you yourself," resumed the other. He slipped a roll of bills, as he walked, into the jockey's nearest hand Then, as if an afterthought, "I seen you up in the stand. They weren't sayin' anythin' to you because you won, were they?"

"No," gloomed Stormy "They was holdin' a post-mortem on the time I lost, an' now ——"

"Now what?"

"Oh, nuthin' much," returned the rider wearily. "They just told me to pack my tack and move on."

"They didn't rule you off, eh?"

"Well, they said I needn't ride any more around here. I guess that's taps."

"An' now what'll you aim to do?"

"Hike back home as quick as the Lord'll let me. What else is there to do?"

The trainer thought a moment.

"I guess you'll need another hundred or two," he exclaimed. "Here, this'll pay your fare back, an' you'll have a little bank roll when you land. But I wouldn't talk much to nobody around here. It won't do any good, an' it certainly ain't goin' to get you anythin'."

The speaker looked after the jockey as he limped wearily to the dressing room

"Well," he muttered, "that's the best way If he's away from here he can't talk. But if he's around they may send for him again, and that mightn't be comfortable for the stable. He must be a idiot if he doesn't know that we hopped the mare today."

So it was that the passing of Stormy Sellers as a rider on Eastern tracks came about.

III

BUT all this time Jockey Stormy Sellers had not forgotten Miss Adeline Mulkern He thought he would make an effort to see her again before he left for the West. Accordingly, he wended his way from the scene of his latest disaster back to New York. He did not know exactly where he would find the girl, but he thought that probably at some of the theaters he would be able to learn of her whereabouts. It was with this in mind that he started out early the next morning.

As he reached the theatrical district he stopped at the corner of Forty-first Street, because he noted a boy leading three horses coupled together down Broadway. At a glance Stormy knew that they were thoroughbreds, ancient old aristocrats and exhibiting many unsoundnesses, but still thoroughbreds. As the boy reached the corner and made the turn up the side street Stormy followed. Anything in the shape of a horse would now be welcome, because this Stormy boy was feeling lonesome.

"Them's thoroughbreds," ventured Stormy by way of an introduction, and producing a cigarette.

"Yep, thoroughbred beagles, all right," agreed the boy with a certain confidence born of the gift. "They's a terrible lot of old dogs."

"Where you takin' em?" persisted Stormy.

"Right in here," returned the boy, pointing to the stage door. "They's in a racin' play which opens tonight. It's some show."

"Yep; an' th' horses goes on th' stage?"

"Sure thing! I ride one an' the leadin' man, o' course, rides the winner. We had a jock for the other horse, but he ain't showed up. I'm goin' to ketch seventeen kinds o' hell from the stage manager if I don't get somebody. Say, ain't you a rider?"

"They used to think I was," responded Stormy. "But I guess they mostly got out o' the notion."

"How long since you rode?"

"Oh, I won a race day before yesterday down at the Bay," replied Stormy modestly.

"Well, ain't you ridin' yet?"

"Not around here any more. They set me down."

"An' you ain't workin'?"

Stormy shook his head with finality. The boy passed the lead reins to the jockey.

"Say, listen, kid, you've saved my life! Help me with them horses while I go in an' tell th' stage manager I've got him a actor. He'll fix it all right with yer. Come on, let's get these goats inside."

As they led the horses from the alleyway through the stage door Stormy heard his name called in shrill surprise. He wheeled quickly and the lithe form of Addie Mulkern came out of the wings.

"Why, Stormy," she breathed, "wherever did you come from and how did you get here? I was wonderin' what had become of you."

"I'm here mainly because I'm here, Addie," stammered Mr. Sellers evasively. "I'm a actor now. I'm goin' to be right in this show."

"But how did you get here?" persisted Miss Mulkern. "Go on, Stormy, there's something else. Just tell me how you came East an' all about it."

By dint of urging and cross-examination, Jockey Stormy Sellers unwound the story of his adventures since the night that he and Miss Mulkern had parted on the platform at Timberton. When he had finished, that young lady gave a long sigh of relief.

"Well," she ejaculated, "to think that all these things happened to you in a couple of months and you're still alive! Stormy, you're just a wonder, that's what you are!"

"How about you, Addie?"

"Me?" returned Miss Mulkern. "Well, y'see, Stormy, I found out that th' feller which had signed me up at Pendleton was a bloomer. An' I liked to starved to death for a couple o' weeks. Then another girl got me a chance in this play, mainly because I knew horses; an' it's a good deal of a horse opera, y'know; but I ain't any too strong fer it. They're different from the people that we know. An' the star they've got thinks that everybody is dirt under his feet. He handles the women as if he thought that they were so many dummies—an' conceited! But here he comes now!"

A slender young man with an English air was approaching.

"I hear you've got a rider at last," he drawled, addressing the stage manager. "Where'd you pick him up?"

"He claims to come straight from the race track," returned the other. "I guess he knows his business."

"Well, I hope you're right," retorted the actor sourly; "but it's mighty few of these stage jockeys do. I hope I won't have to give him too many lessons before we go on for this evening."

Stormy could not help overhearing the disparaging remark, and was about to make sharp retort when the girl shook her head vigorously.

"Let him rave, Stormy," she whispered in a swift aside. "You can't win anything from a actor but a argument."

The rehearsal of the race scene followed immediately, and on many occasions the little jockey found his patience sorely tried. The stage was a large one; but for all that, of course, the space was necessarily limited. Stormy very quickly discovered that the leading man was mostly a rider in theory only. Mounted on a horse, although his riding costumes were cut in the very latest English style, he presented but a sorry figure. His calm assumption of knowledge concerning the fine points of horsemanship was something that Stormy could not quite diagnose. Among his people, the pretense of knowing such things without being backed up by absolute practical knowledge was little short of a crime. But from what he heard, he gathered that such things were a very common occurrence in the world of make-believe.

Coached by the girl, he stood the browbeating and nagging of Mr. Mortimer. Nothing appeared to be right. But, as Stormy figured, it would be better to swallow a good deal than lose Addie again. By the time the rehearsal was drawing to a close quite an audience had assembled.

Stormy was thoroughly schooled in the part he was to play. He knew that his horse was supposed to be in the lead the first time the racers came in view of the audience. Then backstage, when out of sight, he understood that he was to pull out, let the hero, or leading man, through; with the result, of course, that the actor would win the race and so save the family acres and incidentally the honor of the heroine. It was along the lines of ancient-and-honorable hokum as applied to racing plays, whose plots and climaxes never seem to wander from a traditional and stenciled pattern.

The first-night audience was a typical Broadway one. The personnel of the spectators differed little from a gathering of regulars one can meet at any opening; and although reminiscent of so much that had been seen before, the play proceeded smoothly

(Continued on Page 70)

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(Continued from Page 68

enough right up to the climax. Then, of course, came the great big scene of the horse race, through the medium of which everything was to be set right. Honor was to be sustained, villains were to receive their just dues and justice and truth to triumph.

A pleasant buzz of excitement stirred the house as the curtain went up on a race-track scene. The hoarse, familiar cry of "They're off!" bleated out by an ensemble of actors and scene shifters backstage announced that the big race had started. When the racers came in view for the first time, Stormy, astride the horse owned by the villain, was leading the hero by half a length and adding to the necessary atmosphere of uncertainty. Then the racers disappeared in the wings and were lost to sight for a moment.

But those who know best say that the most difficult thing in the world of drama is to stage a realistic horse race. Thoroughbreds, no matter how old or decrepit, are apt to be temperamental when introduced to strange sights and sounds. Stormy's mount was no exception. At best he was a hard-headed old reprobate who in his day had given many a good rider arm ache. He wasn't used to being hauled around and pulled up in such narrow surroundings. It was with the greatest difficulty that the jockey hustled him—almost by main force out to one side in order that the hero should pass.

There was only a few feet to spare at best; and, as before stated, Mr. Mortimer was not by any means a finished horseman; added to which he appeared completely to lose his head, which did not make for the serenity of the situation.

"Get on through with him!" hissed Stormy. "Go on with him! Make your run when you can. This old goat's got the willies! I can't hold him! Get out of me way—pronto!"

The leading man glared back at the little rider, but appeared to be powerless to act. It was no time, however, for airy persiflage or throwing kisses. Stormy lifted his whip and struck the hero's horse a sharp cut on the rump.

Mr. Mortimer's mount plunged forward, reached the other side of the stage and made a precariously sharp turn to come out of the wings again. As he did so the old derelict on which Stormy was seated essayed to follow him. It was a close fit, and as the hero's horse reached the turn the jockey's mount caromed sharply against him, lifting him clean off his feet and carrying him over the footlights and right out into the orchestra.

The audience naturally was in an uproar. Nervous women shrieked apprehensively and climbed on the seats, while the male portion of the spectators voiced their approval by a hearty round of cheering and a volley of irrepressible laughter. It was some time before the excitement subsided, then it was discovered that the leading man had been pitched head foremost through the bass drum, and had to be extricated by the joint efforts of those members of the orchestra who were not otherwise employed in preventing a wild-eyed racer from completely wrecking a perfectly good cello, in which he had become hopelessly entangled. Meantime, while the audience was relieving its feelings, the stage manager was not idle.

"You're fired!" he almost shrieked as he grabbed Stormy by the shoulder and shook him. "You're fired, you tramp! Here we are, bust on the opening night. The play's a flop right now, and all because of you. Get out of here as quick as the Lord will let you! Get out before someone murders you in cold blood!"

The little jockey essayed to give an explanation of exactly how the accident really occurred: but the director waved him off and turned to the company, who were standing about nonplused and not quite knowing what to expect.

"It looks like there isn't any use going further with this drama, ladies and gentlemen," he said sardonically. "Its next move will probably be to the storehouse, so far as I can see; but be here at ten o'clock tomorrow and you'll learn the final decision."

Miss Mulkern came out of the wings as the director finished speaking. She was dressed for the street, and she walked up to the stage manager, her eyes blazing with indignation.

"You're like the rest of them!" she stormed. "Just like everything I ever saw connected with the stage! Whenever anything happens they always find someone to bear the blame. If you do go on with this play you'll have to find someone to fill my place."

She walked quickly over to where Stormy was standing at the door. As they passed through the stage entrance neither spoke; but once out in the alley, the girl moved over and rested her hand lightly on the boy's arm.

"Stormy," she whispered—"Stormy, I was just thinkin' ——"

"What was you thinkin' 'bout, Addie?"

"I was just thinkin' that you were right in the first place, an' it's better to be a whale back in the bushes than a sardine on Broadway."

"Yep, Addie!"

"An' I'd sooner be where I know all th' folks an' love 'em than be around where everythin' is all jazzed up, an' nothin' is what you might call —"

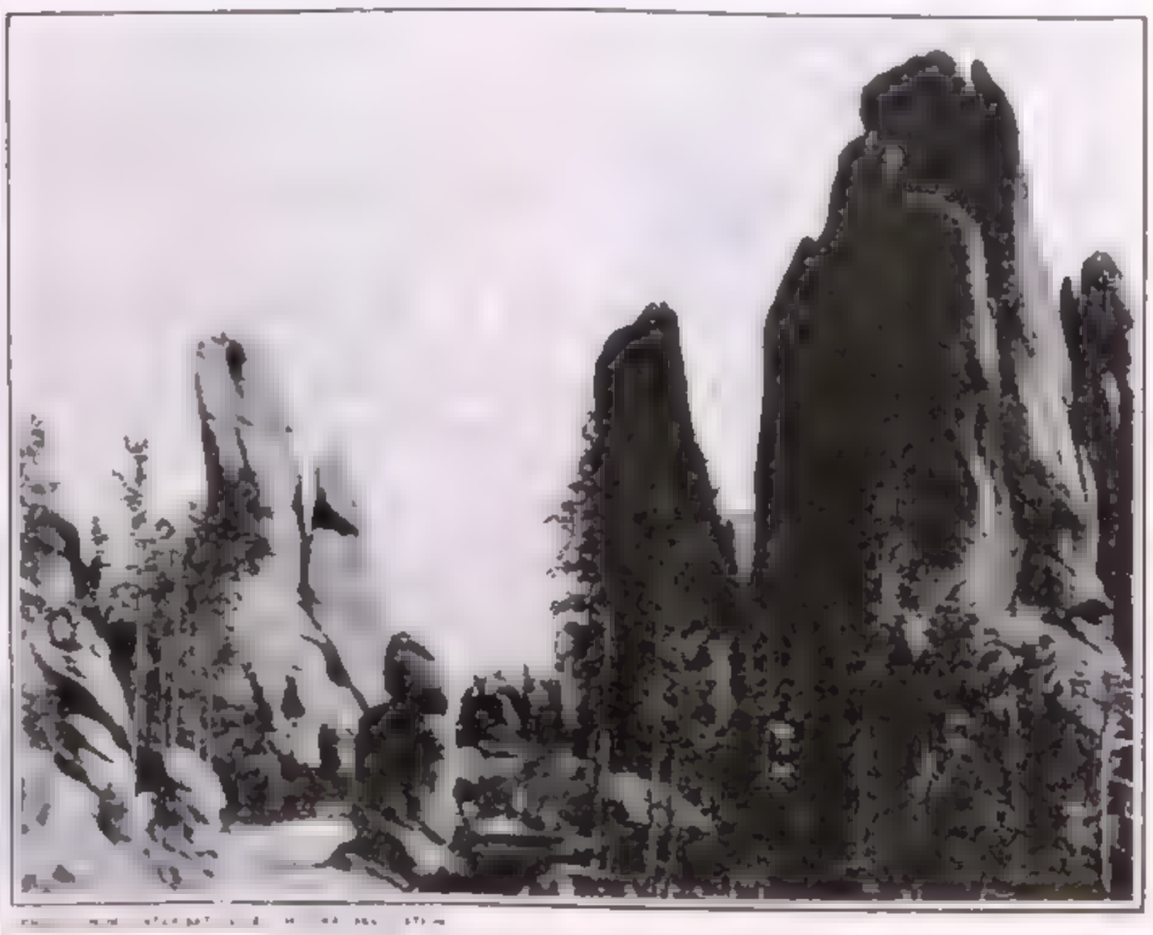
"Was you thinkin' about comin' back West with me, Addie?" broke in Jockey Sellers tenderly.

The girl did not reply. She just linked her arm in his and pressed it close.

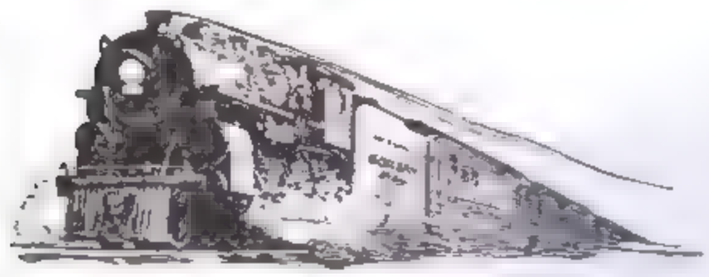
And so, despite the fact that the directing deities of the East had not smiled upon these simple children of the West, they proceeded happily upon their way.

"You don't feel so bad now, do you, Stormy?" breathed the girl as they turned the corner of the alley.

"Feel bad?" announced Stormy Sellers with supreme conviction. "Me feel bad, eh? Say, honey, I feel like as if I was throwed into the Expectation Handicap with nothin' but a feather on me back!"



The Traffic Cop, Custer State Park, South Dakota



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"Protection with Distinction"

The Greatest Game Market in the World

By H. H. KOHLSAAT

WHEN Chicago was incorporated as a town in 1833 it had a population of 550. Four years later it was chartered as a city, with 4479 inhabitants.

The surrounding prairies abounded in game. Old Chicagoans have told me they could walk a mile from the corner of Dearborn and Washington Streets and shoot prairie chickens and quail. One of our earliest settlers told me some fifty years ago that he shot wild duck on a small pond on the site of the present City Hall.

Between sunrise and sunset, with a horse and buggy, a hunter could get partridge, grouse, prairie chickens, every variety of duck, wood duck, pheasants, plover and widgeon. I myself saw, near Galena, Illinois, wild pigeons in flocks that obscured the sun as a cloud. I remember they roosted one night near our farmhouse in such numbers that they broke the limbs of trees with their weight. Men and boys came out from the little town of Galena and carried them home in bags, after wringing their necks.

The wild pigeon has entirely disappeared; within the past few years as high as $1000 a pair has been offered, without results.

In the late '50's game was so plentiful it was given away by the hunter to his friends and was sold in the markets at almost nothing—prairie chickens five to ten cents apiece, quail two for five cents.

South Water Street was the greatest game market in the world. Commission merchants garlanded the fronts of their stores with long strings of ducks, prairie chickens, quail, and so on. Bear and deer were hung up on hooks as lambs and dressed beef are today.

The Chicago papers previous to 1873 did not publish, as far as I can find, the market price of game.

The files of The Inter-Ocean from 1873 to 1886 quote the following prices:

Woodcock	$3.00	a dozen
Prairie Chicken	3.50	a dozen
Mallard Duck	3.00	a dozen
Canvasbacks	6.00	a dozen
Teal Duck	2.00	a dozen
Partridge	2.25	a dozen
Jacksnipe	1.25	a dozen
Quail	1.37½	a dozen
Wild Geese	4.50	a dozen
Turkeys	.60	apiece

Bear in mind these prices are after the country shipper had paid the hunter, made his own profit, the South Water Street merchant had paid the express charges and deducted his commissions.

Saturday night before Thanksgiving Day, 1855, John B. Drake, proprietor of the Tremont House, at the corner of Dearborn and Lake Streets, inaugurated the custom of giving a game dinner, which he carried out for thirty-eight consecutive years.

Even the great fire of October 8, 1871, did not deter Mr. Drake. That year it was given in the Michigan Avenue Hotel, corner Congress Street and Michigan Avenue, which Mr. Drake leased fully furnished while the Tremont House was burning, it being the only hotel in the downtown district to escape the flames.

Mr. Drake renamed it the Tremont House and managed it until 1874, when he leased the Grand Pacific Hotel, of which he was the proprietor until it was partly torn down to make way for the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank in 1893.

Mr. Drake was assisted by two famous hotel clerks, Sam Parker and Sam Turner, of whom it was said they recognized a guest and called him by name on a second visit, before he registered. Mr. Drake died in 1895. Mr. Parker and Mr. Turner have also passed away.

The dinner was the event of the year. Notables from abroad and notables at home were sure to be guests. Among them were Long John Wentworth, mayor for several years; Gen. U. S. Grant, Gen. Phil Sheridan, Ex-Mayor Carter H. Harrison, Sr., Senator Stephen A. Douglas, Philip D. Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pullman, Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Caton, Dr. and Mrs. O. W. Nixon, Clem Studebaker, John J. Mitchell, George R. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Penn Nixon, Mr. and Mrs. F. Willis Rice, J. M. Studebaker, Mr. and Mrs. Orson Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. Nelson Blake, W. C. D. Grannis, the Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer, Senator Charles B. Farwell, Judge and Mrs. C. C. Kohlsaat, Judge Blodgett, Mr. and Mrs. Milward Adams, W. W. Boyington, Mr and Mrs. F. W. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Mason, W. K. Ackerman, Joseph Medill, A. M. Wright, one-time president of the Board of Trade, Mr. and Mrs. Victor F. Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Melville E. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman J. Gage, Emery Storrs, Peter Studebaker, Mayor George B. Swift.

Nearly every wild animal and bird that was fit to eat was on Mr. Drake's bill of fare.

The following is a menu card printed in the Chicago Tribune, November 22, 1886. It is headed:

PROCESSION OF GAME

SOUP

Venison (Hunter Style) Game Broth

FISH

Boiled Trout, Shrimp Sauce
Baked Black Bass, Claret Sauce

BOILED

Leg of Mountain Sheep, Ham of Bear,
Venison Tongue, Buffalo Tongue

ROAST

Loin of Buffalo, Mountain Sheep, Wild Goose, Quail, Redhead Duck, Jack Rabbit, Blacktail Deer, Coon, Canvasback Duck, English Hare, Bluewing Teal, Partridge, Widgeon, Brant, Saddle of Venison, Pheasants, Mallard Duck, Prairie Chicken, Wild Turkey, Spotted Grouse, Black Bear, Opossum, Leg of Elk, Wood Duck, Sand-hill Crane, Ruffed Grouse, Cinnamon Bear

BROILED

Bluewing Teal, Jackanipe, Blackbirds, Reed Birds, Partridges, Pheasants, Quails, Butterball Ducks, English Snipe, Rice Birds, Red-Wing Starling, Marsh Birds, Plover, Gray Squirrel, Buffalo Steak, Rabbits, Venison Steak

ENTRÉES

Antelope Steak, Mushroom Sauce, Rabbit Braise, Cream Sauce, Pâté of Grouse With Truffles, Venison Cutlet, Jelly Sauce; Ragout of Bear, Hunter Style; Oyster Pie

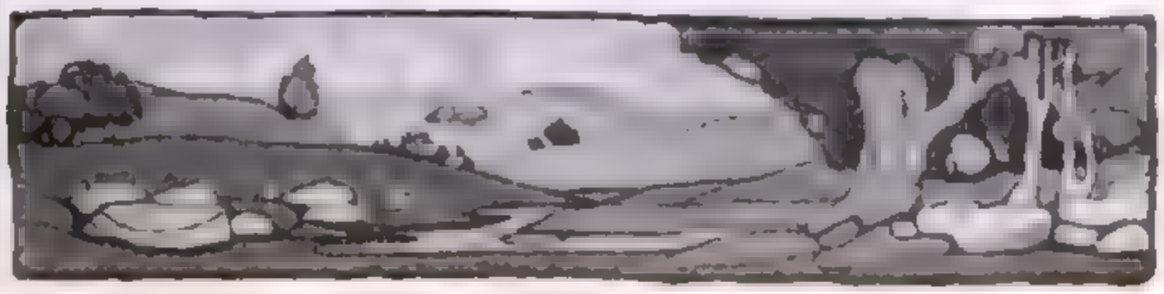
SALADS

Shrimp, Prairie Chicken, Celery

ORNAMENTAL DISHES

Pyramid of Game *en Bellevue*, Boned Duck *au Naturel*, Pyramid of Wild-Goose Liver in Jelly, The Coon out at Night, Boned Quail in Plumage, Red Wing Starling on Tree, Partridge in Nest, Prairie Chicken on Nest

With my family I lived at the Grand Pacific Hotel in 1885–6 and can still remember the last of the game dinner a week or ten days later as Hunter's Soup.



Great Falls of Yellowstone National Park. Painted by Magnus Norstad

© U. S. Rubber Co., 1924

A GOOD many men believed, some months ago, that they weren't going to see any further great progress in low-price tire values.

When the USCO Cord was announced and a few thousand pioneers tried it out, it changed their whole conception of what a low-priced cord can be.

It is an established thing that the USCO is the only cord that compares with the U. S. Royal Cord in money's worth and economy.

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United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

USCO CORD

THE LAND GODS

(Continued from Page 27)

pasture strip, avoiding the shorter cut through the blackberry rows. Sampson heard Jock chuckling. "Told him I saw a snake there last December. Rattler." December!

Sampson's old lip curled. He had a mind to tell Will tales of pioneer days, when prairie grass was treacherous with sliding forms. Boots were heavier made those days; copper-toed, with hard nailed heels. You kept an outlook and put your heel on an ugly diamond-shaped head—and that was all. Nowadays, a snake—bah! A lorn, wriggling survivor of a disappearing species. Will was a fool as well as a coward.

He heard two others of the men another time. They lay in the shade of the oak clump, resting. It was a humid afternoon. They spoke mincingly, as men do in highly self-appreciated wit:

"He's afraid of a sunstroke." "And, Bill, of getting his feet wet." "And, Crum, of horses' hoofs." "And, Bill, of wasps." "And bees." "And Plymouth Rock hens' spurs." "And peach-tree scab." "And, Bill, brook trout's pawings." "And, Crum, blood poison from machinery." "Yeh; other day he accused me of droppin' that saw a-purpose on his arm."

On the other side of the huge concealing tractor the old man stood almost in nausea. It was all true. Well, Sampson told himself with an effort, a man cannot help that Nature had made him a morbid coward. And as long as Ellie was satisfied, no need for brooding.

It was evident that Ellie was happy enough. She was of the plump, naturally contented type that, once Nature's purpose had been effected and marriage accomplished, settles down smilingly to look after her house, her babies and her husband, with an eye out intelligently for new styles in order that her husband may not compare her too unfavorably with the unwed maidens.

Sampson told himself, as the weeks went on, that he wouldn't have minded Will being what he was if it were not for the slow, furtive, growing air of proprietorship that Will took on when he strolled about the place.

Sampson fell into the habit of bitterly talking to himself when alone—say, on the south porch.

"Acts like the place was his already. Acts like he came out to this country fifty years ago and took it for a homestead. Acts like he knew land before it felt a plow. Acts like he watched the lean '80's on this place. And those three dry '70's when twelve beeves died for lack of water. Acts like he saved that two hundred dollars for that first runt silo."

Childish mutter. Sampson knew it for what it was—a vent for dreary feelings. As a matter of fact, he did not credit Will with enough sinewy imagination to visualize those earlier, more exacting days on this place.

But in strict justice he knew that he could not honestly accuse Will Tanly of having married comely Ellie for what she would bring in her plump white hands. The countryside thereabouts held too many girls with as well-filled plump white hands. There were other mammoth farms that stretched for golden fat miles and produced daughters or granddaughters who were good-looking and collegian, as well as sophisticated from mileage tickets and Yellowstone Park jaunts, city grand opera and theaters and hotels.

Sampson remembered well enough, frowning, that Ellie had not been bashful about encouraging Will in the presence of half a dozen other equally encouraging young women who were taken with his smile and good looks.

The old man frowned to himself; sunbeaten mornings, wind-beaten afternoons. Oh, he was just enough. Out from his mind's recesses he took pains to haul an extra measure of justice and throw it over his son-in-law. Having worthily done that, he proceeded bitterly to weigh all that it meant to his glum old heart to leave this property of his to unworthy hands.

Then he tried to make the best of matters. After all, it takes all kinds of men to make one world.

It was during the third year after marrying Ellie that Will was knocked down in a milk shed by one of the hired men. Crum also rolled him, prostrate and ridiculous, in the cattle's straw bedding.

Crum had been looking for a nail in a cow's hoof. The animal had strayed onto a pile of old shedding which was torn down to make way for a new corn crib. Someone had left a gate open, and Bard the bull came snorting and unwanted. Crum jumped to head him off and abruptly pushed the hoof that he was examining to Will's hand. Will had strolled in to chat with the men while they milked. The cow, uneasy and resentful already of Crum's handling, backed awkwardly, kicked and maneuvered Will into a corner where for a few moments he could find no egress.

In the sudden affrighted passion characteristic of him, he called Crum an epithet that few men relish. Crum attended to Bard, and returned and knocked Will down.

Sampson fired Crum that evening. No other action was possible. Will with staring, vengeful eyes and shrill words demanded his instant discharge. Ellie sided warmly with Will. Ellie was that type which is wife first—woman next.

Crum was a good worker. He was also a talker! Sampson Beade knew that Will's standing in the county would not be heightened by the tale that Crum would take from farm to farm, cacklingly mimicking Will.

Of course Sampson himself had fired men; had knocked them down too. Life is not a gentle ballad, particularly on a farm. No man had ever knocked Sampson down. No one had ever been big enough. But in any trouble with a man, Sampson had not forfeited the good opinion of the other men. He had that sure knowledge.

Sampson broke his ankle the following May. It laid him up for two months. Old bones heal slowly. Will managed the place well enough. It was true that old Henery and two or three others needed little management. Like trained horses, they were sure and dependable. But a place needs at least a nominal head. Corn came poor that year. That had nothing to do with Will, and old Sampson was not superstitious. Still, in common with many astute individuals, he had a notion that certain unfavorable conditions bring about unexplainable bad luck. Men's minds have their own chemical effect on matter, as some day science may make clear, with the why and the wherefore.

The mishap must have left Sampson querulous, as was not his nature. As he sat on the porch one morning he saw his son-in-law lift his face to the windy air. A rainstorm had left a wind which stirred the grass and tree leaves to fragrance.

Will lifted his face as a woman lifts hers for a caress. But he was not a woman. And he did not lift it toward Ellie. His gesture was one of love. But not that love which lies between man and woman. It was a sign of thrall—but a stronger and more poignant thrall than woman can hold for man; or man for woman. It was the thrall of ownership of land.

Sampson knew. So he was wont, in the past, in the present, to hold his old grizzled face to the caress of windy air, and then to gloat with the knowledge that the wind swept his own land. His own of earth! Old, disabled, peevish, he had a quick ache in his heart. Winters and summers there had been for him in plenty, but there would not be many more.

And he grudged this to Will that the latter was young and he was old. This, wrapped in best language, he declared to himself was the essence of that feeling which bred in his heart, maggotlike. He said further—to himself—that time heals a good many things, even the bad spots in a man's soul.

Given threescore years and ten, Nature can fade even a black streak to a very decent gray; indeed, may make it white. It has been done. Give threescore and ten years to Will—who could tell?

And then came the woman—a plump, black-haired person who had recently opened a hair-dressing parlor in town. Sampson heard a word or two between Bill and Danch the Finn, heard their laugh. Later, in town one Saturday, he saw her and Will exchange a faintly smiling glance as they passed on Main Street. Sampson was old enough to know the different natures of the glances which may be exchanged slyly between a man and a woman.

He hoped somberly that Ellie would not find out. The woman might leave town. There was nothing to be done. No use to threaten Will. The only result would be to enlighten Ellie, not for her good.

She was not suspicious, apparently, when Will began to ride frequently into town evenings, and without her. She supposed probably that he went to play pool or poker with the town crowd. Sampson himself had not been guiltless, in his long full life, of seeking such joys once in a while.

Had not Ellie, however, like her mother, been a busy and unsuspicious woman, she must have seen the growing antagonism that lay between her father and her husband. Will often enough was hangdog—eyes down, attitude sneaking. But underlying this attitude was triumph. Not at all like a chip on the shoulder. That might have been easier for the older man to endure. It was undersurface triumph; the sure feeling of the man who has the best cards in his hand—youth, more years, survival when the older man would be underground. As in the nature of events, Sampson would be first.

Sampson soberly considered once or twice. He could marry again himself. No law against that. He was too old to beget more children of his own. But a second wife—and stepchildren, say—would put a sort of spoke in the young man's posylike wheel. But he pushed such thought aside. He was too old to share either his bed or his thoughts or his morning newspaper with another woman, Ellie's mother being dead in body but not in his faithful old mind.

Another season passed. Wheat, like other world autocrats, became too powerful and caused discord and talk of oversupply in such high spots as Washington. Sampson paid not so much attention to this as to certain small malicious hints given by such persons as Penelope Skinner, when they came to supper. Some day Ellie could not fail to be enlightened, he was heavily afraid.

In her own youth Penelope Skinner had been a belle who took too many years to choose what apple she would pick from the husband tree, and found at last that only withered fruit was left for her choice. It had soured her. She was not a rare type. Her rather thin nose drooped. Her thin chin quivered sometimes with the joy of what her gray head held.

Under her spiteful hard smile one night, Will sat red-faced and got away from the table with unmannerly haste. To town. Sampson fancied that Ellie drooped a little when he had gone. One never knew how much a sensible, observant woman saw—or guessed. Some women hide things. Ellie's mother was never one to brawl.

"I guess Will's been a lot of help to you since he married Ellie," Penelope said mincingly to Sampson.

"Yes," grunted Sampson discouragingly. Then, at sight of Ellie's lifted eyes, he added heartily, "Fine. He's done fine."

Under his heavy old gray eyebrows he hated Penelope. She could hardly have failed to read them. Her faint cough was half an unpleasant small laugh.

"Will went to Chicago last year to handle the wheat," said Ellie. "He made good friends with all the jobbers."

"That so?" said Penelope. "Your currant jell, Ellie, ain't hardly as good as your ma's." Pause. "Did Will go to town for something you needed?"

"Yes," Sampson replied. "Twine."

Sampson drove Penelope home later. Alone with that unfearing old man whom she had known too many years, she twittered inoffensively. They drove fast. A storm threatened. The air was close.

The storm did not break for several days. The air hung like a stifling blanket, wearing men's tempers. Sampson heard Ellie one day tell the children not to mind when grandpa was cross; he was getting old.

Unhappily he walked away, out of hearing. Well, he was peevish. No denying. Dora and Buddy would remember him so, carry through their little lives a picture of crabbed old age. And it was not his fault not his. And he could have put another print on their impressionable minds—a picture of triumphant old age, of pagan content in life and pagan joyous acceptance of what lay beyond life. Instead of this—this querulous endurance of the down years to death! Because of Will Tanly! He would like to shake him like a rat.

The storm came one night. Lightning and thunder played dice with maple trees and swaying corn. One of the oak trees was struck too. As if a knife had sliced it in half, one part lay on the ground; the other still rooted and branched stood with its white heart exposed, as bare as a metal lath.

Sampson frowned at the news. He did not care to walk across to see in person. And since a dead or dying tree was not something to be easily dismissed from his mind, he gave orders that it should be cut down without delay.

Will was overseeing the five-passenger car overhauled. He had been to town the night before, been caught in the rain, and the engine was water-soaked. Danch the Finn was doing the work under his orders. They came to sharp words after a while. So old Henery later reported. Danch flung down the tools and sulked into the barn. Henery, with a view to averting trouble, sent him to attend to the tree.

From the south porch Sampson watched him go with the ax. Sampson must have dozed off toward noon. He had not slept well for several nights because of the electrically close atmosphere. No one had. While he slept Will went after Danch to bring him back to the work on the car.

Danch's ax was ringing. Of a surly disposition always, he was not inclined to drop another job and run back to the old one, at Will's angry behest. He was insolent in saying this, of course. Will became ugly in turn, although as a matter of fact the latter had been in a bad humor all morning.

The storm had not cleared the atmosphere. Humidity was rolling back, after a brief slack. Finally the Finn refused to obey Will.

Will told him in that case to pack and get off the place. He hit another aimless blow or so at the tree and obeyed, with a freely shouted opinion of his employer.

Will went on back to the house and barns. Danch followed. When Sampson had eaten lunch and was puttering about the small fruit and orchards, looking at the damage inflicted by the storm, he began to wonder if the tree had come down.

He went into the house and got his field glasses. No, it was still standing. He questioned old Henery, who told him what had happened.

The heat of the day increased. The wind again came up. Will started for town. The children were taking their nap. Ellie was sewing upstairs. Sampson began to be troubled about the tree. Danch might have left it so that it was a menace to a passer-by.

So at last he rose and strode off to see in person. All the men were busy; he couldn't call one of them in from a field, say, two miles off.

He strode ill-temperedly. What was Will in town for? Suddenly the old man was tired of life and human relationships. Perhaps the heat affected him unduly. Suddenly to him it seemed a great pity, not that men had to die and strong bodies lose vigor, and decay and come to end, but that man lived at all. That physical response of his to life, which had ever been so vital, so permeating, had unexpectedly weakened. What had it all amounted to? He was nothing but a worn-out machine, formed in some mysterious factory and now to be junked. Ellie and the children would grow old too—grow weary of life. Will would run out his petty, shifty course with as much profit in the end as better men.

The sweat beaded his big forehead by the time he reached the tree. At sight of it he swore. It was so chopped that, given an extra gust of the rising wind, it would crash down. A man like Danch, no matter what his provocation, knew better than to leave a tree in that condition.

But Sampson had neglected to bring an ax. And the Finn had taken his back to the tool house.

The old man shrank a little from the long hot walk back and return. But he turned to go. Two or three good blows and the tree would safely topple, and on no unsuspecting passer-by. It had been Sampson Beade's habit of life to do what needed to be done, not what was expedient.

Then, as he turned, he saw Will approaching on a half run, with his face flushed and furtive. His light summer coat blew out a little in the wind. It was a new coat, and he wore a new knitted silk tie.

Sampson paused brusquely. The accumulation of half a dozen causes of bad temper totaled large. And at that moment he

(Continued on Page 79

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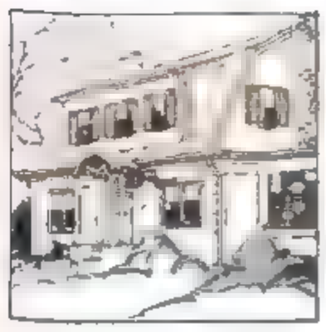

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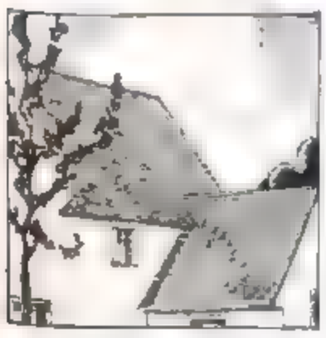
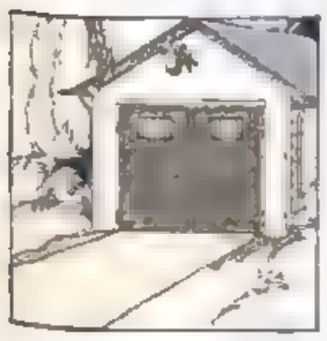


To "insure" your roof

To "re-new" your car



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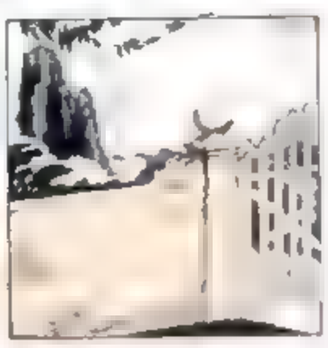
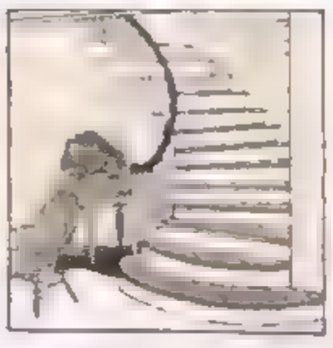


To protect concrete surfaces

To withstand the weather

To renew furniture



To keep attractive

To make toys "new"

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TRADE MARK

	TO PAINT *Use product named below*	TO VARNISH *Use product named below*	TO STAIN *Use product named below*	TO ENAMEL *Use product named below*
AUTOMOBILES	*S-W Auto Enamel:* for the man who paints his own car	*S-W Auto Enamel Clear:* a colorless varnish		*S-W Auto Enamel:* assorted colors
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	*S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing*			
BRICK	*SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss *S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* dull finish			*Old Dutch Enamel:* full gloss for outside exposure
CEILINGS, Interior	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* for wood work only; such as beamed ceilings, etc.	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* Penetrating spirit stain for new hard wood *Floorlac:* varnish and stain combined, new or old wood	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting, for porch ceilings, etc.	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE	*S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* a paint, resists weather			
DOORS, Interior	*SWP House Paints*	*Scar-Not Varnish:* gloss *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries to a dull finish without rubbing	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined *S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new wood only	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting spar varnish	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory. For interior and exterior use
FENCES	*SWP House Paint:* *Metalastic* (iron or wire only) *S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* for rough work		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain*	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	*S-W Inside Floor Paints* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* water resisting, heel-proof	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel like finish
Concrete	*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* wears well; washes well			*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* high gloss, durable
Porch	*S-W Porch and Deck Paint:*			
FURNITURE, Indoors	*Enameloid:* the decorative enamel	*Scar-Not Varnish:* stands hard usage	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
Porch	*Enameloid:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	*Old Dutch Enamel:* enduring gloss
LINOLEUM	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* protects the pattern		*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish
RADIATORS	*Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint *S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint*			*Enameloid:* assorted colors
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	*S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* *Metalastic:* *Ebonol:* black coal tar paint		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	
SCREENS	*S-W Screen Enamel:*			*S-W Screen Enamel*
TOYS	*S-W Family Paint:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:*	*Floorlac:* (inside use) a varnish and stain combined	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint *SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss			*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory; gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
WICKER	*Enameloid:* high gloss assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* durable, elastic	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
WOODWORK, Interior	*SWP House Paint:* gloss *Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries dull without rubbing	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new hardwood *S-W Oil Stain.* for new soft wood *Floorlac:* for new or old wood, a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, dull or gloss, an effect of enamel, open the [illegible] leaving [illegible] effects *Enameloid:* assorted colors

NOTE: *Best results can be had by following the carefully prepared directions on labels.*

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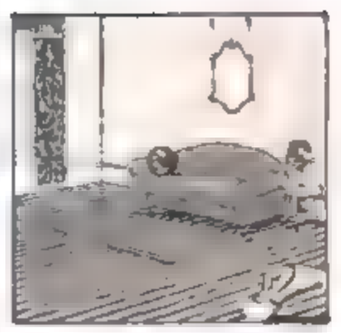
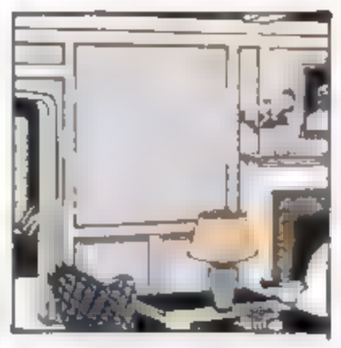


To enrich hard wood



For cheerful satisfactory walls

To keep linoleum like new

For stucco

To properly finish woodwork

For better-looking radiators

Aboard the Schooner *"BLOSSOM"*

bound for the seven seas

Leaving homes, country, civilization—the crew of the good ship "Blossom" is outward bound to peep into the nooks and corners of the world. Yet, wherever they go they have assured themselves of at least one luxury—for Maxwell House Coffee is aboard.

No matter where fortune takes them—no matter what else may chance—they know its flavor will be as perfect as if served in Dresden cups at the world's finest hotels. They know that the sealed tins guard for them every atom of the original goodness and that every cup will make good the promise "Good to the Last Drop".

A million coffee-lovers pay daily tribute to the skill of the blenders of this fine coffee—but its utter dependability is what endears Maxwell House Coffee to countless housewives. They have learned that within the blue tin can they will invariably find a taste that can only come from the finest coffees perfectly blended. Buy it from your grocer.

Also Maxwell House Tea

Cheek-Neal Coffee Co., Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York

Sold only in sealed tins convenient to open and use

"Good to the last Drop"

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

(Continued from Page 74)

caught sight of a white glittering pin on the ground, directly in the shadow of the tree.

It was white metal set with glass brilliants. Too cheap to belong to Ellie.

Ellie had money to buy good jewelry. Not such trash as may be on display in the tawdry showcase of a hair-dressing parlor.

Will spoke.

"I—I came back to see the tree."

"You are lying," said his father-in-law dispassionately. "You had an idea you might've dropped that pin."

Will reddened; but he did not move to pick it up.

"What of it?" at last he said sullenly. "Last night a woman in—in town I gave a lift to dropped it in the car."

Sampson, as has been said, was in a bad humor—tired, warm. In his more judicial moments he would have reflected that Ellie would not think of divorcing Will, even for strong cause. There were the children. Perhaps Sampson himself, even at this angry moment, did not believe that the woman actually meant enough to his son-in-law to do Ellie lasting hurt.

But abruptly he stepped toward the pin, as if to secure it for future use. The wind blew more stiffly at the moment. Will guessed his intent, and likewise swiftly stepped forward.

A sudden gust came. Sampson saw. Or he felt. Years of intimacy with land and leaf breed a curious sentience in some men.

"Get back!" he shouted, even as sounded a sur-r-ing break.

But at once he saw that the younger man was startled into inaction.

So, like a man to a child that has not sense enough to stir itself out of peril, he sprang across to push Will backward. But the tree had a dreadful speed, as if it were a thing of purpose.

Sampson was conscious presently of a naive, surprised thought. "Me—to be took by a tree." It was as if an old friend had struck him. He had gone face downward, knees crumpled, the tree across his shoulders. Will, who twice had lunged to and fro in terror, was hit backward; taken across the chest, face upward. His left leg twisted over Sampson's right and heavier limb. Sampson was nearer the stump.

Some trifle kept them from instant death.

Perhaps a last toughness of wood at circumference. Or two bodies instead of one stayed a little the impact. Through the pain of crushed bones Sampson presently had two dull thoughts. The state road diverted nearly all traffic from these ruttier ways. And all his men were working in far fields or had gone to town.

His voice did not carry for help. That pressure! Will beside him was sending forth merely little, awful whispers. Both soon gave over the ineffectual calls. They looked at death, and knew so.

After an interval Sampson reflected that his son-in-law's slighter body must know an infinitesimal fraction of lesser pressure because his own heavier frame lay alongside and resisted the weight on both. He turned his face, mashed into the leaf mold, a little sidewise and managed to utter, "Will, you're—littler. Maybe—I can—lift—half inch. So you can—crawl—free."

"Ah ——" A convulsive, hopeful movement of the other's body was the reply. Sampson relaxed a moment to gain breath. Then he forced up the wide shoulders that once had been powerful enough to bear a bullock and still had strength. The other moved—made a curious, straining, snake-like wriggle—made an inch toward ——

Then Will ceased to move.

"Hurt—too—bad, Will?" with difficulty Sampson asked anxiously.

A shake of head; slow, determined.

"Tree—fall—heavier—on you"—pause—"if—I—crawl out."

"May—be." Sampson was surprised and was made impatient. "Don't mind."

The reply was almost inaudible. "—— couldn't endure—remember—all—my life."

Involuntarily Sampson relaxed. He whispered, "You're a coward, Will!"

A whimper of assent. "Afraid—memory ——"

Out of the closed eyes tears ran down. Sampson saw them on the purpling segment of cheek within his twisted line of vision.

The contest followed. Sampson heaved his shoulders, commanding the other to take advantage. Will lay inert.

Inert—until shoulders at last weakened. Sampson sobbed at the last, in his impatience. What foolishness this was on Will's part. It was true that far down under the impatience with Will ran something warm and glad, something that he would take out sometime, somewhere, when he had opportunity, and meditate over happily. But where that sometime or somewhere might be—Sampson wished that he could have told Ellie—told her Will was all right—that woman didn't matter.

A mother quail waddled from the adjoining wheat field. A red ant crawled over Sampson's hand, knuckled resolutely into the earth. The old generous shoulders at last gave over, unable to strain upward. The low wedge of sky within his range of sight darkened—went away.

As the sky went away old Henery and others came running. Old Henery, too, was sentient. A mile away he had heard a faint crash which seemed untoward. Or perhaps the land gods had repented in the end; conceded to flesh and bones a boon earned by spirit.

Jim the hobo said that the Beade place didn't miss the rain that following month, because in his joy over having been in time old Henery cried so long that he dampened a thousand acres.

THE DEATH OF LENINE

(Continued from Page 29)

Indemnities, he lived up to it along the line of least resistance—at the cost of powerless Russia, gladly recognizing annexations and indemnities to anyone who could show him his fist. Having proclaimed sacred the right of the people to self-determination, he immediately destroyed this right as soon as the bayonets were in his hands. Having turned the course of the ship of state toward the immediate realization of socialism, he instantly shifted it round to the founding of a new capitalistic economy—as soon as he came upon the cannon of the Kronstadt insurrection. More than once or twice he denounced as a folly and a mistake that which the day before he had proclaimed as an unfailing truth for sake of which he had destroyed a hundred thousand men.

His first step had been the calling of the Constitutional Assembly and the abrogation of capital punishment. But he put the Constitutional Assembly to flight as soon as he saw that the Bolsheviki had not received a majority in it, and he made capital punishment an everyday occurrence in Russia. His plan of bread monopoly cost the lives of millions of Russian peasants, and his unexpected abjuration of his plan he explained with cynical frankness:

"If we do not immediately, by telegraph, inform all of a change in our political course, we are lost."

Dread of Vengeance

Fanatics and prophets do not speak like that. This is the voice of a man who trembles only for his worldly power. Neither was he a hero, inspiring others by his personal courage. Napoleon on the Bridge of Arcola and Lenine behind the twenty-seven locks of the Kremlin—what irreconcilable images! Nothing proves that he was not simply a coward. He sent others into the most dangerous places, but his own face was never illuminated by the lightning of shots in the tempest of street battles. Where arms and bullets spoke Lenine hid, disappeared, masqueraded his face, dressed as a woman. After the attack on him by the unfortunate Fanny Kaplan he sequestered himself entirely behind the Kremlin walls; and if perforce on a specially solemn occasion he appeared on the platform, he was always surrounded by an impenetrable crowd of evident and secret guards. The people could see their idolized leader only from afar.

Did he have that iron will of which people, themselves devoid of will power and ready to grant supernatural attributes to anyone who would bend their necks, shouted so much?

No! Will is inflexibility and unyieldingness. But he was not only unable to carry through his intentions; neither could he control his supporters even when it grew evident that they were destroying the entire venture by their corruption, graft and license.

A Man of Blood

Was he the greatest criminal? Objectively, yes. No man ever caused humanity so much suffering, and he was the inciter to all the crimes perpetrated by the Bolsheviki and the dark masses of the people. It was at his word that they plundered, violated—he knew it, wanted it. But subjectively he was not a criminal. Personally he killed no one, robbed no one—and would hardly have been capable of that. When he cast his criminal slogans into the crowd he did not have in mind his personal gain; he did not seek material goods; and he lived as simply at the height of his power as he would have lived if he had remained an ordinary journalist.

Precisely this surrounded him with a legendary halo in the eyes of the people. They idealized him as they never had idealized the Czar, sincerely believing that the communists kept from Lenine the truth concerning their suffering—even as the officials had formerly kept it from the Czar. They believed him to be personally a just, good and responsive man, loving the poor; and all their hate they poured on the comrade commissars, the tovarishi.

But Lenine's sin was worse than the pitiful sin of ignorance. Precisely, Lenine was the soul of Bolshevism, the living personification of its horrors. In his brain were born those ideas which destroyed life and human beings. Their bloody slogans were his personal expressions, even the famous Rob the Robbers. Precisely he demanded, "No clemency for the enemies of the revolution!" And as enemies he considered all who thought otherwise than he. Lenine and no other drew the bloody course of Bolshevism. To him belonged the program of the Red Terror.

Was he a demon? No; he lacked entirely the demoniac drunkenness of ferocity for the sake of ferocity. He destroyed lives, but he experienced no personal bitterness against those whom he destroyed. All that he did, he did for the cause; and one must confess, to be fair, that at the bottom of his activity lay the striving for humanity's happiness. He made mistakes; he was in the grip of a Utopia; he led the world toward an abyss; but he imagined that he led it to the bright kingdom of communist brotherhood, the paradise of labor. True, he was a despot by nature; but his despotism rooted in him the firm conviction that he alone knew the truth. He was not even eager for honor in the coarse sense of the word. The showy side of power did not attract him. He dreamed of being the leader of humanity, but of this all dream who consider themselves prophets and believe in the infallibility of their ideas.

Thus, not a genius, not a fanatic, not a hero, not a criminal, not a demon and not a seeker of honors—what, then, was he? Wherein lay the secret of his fatal power?

Was Lenine Mad?

The autopsy of Lenine disclosed terrible destruction in his brain. It is difficult, of course, to determine at what moment the destructive poison entered it. Only toward the very end obvious disturbances revealed themselves, in the specific failure of speech, in the continuous and automatic repetitions of the same sentences and words. Those who heard his last speech had a sensation as though there were in his brain actually a nail around which his thoughts pivoted helplessly. From the very nature of his illness one could conclude that it had lasted for many years.

The history of Lenine's sickness explains much in the history of Bolshevism, granted that we regard things in the materialistic spirit which the Bolsheviki themselves strive to supply for every ideology. In any case, Lenine before 1902 and Lenine after 1902 are different men. Apparently that year was the year of some internal crisis. At that moment Lenine suddenly very curtly and brusquely changed, turning from the methods of pure social democracy to methods of a conspiratory and terroristic character.

Between 1905 and 1907 he conceived the program of revolutionary activity which he later on put into effect. But only after the outbreak of the World War and of the

betrayed

Their first conversation betrayed the fact that she was not fastidious.

AT a distance she had appeared unusually neat, immaculate. But upon their first face-to-face meeting he discovered that her teeth were not clean. And he soon lost interest.

So many people overlook this one matter of fastidiousness. And do so in spite of the fact that in conversation the teeth are the one most noticeable thing about you.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. Our chemists have discovered a polishing ingredient that really cleans without scratching the enamel—a difficult problem solved.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you *know it is cleaning safely.*

So the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really safe dentifrice.

What are your teeth saying about you today? —*LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large Tube—25 cents

Seeger
Original Siphon
Refrigerators
are generally accepted as the
Standard of the American Home
THEY ARE BUILT FOR EITHER ICE OR ELECTRICAL REFRIGERATION.
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Russian revolution did he completely disclose his idealistic madness. This creates the picture of an uncontrollable conflagration

"The monster did not show its claws at once," wrote a Russian historian-journalist.

But this monster was the monster of insanity which gradually devoured the brain of Lenine until he flamed up wholly, the torch of a world's social revolution

Contemporary science is not able to establish definite boundaries between "genius" and "psychic abnormality." But the autopsy of Lenine established beyond doubt that he had been psychically abnormal long before he became openly insane. He was on the direct way to complete madness, and only the deviation of the process to the direction of the motor centers, putting an end to his life, saved him from it.

But despite all this, this man was the spiritual and actual leader of a mighty political party which had downtrodden the Russian people and threatened the whole world. This party slavishly followed him, recognizing him as an infallible authority. Seen in this light, if 2 plus 2 equals 4 is still an axiom, we cannot doubt but that a mentally abnormal man inspired, founded and directed the communist movement. A lunatic in the rôle of a leader of a political party, dictator of a huge land, unlimited master of one hundred and fifty million men—what a phantasmagoria!. The question of how he could have such power over not only millions of ignorant Russian workmen and peasants but also over the majority of not stupid people, frequently of European education, seems to form an unsolvable riddle.

The riddle seems unsolvable, however, only so long as we attempt to solve it by applying to the personality of Lenine all kinds of heroic epithets and endow him with supernatural power. It suffices merely to shift the center of gravity from the personality of the leader to the psychology of the masses and groups which followed him, and the riddle solves itself.

Human life has long ago assumed such a form that the great majority of human beings consider themselves unjustly exploited, dejected and despoiled. When the faith of the people in religious creeds promising them justice beyond the grave slowly became destroyed, humanity lost all consolation and justification for the existing order of things. One longing only—the gaining of concrete earthly happiness then and there, and personally—took hold of men. At the same time envy, rage and a desire for vengeance grew up with monstrous vigor. These savage instincts were strengthened by that war of unparalleled ferocity which fell with its burden on the downtrodden lower classes.

The Gospel of Destruction

The outbreak was inevitable, and logically its predestined place of birth was a backward, half-barbarian country with a dark and unfree population who had suffered grievously during the war. History itself pointed to Russia—fortunately so for Europe, since in our still savage country Bolshevism assumed such horrid shapes that more cultured nations shrank back from it in horror. If the social revolution had made its appearance in a more civilized country, and had not disclosed its gruesome face *en plein*, the conflagration might have spread over the whole world.

Bolshevism is looked upon as a typically Russian product. This is wrong. Bolshevism is the expression of emotions and instincts which exist wherever there are exploiters and exploited, rich and poor, fortunate and unfortunate.

The masses are everywhere cruel and coarse. But they are also dull and stupid. They see no way out and are incapable of seeking paths. Fear, habit and obedience hold them back. They need a leader. There were leaders, but they shrank back aghast before the threatening perspective of a universal upheaval. Though openly preaching the need for the destruction of the whole old world, they dared not pronounce the final word, dared not rouse the elements and wade through blood. Helplessly and hypocritically they blundered among the contradictions of their theories and their practice.

They praised the revolution and feared it, called on the proletariat to struggle, but kept them from power. They incited class hatred, but preached fraternity. With one hand they held a burning torch to the powder magazine, with the other they quenched it with the waters of cold reason.

A man was needed whom no horrors would terrify—neither mountains of dead nor seas of blood, neither rivers of tears nor general destruction, neither outrage to all that men hold sacred nor the ruin of culture. Only an irresponsible being, a madman, one morally insane, could do all this—and Fate sent him.

Always with the fixed, sly, malicious smile of the lunatic, his brain seething with diseased ideas, uncontrolled like a demon and wily like a beast, came Lenine. Alone and only in the fact that his mania coincided with the dark instincts of the masses and the secret desires of their leaders lies the whole secret of his success and witchery

All things are relative in the world. Wisdom and truth are relative. Men always take for wisdom and truth that which they need, which coincides with their inclinations, pleases them.

Look at those whom Lenine lifted to a pedestal and who enthusiastically followed him! At the bottom, ignorant masses of workingmen embittered by exploitation, and Russian peasants greedy for the soil; higher up, all kinds of hidden and openly criminal thieves, assassins, looters, treasury rats, grafters, deserters, crooks and blasphemers; still higher, international adventurers, associated with a number of Utopian fanatics or persons of the type of Kedrov or Djerjinsky; and above them, their tragic jester, universal boaster and liar, Zinoviev, and their Bonaparte of five minutes' make, Trotzky.

Bolshevist Theories Exploded

To these people Lenine naturally did not seem mad, since he in his insane fearlessness appeared to them the living personification of all that lay hidden in the depths of their own souls but was hindered in its expression on one side by their cowardice and by their sane reason on the other. Lenine alone dared to step on sanity and all human morality, and in this lies the secret of his power over them.

Lenine died.

There exists a widespread belief that his death came too late and can no longer have any actual effect on the fate of the revolution and the power of the Soviet. In evidence of this they refer to the fact that Lenine had already long absented himself from government work and that, all the same, there had been no catastrophe. They think that the machinery of the Soviet power has grown sufficiently strong to dispense with its chief. That would be true if the goal of the revolution had only been the creation of a Soviet power. But the power was considered a means only and not an end. In the eyes of the people the goal of the revolution lay not only in the destruction of the old but also in the creation of a new structure, based on reason, righteousness and economic progress.

As long as the Soviet power was at work carrying out the first part of the program its activities coincided with the mood of the masses. But the people have grown weary. They have shed blood, have destroyed everything, have satisfied their thirst for looting and retaliation; and the time has come when they will demand of the Bolsheviki the fulfillment of the second half of the program. The Soviet power can remain strong and a recognized government of the people only if it can create really a better, new way of life.

Alas, long before the death of Lenine it became obvious that Bolshevism had a past but no future. It revealed that not one of these men who had so nonchalantly assumed the rôle of the destroyer had the slightest notion of what he should create after the destruction of the old. "The bright kingdom of the workers" became an empty phrase without a real meaning.

In the meantime the people perished, terrible famine destroyed millions, bloody uprisings multiplied and grew. Life inexorably made its demands. A panic began among the Bolsheviki. It was then that Lenine presented his "new economic policy"—a return to the old path as the only means of getting off a dead track. Clearly, by returning to the old order the Soviet power signed the bankruptcy of its ideology, and from then on the question was bound to arise among the masses, "Why the Bolsheviki and not others?"

Since the dream of a blissful communistic state had been postponed indefinitely, and those in power were occupied solely in the reestablishment of what had been destroyed, it seemed proper that others more

(Continued on Page 82)

Firestone

FULL-SIZE

BALLOON TIRES

Applied Promptly at Lowest Cost

Firestone pioneered and developed the full-size Balloon Cord. Heavy financial investment was necessary in research and experimental work. Millions of miles of supervised tests were made on motor cars and taxicabs. For Firestone was determined to evolve a tire that would get the best results from the low pressure principle—a tire capable of withstanding heavy strains and ceaseless flexing. Firestone Dealers everywhere are ready with standardized sizes of full-size Balloons and the correct wheel and rim equipment for quick, inexpensive changeover.

Balloon Type Tires that are being offered to fit your present wheels are not full-size balloons. For clearance reasons they must be smaller in cross-section, and being smaller they require greater air pressure and heavier sidewalls.

Firestone has demonstrated that in order to give the millions of American motorists the full advantages of this remarkable tire development, it was necessary to compensate for the increase in the size of the tire by reducing the size of the wheel. This provides sufficient body and fender clearance, to maintain gear ratios and to prevent loss of power.

The changeover to full-size Balloon Cords can be quickly accomplished by a special wheel equipment which the Firestone Rim Division has designed, developed and is manufacturing in quantity for the cars listed below. Only the rims and spokes of your old wheels are removed. Hubs, brake bands and all other parts remain unchanged.

Until you have ridden on Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords you cannot realize the great forward stride Firestone has made in motoring comfort, safety and car conservation. You get equal mileage, or better, than from regular cord tires. Gasoline consumption averages less. Vibration is reduced to a minimum, prolonging the car's life and largely relieving it of squeaks and rattles.

Once you have experienced these and other advantages you will never be without full-size Balloon Cords. You, too, will add your approval to that of thousands of motorists and many prominent car makers who have adopted them.

Drive your car to the nearest Firestone Service Dealer. He will make the changeover in record time and at moderate cost.

Below Are Listed the Full-Size Balloon Tires Recommended for Your Car

Size 4.40
4 3/8" tire to fit 21" wheel

Ford
Chevrolet 490
Overland
Gray
Star

Size 5.25
5 1/4" tire to fit 21" wheel

Auburn—6-43—(Except Sedan)
Buick 4 Cylinder
Chevrolet—Baby Grand
Chevrolet—F. B.
Cleveland
Columbia (All Except Sedan)
Dodge (All Except Sedan)
Dort
Durant—4 Cylinder
Elcar—4-40
Essex
Franklin—Open
Gardner
Hupmobile—(Except Sedan)
Jewett
Kelsey
Liberty—(Except Sedan)
Maxwell
Monroe
Moon 6-40 (All Except Sedan)
Nash 4 Cylinder
National 4 Cylinder
Oldsmobile 1924
Overland Red Bird
Rollin
Seneca
Studebaker Light 6

Size 6.20
6 1/4" tire to fit 20 and 21" wheels

American Anderson
Auburn 6—43 Sedan
Auburn 6—63
Auburn Beauty 6
Barley
Bay State—121" W. B.
Brewster
Buick 6 Cylinder (Except 7 Passenger)
Case—Model X
Chalmers
Chandler (All Except Sedan)
Chrysler
Columbia Sedan
Davis Dodge Sedan
Dupont Open
Durant 6 Cylinder
Elcar 6—60
Elgin Flint
Franklin Closed
Haynes—Small
H C S Hudson
Hupmobile Sedan
Jordan King
Kissell Kline
Lexington
Liberty Sedan
Marmon (All Except Sedan)
Moon 6—58
Nash 6
Oldsmobile 1919-1923
Packard Six
Pilot
Premier (Except 7 Pass.)
Reo
R. & V. Knight (Except Sedan)
Sayers 118" W. B
Stearns Knight—4 Cyl.
Sterling-Knight
Stephens—82, 83, 84, 92, 93, 94, 96, 98, 12, 15, 16, 24
Studebaker Special Six
Stutz 6—90
Templar Velie
Westcott
Wills St. Claire
Willys-Knight (Except 7 passenger Sedan)

Size 7.30
7 1/4" tire to fit 20" wheel

Apperson
Bay State—128" W. B.
Buick 6 Cyl.—7 Pass.
Cadillac
Case V Y & W.
Chandler Sedan
Cole
Cunningham
Daniels
Dorris
Duesenberg
Dupont Closed
Haynes—Large
Lafayette
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Packard Eight
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Premier
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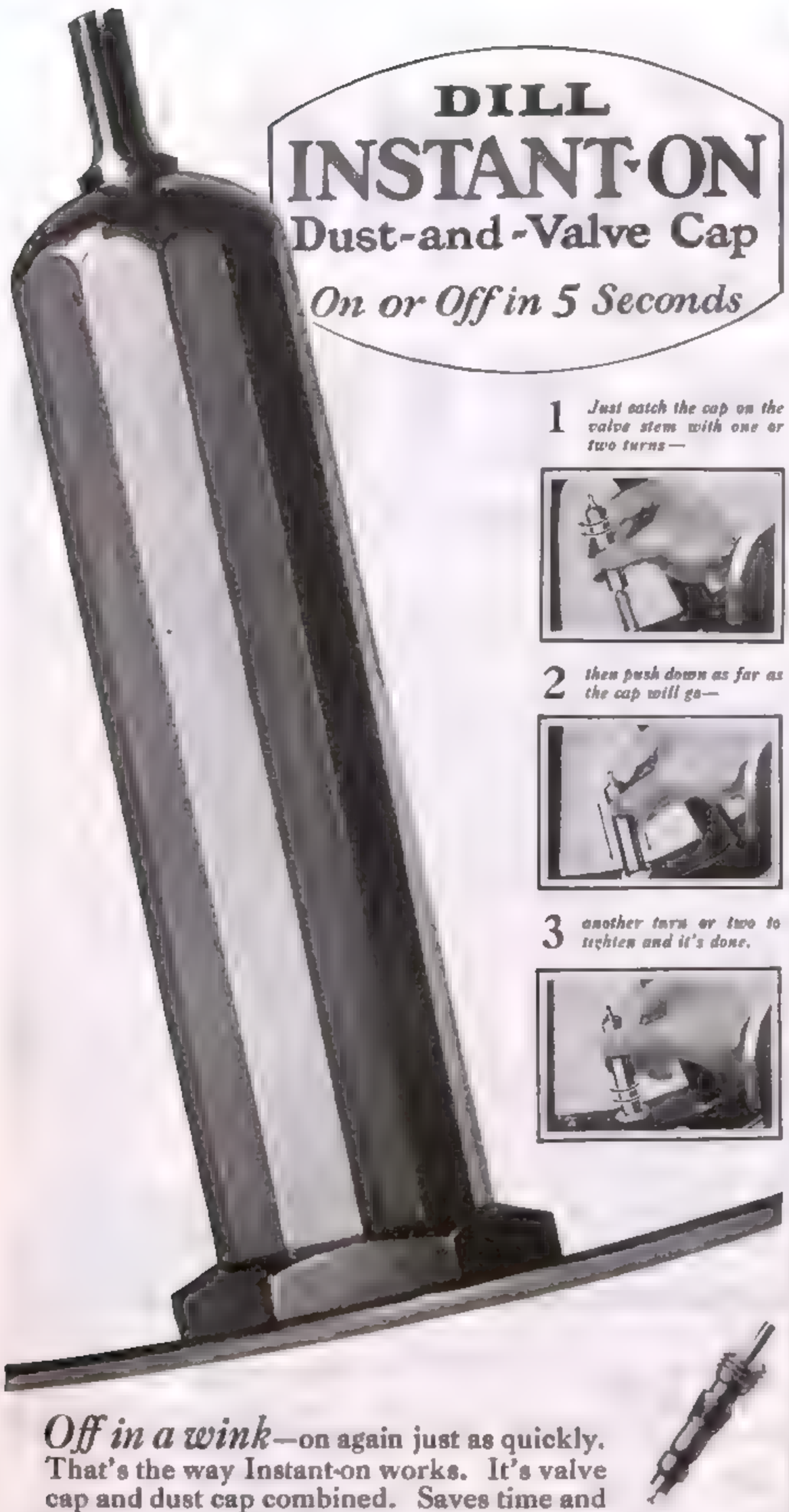
Revere
Roamer
Rolls-Royce
R. & V. Knight
Stearns Knight 6 cyl.
Studebaker Big Six
S. & S.
Stephens—85, 86, 95, 97, 18, 26, 27
Stutz KLDH
Stevens-Duryea
Willys-Knight (7 passenger Sedan)
Winton

Pick out your car in this list and make a note of the size of Balloon Tire you should have. Insist upon the Full-Size Balloon which assures you maximum comfort, safety and economy.

BALLOON GUM-DIPPED CORDS

The Original Low Pressure Tires

AMERICA SHOULD PRODUCE ITS OWN RUBBER..... H.S. Firestone



DILL
INSTANT-ON
Dust-and-Valve Cap
On or Off in 5 Seconds

1 *Just catch the cap on the valve stem with one or two turns—*

2 *then push down as far as the cap will go—*

3 *another turn or two to tighten and it's done.*

Off in a wink—on again just as quickly. That's the way Instant-on works. It's valve cap and dust cap combined. Saves time and lots of trouble. Saves tires too; because it simplifies proper inflating.

Invaluable on balloon tires—not alone for its convenience but because it seals the valve stem against leaks.

Many car manufacturers provide Instant-ons as standard equipment. If your car is not equipped, get a set from any dealer. Five in a box—$1.00 ($1.25 in Canada).

By mail, postpaid, if your dealer cannot supply you.

THE DILL MANUFACTURING CO., Cleveland, Ohio
Manufactured in Canada by The Dill Manufacturing Co., of Canada Ltd., Toronto

The Dill Improved Valve Inside

Looks different and is different. Made with swiveled top and protected, enclosed spring, reducing wear and preventing leaks

Price 30c for a box of five

DILL
Tire Valves and Valve Parts

(Continued from Page 80)

capable and efficient should engage in the task. The new economic policy came as a conclusive evidence that there was no need of a Soviet power and the dictatorship of the communists. The fate of the utterly confused Bolsheviki might have been sealed had not Lenine, whose abnormality lifted him beyond the reach of normal human emotions, preserved entirely his sang-froid, which hypnotized his disciples into the reassurance that things were not so hopelessly reduced *ad absurdum* as they seemed, and that at the right moment the beloved leader would speak once more and would guide Bolshevism back to the straight road of socialism.

Those who do not realize that Lenine's demise was a catastrophe do not comprehend the meaning of events and the significance of Lenine. As an incompetent diagnostician perceives the danger only after the illness has turned into agony, they do not understand that often the very nature of a disease foretells a fatal outcome. Now the absence of the leader has brought the Bolsheviki face to face with the necessity of at last giving themselves a complete account of what would have to follow. Their chief commander departed just as the enemy's positions had all been taken and the generals were facing the question as to where and for what purpose they should direct their armies. Till then all had blindly followed the red flag in a madman's hand.

No Leader, No Program

He had spoken of the need of destruction; they had destroyed. He had spoken of pitiless war on the enemies of the revolution; they had shed blood in streams. He had shouted, "Rob the robbers!" They had plundered. He had considered a new economic policy necessary; they had formed a new economic policy. Always and ever they had maintained that after this their leader would present them with other policies—and they had paid no heed to the future. But since the leader has gone, this future has come close upon them and has become the present. The iron laws of necessity have demanded that they give immediate and positive answers to a thousand positive questions, at the head of which stands the chief question—What is the sense and purpose of a dictatorship of the party?

To this question not one of them has been able to give an answer, and each of them realized by then that henceforth he would have to solve the problem of reconstruction by himself and for them all. True, they still had the commandments of their leader, but those really concerned the past; and each of them, furthermore, understood them in his own way. Problems which hitherto had been decided by the sole word of Lenine now must be decided by the clashing of the opinions of many, none of whom had prominence because all were equal in having no program, and could have none. Disputes and struggle for power arose among the Soviet chiefs.

Comrade Preobrajensky was right when he cried out to Kamenev during the Moscow sessions, "Why are you always saying 'Lenine! Lenine'? Lenine was Lenine, but what kind of authority are you?"

These Moscow sessions unmasked the sophistication of Bolshevism altogether. The defenders of the government policy and the opposition were in one and the same position. The defenders could not explain what they defended and the opposition could propose nothing new. Every word degenerated into reproaches, personal attacks. A struggle of personalities broke out, much like the fatal confusion which might start aboard a ship if the captain had been swept off by a wave and none of the crew knew where to steer the course. Each urges his advice then, each one commands, thinking he is the only one who knows the road to safety.

Gradually this struggle among the chiefs began to involve the lower ranks of the party, as the leaders had to seek support and appealed to those who could settle a dispute by force. This was a warning of the impending end. And the cause of the collapse was the disappearance of the irresponsible power named Nikolai Lenine, who, with the recklessness of the insane, had gone forward and backward, it mattered not to him, without reflecting or looking upon life. This heedlessness was impossible for the small, average men fearful before the logic of life, who had remained behind in power. As long as Lenine was alive the Bolsheviki could operate with his name, and still hoped that he once more might ascend the platform to pronounce the final and all-decisive word which would save all.

The death of Lenine struck the final blow. With it vanished the last hope of the wonder-working word which would open new horizons and new goals; and, what was most terrible of all, the masses became restive. The people, rightly identifying Lenine with Bolshevism on the one hand, believed only in him; on the other, they feared only him. Now they felt that on top no longer was that terrible incalculable might—Lenine—which stopped at nothing; that on top were only ordinary, ignorant, hesitant men. They felt that those in power did not know themselves for what they existed and were losing their strength by dividing into dozens of hostile groups. And they felt that at the same time their own strength and their own significance were growing.

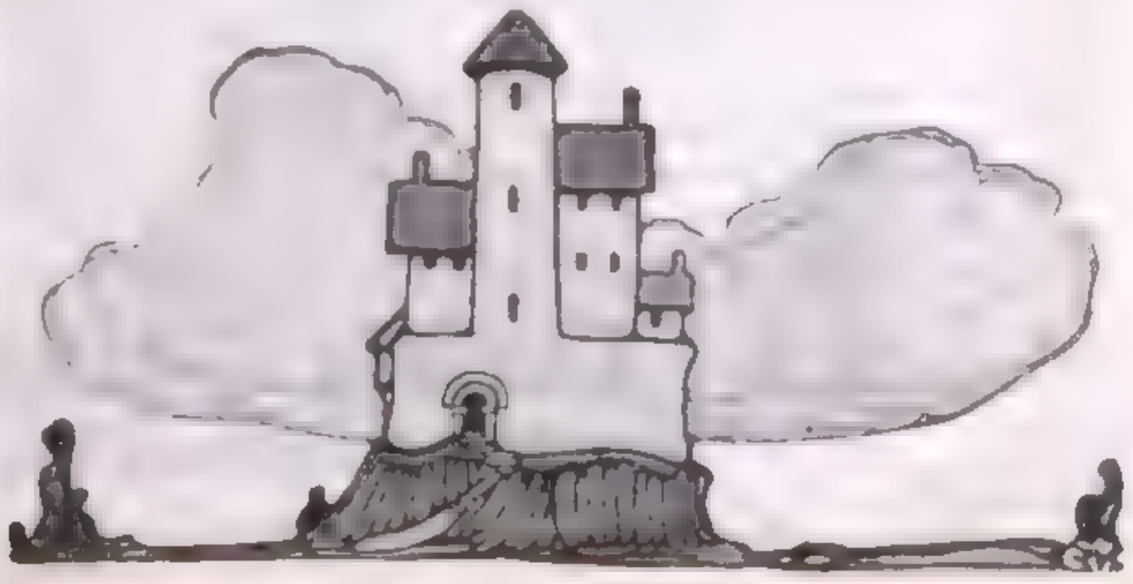
Last Days of Bolshevism

In conclusion, without setting dates or foretelling the manner, I can affirm the following:

Bolshevism and Lenine were one and the same thing. Bolshevism is merely destruction. The death of Lenine is an event of decisive significance, as it took the ground from under the Soviet power by disclosing the bankruptcy of its ideals. The result of it must be the complete break-up of the communist party into three principal groups—reasonable men who, shaking off the hypnosis, understand the necessity for a complete break with the communist past and the need for reëstablishing a normal order; extreme Utopians who see salvation in the return to the methods of belligerent communism; and finally adventurers who only want to seize the power fallen from the hands of the dead leader.

The struggle between these groups must sooner or later end in armed encounters, since their differences are irreconcilable. In this struggle, consequently and naturally, must be involved at first the rank and file of the party, then the red army and finally the masses of the people. Whoever shall prove the victor in this struggle, the result will be the fall of the Soviet power and the destruction of Bolshevism.

But the process will be difficult and painful. There will be street disturbances, plunder and murder. There will be mass arrests and executions. The executioners, sensing their ruin, will try to destroy in advance all those in whom they see their possible rivals and avengers for the blood-stained past, and the lowest masses will celebrate with pillage and plunder the last red days of dying Bolshevism.



Last Winter-

if your pipes were bare you lost a great deal of coal

Next Winter-

if your pipes are covered you can save it

Cover your heating pipes now!

If you have an intense feeling of relief because Winter is over and you need no longer shiver in cold rooms:

Cover your heating pipes now!

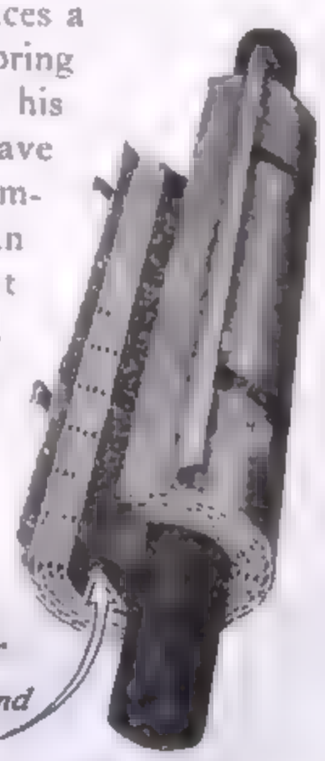
If you look forward to a period of freedom from heavy fuel expense and would like to make that period permanent:

Cover your heating pipes now!

If you are tired of using inadequate but expensive auxiliary heating facilities, stoves, fireplaces, etc.:

Cover your heating pipes now!

Every householder experiences a sense of infinite relief when Spring comes and he can close down his heating plant. But those who have heating plants with bare or improperly insulated pipes can make that relief permanent merely by covering heater and pipes with Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel.



Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel saves more heat per dollar of cost than any other low pressure pipe covering. It is scientifically designed on the closed cell principle, which retards the loss of heat and enables you to get the greatest amount of it where you want it—in your rooms.

And don't forget that the time to cover your heating pipes is right now.

In the Fall, Improved Asbestocel may be hard to get and the labor to install it will be busy. So, get a plumber or heating man to examine your heating system at once. You will probably find that your fuel savings in a very short period will pay for the insulation, so that your increased comfort and convenience will cost you nothing.

Be sure to get Improved Asbestocel. It is easily identified by the red band inside of each three foot length—which mark assures maximum fuel economy for you.

Cover your heating pipes now and assure yourself of increased comfort and economy for all the years to come.

Cover your heating pipes now!

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Asbestocel
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Send me the booklet, "Bare Pipes Waste Fuel."

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Metropolitan Opera Company

Are you keeping up with the times, *musically?*

Can you hear the dance hit of the moment by the orchestra you like best any time, any day? Hear your favorite old songs whenever the mood strikes you? Can you hear the great concert and operatic artists of the day *any time* you wish? Are you giving your children the advantage of living with good music so they will appreciate it in later life?

Notable among the artists of The New Hall of Fame, is Sigrid Onegin, the sensational contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company

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Keeping up with the times musically is a precept of the cultured. Keeping your children conversant with good music and with great artists is an educational duty every parent owes his children.

Today, arrange to obtain a Brunswick—the improved phonograph: chosen by great artists of the New Hall of Fame to perpetuate their art.

It will bring you more joy, more pleasure, more happy hours than any purchase you can make.

The music you want when you want it—the only way to get it

Remember, this form of music is the only one that brings the music you want, *at any time*, morning, noon or night, that the fancy strikes you. If your mood calls for dance music, there are Isham Jones, Bennie Krueger, Oriole Orchestra records,—or any number of others by great orchestras.

If you want to hear Al Jolson, Margaret Young, Marion Harris, and other stars of vaudeville, put on the record, that is all.

If you seek the inspiration of Josef Hofmann, Onegin, Danise, Chamlee and stars of the concert and operatic stages, it is simple in this way—*the only way* you can do it.

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Hear a Brunswick. Have one in your home this week. There is a Brunswick dealer of recognized musical prestige in your community.

Noted Dance Orchestras Record for Brunswick

ISHAM JONES' ORCHESTRA
College Inn, Chicago, Illinois

RAY MILLER'S ORCHESTRA
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GENE RODEMICH'S ORCHESTRA
Grand Central Theatre and Statler Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

LYMAN'S CALIFORNIA AMBASSADOR ORCHESTRA
Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles

ORIOLE ORCHESTRA
Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago

PAUL ASH AND HIS GRANADA ORCHESTRA, Granada Theatre
San Francisco

BENNIE KRUEGER'S ORCHESTRA
Private engagements
New York City

HERB WIEDOEFT'S CINDERELLA ROOF ORCHESTRA
Cinderella Roof, Los Angeles

CARL FENTON'S ORCHESTRA
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New York City

THE COTTON PICKERS
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Their New Records now on sale. Hear them at your nearest Brunswick dealer's

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Manufacturers—Established 1845
GENERAL OFFICES: CHICAGO
Branches in all Principal Cities of U. S. A. and Canada

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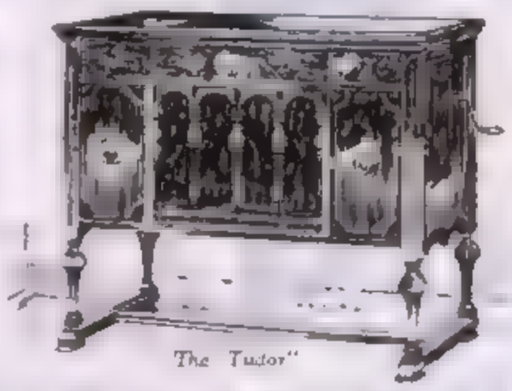
Your Brunswick dealer will gladly arrange terms of payment to meet your requirements on any Brunswick you select. Over 24 models from which to choose, including superlatively beautiful period and console types. Prices range from $45 to $775.



"The Tudor"

National Music Week
May 4th to 10th, 1924
Give More Thought to Music.

The Sign of Musical Prestige

Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

here—the people you meet. I simply adore watching people. But speaking of people—my dear, where are the French? I haven't met one! The Paris Herald says the French are in the Ruhr. We did the sights the other night, and in a perfectly terrible place, The Dead Radish, who should we run into but Doctor and Mrs. Smagg! The last time we saw them was in St. Peters. And that reminds me—someone hoo-hooed to us in Napoleon's Tomb the other day, and it was Mrs. Fred Decker and her mother! There's such a thrill of the unexpected in Paris. Etc., etc.

September, On board the S. S. Miasmic

My dear ——: Although you'll see me almost as soon as you receive this I can't wait another minute to tell you that I am engaged—and to a foreigner! He's English, though, which doesn't seem quite so foreign. I met him the first day out from Cherbourg. Our boat is simply jammed with foreigners—no Americans hardly, except Mrs. Clum and Irma. Isn't it queer when we went all over Europe without meeting any? Foreigners, I mean. They're either coming over on missions for loans or something, or lecture tours, or because there are so few business opportunities in Europe now. My Guthrie—his name is Cecil Edward Guthrie St. John Muffin—is coming over to lecture. He doesn't know what on, but we are going to think up something before we dock tomorrow. There are loads of attractive Frenchmen and Italians on board too. Guthrie says any number of his friends are already in the States, as he calls them, and he's sure you must have met some of them in Newport this summer. Perhaps you were wise, dear, to stay home and meet the Europeans first, and then perhaps come abroad later and see their countries. Although I've had a wonderful time, and it's been awfully broadening and all that, I really feel I should never have come to know the people of Europe if it hadn't been for this return trip. Devotedly ——

Katharine Dayton.

Answering Yours of (Date Illegible)

THE morning mail is here. I have your
charming letter;
I kiss each word you penned, with ecstasy
devout;
I lose each little word: I'd love them even
better
If I could make them out.

Your writing is as strange and dark as
modern art is;
A rippling trembling line, with curls and
whirls between.
Alas, what news is this! "Flinty," you say
my heart is,
Or "flirty" do you mean?

Inscrutable, the page yields not to my entreaty;
You speak in covered words of Delphic
mystery.
It looks as though you think that I am "such
a sweety,"
(Or "sweaty," can it be?)

Can "deary" be the word? I trust it is not
"beery,"
My whispers, not my whiskers, that linger
in your ear;
And do you find my verse so cheesy or so
cheery,
And am I deaf or dear?

Your writing swoops and swirls, with no
suggestion whether
I am an "awful slob" or only "awful slow";
Do you perhaps suggest that we should roam
together?
Or is it double o?

My brain resembles now the Battle of Manila.
Even your signature I study with dismay;
Lola or Lena, Lisa or Lina, Laura, Lilla—
Who are you, anyway?

Morris Bishop.

The Hebdomadal Martyr

I HATE to wear suspenders,
But use them if it renders
Suspenders Week more beautiful and sets
my soul at peace;
I make a thorough scrub week
Of Take-a-Daily-Tub Week
But lapse again to Saturdays when soapy
slogans cease.

A plan of life designing
For civic-virtue dining,
I watch the daily press to see what other
people do;
I'm strong for beets in Beet Week
And during Eat-More-Meat Week
My bills for steaks and cutlets please the
butcher very much.

I'm getting weaker weekly;
Next week I dare not meekly
Use up such strength as I have left to read
a book a day;
Instead of rationed fiction
And death by grain constriction,
I'll find a far unlettered place and sleep
the time away. —*Elias Lieberman.*

The Superbaby's Nightcap

I WAS the witness of a very touching scene this evening. I saw Psyche McNally, the psychoanalytical mother, put her boy Havelock to bed.

"And was Havelock a good little boy?" she asked.

"Yes, mother!" said the golden-haired angel.

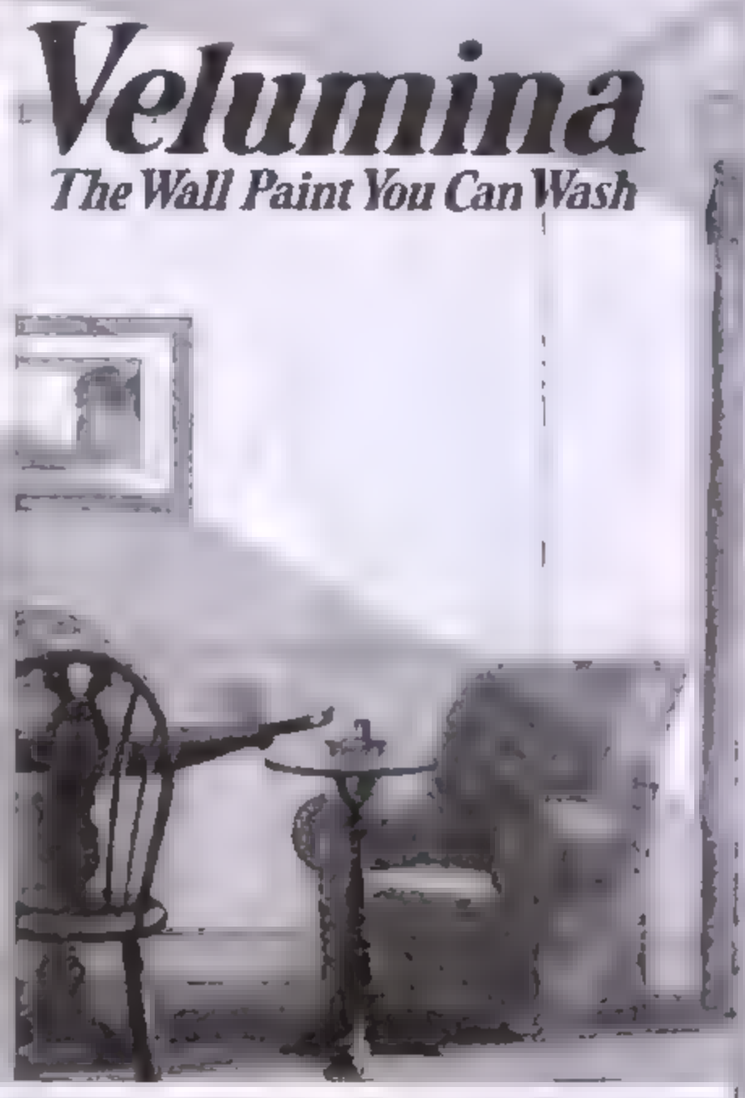
"And was Havelock's subliminal self a good little boy?"

"And Where Did You Say the Pain Was Worst, Mr. Hippo?"
"In the Small of My Back, Doctor!"

Paint · Varnish · Paint · Varnish · Paint · Varnish · Paint · Varnish · Paint · Varnish · Paint · Varnish · Paint · Varnish · Paint · Varnish · Paint · Varnish · Paint

Velumina

The Wall Paint You Can Wash



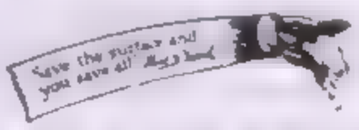
Delicately colored walls that can be washed —Velumina-painted

VELUMINA will give your walls that velvet, flat tone—a beautiful soft color that harmonizes perfectly with the rest of the room.

But this wall can be washed. Plain soap and water will remove all traces of dirt or grime. Even grease cannot get beneath the film that Velumina forms. Spots where little hands have been, the place where the davenport stood—a damp rag removes all trace of them.

Architects and decorators recommend Velumina because it greatly aids in the perfect diffusion of light. It is ideal not only for homes, but for office and public buildings, schools and hospitals where sanitary walls are necessary and redecorating is impractical.

Velumina comes in sixteen beautiful colors and white. It is a "Pittsburgh Proof Product." You will find the same high standard quality in the other "Proof Products," among them Sun-Proof Paint, Pitcairn Waterspar Varnish and Banzai Enamel. Whatever you may need in the way of glass, paint, varnish and brushes the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company has a product that will exactly fit your requirements. For sale by quality dealers everywhere.



Are you planning new hangings for the living-room? Send for the book "What to do and How to do it"—a guide to better homes. It answers scores of questions on home decoration and arrangement that crop up every day. Send ten cents to Dept. A, Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

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The Taj Mahal—so years in the building—but when it was finished the supreme achievement of Mohammedan art

FOR twenty-two years we have had one ambition—to make the finest tires that can be built. We have never entered the race for big production. Quality has been our first consideration—always. The Victor-Springfield Cord is the supreme achievement of this continued policy. It is the best tire we know how to build. Handled by exclusive Victor Dealers—one to a town. Look in your phone book under Victor-Springfield Tires.

Balloon tires, or regular, according to the needs of the car

THE VICTOR RUBBER COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

VICTOR
SPRINGFIELD CORD

"No, mother; I fear my subliminal self behaved in rascally fashion"

"Ah, well—subliminal selves will be subliminal selves! But you must learn to subliminate better. You will promise mother to try?"

"I will try, mother—my best!"

"And you will promise mother to read your little Freud primer every day?"

"Yes, mother, I promise!"

"And now before you go to bed, tell me: How much do you love mother?"

"This much!"

Little Havelock extended his arms halfway to indicate the moderation of his affection.

"Good!" cried Mrs. Psyche gladly. "My little son is totally devoid of vicious complexes! Now kneel down and say your prayers."

"God bless Mama
And Papa—
And Little Me
And shield this house—
From all unnatural inhibitions
And wicked complexes. . . ."

"That's the good boy. Get under the covers now. Have you your pretty notebook and pencil? You have? Very well, then! Good night, dear. Profitable dreams!"

Cyril B. Egan.

When Baseball Was in Flower

IN DAYS of old when catchers bold,
Contemptuous of harm or
Too proud to ask to wear a mask,
Disdained all body armor;
When those infield would never yield
To sizzling liner's power
In baseball then—why, men were men,
And knighthood was in flower.

When none would shove a fist in glove
But took 'em all barehanded,
When batters quick with pudding stick
On skull or baseball landed,
When many bumps uncertain umps
Received by bottle shower
In baseball then—why, men were men,
And knighthood was in flower.

While none can blame that now the game
Is played much more politely,
That players tough, on getting rough,
Are banish-ed—and rightly,
Still, though it's wrong, one's apt to long
For former days' remissness;
Knighthood of late has got the gate,
For baseball is in business.

Fairfax Downey.

The Incomplete Poet

WHEN I think of the blindness of Milton
And the various ailments of Poe,
When I read mighty lines that were built on
Foundations of anguish and woe;
I weep, for my only ambition
Is that of surviving in song;
Yet I've never employed a physician,
For there's never been anything wrong.

No genius with whom I'm familiar
Found health an assistance to fame.
There's Thomas Carlyle—atrabiliar;
There's Byron—incurably lame;
And others you wot of whose habits
Were not all that parents should be
Good health is for yokels and Babbitts,
And ad-copy writers, and me.

With nothing to gnaw at my vitals,
And nothing to shorten my rest,
I fear my poetic recitals
Will never be classed with the best.
I yield, by compulsion and sadly,
To the rigorous laws which compel
The habit of writing so badly
Through feeling so damnably well!

—Stoddard King.

The Bunny and the Bun

WITH his ears along his back, on a gallopading run
Came a hot, cross bunny for a hot cross-bun.

He was hungry as a wolf and it wasn't any fun,
So the hot, cross bunny craved a hot cross-bun.

Now the baker's oven glowed, and the batch was nearly done,
And the hot, cross bunny sniffed a hot cross-bun.

"We are very much alike, if there's virtue in a pun,"
Said the hot, cross bunny to the hot cross-bun.

"Am I nicer than a cake or a tart or Sally Lunn?"
To the hot, cross bunny lisped the hot cross-bun.

"You are sweeter than a rose, you are fairer than the sun!"
Sighed the hot, cross bunny to the hot cross-bun.

Then he ate her with a kiss; and irrevocably one
Are the hot, cross bunny and the hot cross-bun

Arthur Guiterman.

Tourist: How far is it to Smithport? Native: Wal, Le's See. It's 'Bout 20 Mile Up the Ole River Road Where the Bridge is Washed Out; 'Bout 18 Mile Over the New State Road That's Closed; 'Bout 16 Mile on the Century Limited That Don't Stop Here, and Jes' a Speck Under 14 Mile as the Crow Flies

Some old timers —working for you

Thomas DeRusha. Forty-four years' service. As a toolmaker he has acquired a name for great skill

Frank L. Wise. Forty-three years service. As foreman of several departments his wide knowledge has been a real contribution to the business.

George E. Perlewitz. Forty-six years service. During all this time he has been building telephone switchboards and building them better every year

William Miller. Forty-four years' service. As a Chief Clerk he has helped to improve our office procedure

A. L. Salt. Forty-three years service. Up from the tacks and shellac to Vice President 1924 President of the Telephone Pioneers.

Fred W. Loehr. Forty-five years service. His long experience plays an important part in the quantity of Western Electric equipment

W. Metz. Forty-two years' service. He has served as operative, as foreman and now is Assistant Operating Superintendent.

Lewis J. Simon. Forty-three years' service. As skilled craftsman and foreman he has served well

James Farrell. Forty-one years' service, part of which he has been the efficient foreman of the battery room.

R. A. Horn. Forty-one years' service. During sixteen of these he has been General Foreman of the insulating division. No wonder he is expert!

MORE than forty years ago these men began their life work with Western Electric. Today they are still at it—grown skilled in the service—your service, because they produce the telephones which you use.

This record is typical of Western Electric workers. Here men start young, stay young and work long. Here they become expert. Here they catch the Guild spirit of the "old timers" and carry on that tradition of craftsmanship which has made Western Electric telephones the standard of the world.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

The fine rare flavor of 50 years ago -

In the little Swiss village it was not easy for a man to stick to his kitchen as Daniel Peter did.

But he was determined to get the blend he knew could be produced. And day after day he tested and blended.

And he got it—the *Peter's perfect blend!*

A rare flavor—still unique today—smooth and rich—a fine flavor that only *Peter's* milk chocolate has.

The same wonderful flavor you get in *Peter's* today.

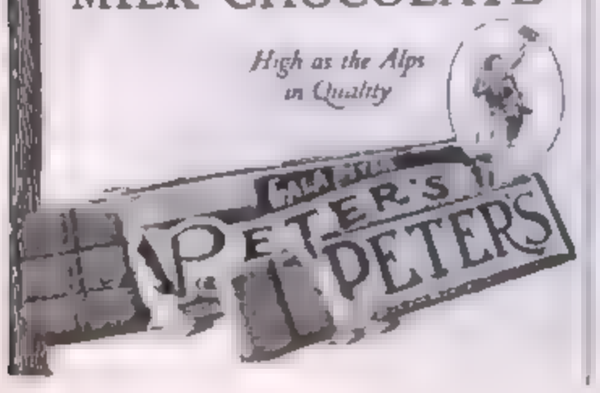
And now, too, the *Peter's* almond bar! With crunchy nuts—yet the original flavor intact.

Peter's is different—distinctive—good. You'll like the fine rare flavor of it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

Send 20 cents for the famous Peter's assortment package—plain—almond—croquettes. Lamont, Corliss and Company, 129 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

High as the Alps in Quality



HOW WE EXPORT OUR CAPITAL

(Continued from Page 40)

Sometimes the whole character of industry in a certain country—and the very daily life of a people itself—is changed by the influx of American capital. Honduras, Costa Rica, Guatemala—their whole economic development in recent years is due largely to the activities of one great American enterprise. This Yankee concern has established steamship lines, built docks and improved harbors, driven railways into the jungle, erected hospitals and warehouses, reduced vast areas of wild land to cultivation—all that it might successfully peddle bananas from Maine to California. And, thanks to the long, tireless efforts of one of its officials—Minor C. Keith—we shall probably one day be able to ride on American rails from New York to South America.

Many Americans follow our capital that leaves home. Just as many Englishmen migrated to America in the years when London money was building our railways, so now tens of thousands of Americans are living abroad, often grouped thick about the centers where American capital is heaviest.

Adverting for a moment to the packers who quit our own open spaces to juggle with the hoofs, horns and tails of wild cattle in South America. Why did they invest abroad? You see why, more and more, every time you go to the Coast and observe how irrigation and dry farming are encroaching on the open spaces. In many a once-wild cañon where the playful cowboy used to rope the coyote he has to ride carefully now—or trample down the dahlias in some settler's front yard. Maybe he can't even sing his chanteys, or loudly cuss out a crazy steer, for fear of scaring some dry farmer's baby. So the packers put their surplus in South America. Having put it there, it helps the Argentine, Paraguay, Uruguay to prosper the more; and the more they prosper the more of our manufactured wares they buy. Again, then, our export of capital helps us export our goods.

This year our investments abroad have dwindled enormously. As in London, so in New York, investors preferred home issues. In London, in fact, some efforts to float foreign securities failed. Such outside bonds as were sold here this year came mostly from Canada; a few came from Latin-America. Hardly any came from Europe, except from Switzerland and Norway. I asked a New York banker why.

What We Spend Abroad

"First," he said, "an increasing amount of our surplus money has been put into tax-exempt bonds issued by our various states and cities, these often yielding a higher net return than foreign bonds. Then, during the early part of 1923, trade and industry here expanded so fast that a large share of the available capital was absorbed. The attention and energies of our bankers were given almost entirely to these home opportunities.

"Not many European bonds have been marketed here this year, because we're wary of further European commitments till situations like that in the Ruhr, in Italy and in the Levant have been cleared up.

"During the investment boom a year or two ago we took care of the most pressing needs of South America. However, certain substantial funds have been advanced to her lately, these being for the most part short-time obligations. The fact that here, as in London, people at present seem to prefer home investments may be due to the fact that in foreign countries, all risks considered, interest rates tend to approach British and American levels."

"And finally," said another banker, "an undue volume of Latin-American securities was dumped on us all at once. We need time to digest these."

About 1914 we were paying Europeans close to $250,000,000 a year interest on their investments here. Our tourists then were spending probably $170,000,000 abroad every season. Immigrants were sending home $150,000,000 annually. Our net freight charges paid to foreign vessels amounted to about $25,000,000. In toto, Uncle Sam paid to the rest of the world the snug sum of $600,000,000. But his fat exports helped absorb the shock.

By 1922 we paid foreigners owning investments here only about $100,000,000 in dividends and interest. Our tourists, on the other hand, spent $300,000,000; immigrant Poles, Greeks and Italians raised their homeland ante to $400,000,000. To this we must add what we actually spent for foreign securities and other investments, or about $963,000,000. All in all, we probably paid out in 1922, according to the estimates of Professor Williams, of Harvard, nearly $600,000,000 more than we took in: that is, we then had an unfavorable balance.

"But this phrase 'unfavorable balance of trade' is now utterly meaningless," one well-known economist told me. "Suppose tourists, immigrants and charities like the Red Cross do spend and send $600,000,000 or $800,000,000 a year abroad, that doesn't mean we're in the hole by that much; it may only show how prosperous we are."

And when we brag about any favorable balance, or wail about the loss of it, as the case may be, we must remember that, after all, the proceeds of the loans we make abroad usually go for goods bought here. To appreciate the huge extent to which the export of capital is represented by goods, we have only to recall that during the war we exported over $23,000,000,000 worth of goods; our favorable balance in that period was around $11,000,000,000. But this excess was financed by credits granted here. We didn't actually receive this money in gold; we imported maybe $1,000,000,000, but many of these bills have not been paid yet in any form.

The Brazilian Coffee Loan

A striking example of how American investments in a certain foreign country may be depressed by subsequent financial arrangements there is shown by the recent Brazilian coffee loan.

Coffee is the life of Brazil. If the coffee trade is upset, her whole financial system is thrown out of gear. This happened. To a certain extent we are paying the fiddler—whose name is London banker. If New York were as old and wise as London, some say, it would probably have taken all of the coffee loan to protect its previous Brazilian investments.

During the fat times of '21 and '22 we bought various bonds from Brazil to the tune of $100,000,000 and more. Some were government securities; some were issued by the city of Rio, and $25,000,000 worth of 7 per cent bonds were sold to us at 96½ by the Brazilian Central Railway for electrification work. Incidentally, it was understood that a large part of the proceeds from this issue would be spent here for materials. To date, little construction work has been done, and you can buy these bonds now for around 80. The other issues are also selling below cost. Budget deficits and depreciated currency have forced down the general credit of the country. Why?

To bolster up the coffee market in May, 1922, Brazil borrowed £9,000,000 at 7.5 per cent, though the London bank rate was at 4 per cent when the loan was granted. When you see what the security was, you wonder that Brazil agreed to this high rate. London bankers probably took these bonds at 92. They were issued at 97. Today they are above par. The whole issue was amply secured by pledged coffee—bags of coffee actually warehoused in Brazil, New York and London. A hand-picked committee of London bankers—from the Barings, Rothschilds and Schröders—augmented by one Brazilian government representative and one agent from the Brazilian Warrant Company—is empowered to sell at least 435,500 bags of the pledged coffee every year, to provide for interest payments and loan redemption. If prices go off, they can sell more. For reasons of its own, this committee appears to have worked very secretively, to the great irritation of coffee traders in Brazil, London and New York. Complaint is heard that the committee's handling of all this coffee has disorganized the trade all over the world.

But, you ask, what has all this to do with the Brazilian government, railway and city bonds owned by Americans? How could the coffee loan depress these securities owned by us? This way: Brazil, to keep the stock of pledged coffee up to the required number of bags at all times, had to keep on buying coffee for deposit. To buy, paper money has been emitted, and the treasury has incurred obligations to the Bank of Brazil. This weakens her credit and down go her bonds—the bonds we bought.

I showed these paragraphs to a Washington official in position to know all the facts.

"Though it may be true," he said, "that London took the bulk of the best loan Brazil has put out since the war, and is reaping a large benefit therefrom, well-informed people in financial circles point out that no American bankers would have been well advised in taking this whole coffee loan. They refer to the litigation that ensued on the attempt to maintain the prices of Brazilian coffee by means of financial support in New York a dozen years ago. Had they lent support to this last £9,000,000 coffee valorization scheme, it is not unlikely they would have gone against the Sherman Antitrust Act and been open to prosecution under it. Looking at it this way, it may be the American bankers showed wisdom and restraint in passing up this undoubtedly well-secured and profitable piece of business."

Somewhere in our fair land a goodly company wonders why it ever took that flyer in German city bonds and company shares. One old-established bond house—overloaded when the mark took the long, long slide—failed for many millions. Just how much American money has been lost in German investments will probably never be accurately estimated. Big and little were hit. I met a Y. M. C. A. man back from three years in Middle Europe.

"I'd saved a few hundred dollars," he told me, "and one day in Berlin I bought some city bonds; paid about fifty-three dollars each for what in normal times had been worth the equivalent of $250. Now they're worth about six cents apiece. Yet people tell me city bonds are always good—that when a man owns one, he owns part of the city itself. At that rate, I own maybe a lamp-post, maybe only one or two paving stones, somewhere on Friederichstrasse."

Oddly enough, our ships to Bremen and Hamburg still carry furtive German-bound voyagers with a roll who are three years behind in their thinking. They still think they can invest and clean up quick in Germany. In Cassel I met an old doctor from an Eastern state. He'd gone over, put his life savings in an apartment house; but under the present strict rent laws he couldn't collect enough to buy sausage. Another plunger sank his whole wad in 1000 cheap violins. Brought 'em home, paid duty at New York—and still has them stored there.

State Department Scrutiny

To a modest degree, Uncle Sam has a gentleman's agreement with Yankee bankers by which he exercises a certain scrutiny over foreign issues offered here.

Early in his Administration, President Harding called in a number of our investment bankers and told them the Government would like to be kept posted as to what kinds of foreign investments were being peddled in the United States. They promised to cooperate. It was found necessary to repeat the suggestion later.

"The desirability of such cooperation does not seem sufficiently well understood in banking and investment circles," said the State Department's communiqué. "The flotation of foreign-bond issues in the American market is assuming an increasing importance, and on account of the bearing of such operations on the proper conduct of affairs it is hoped that American concerns that contemplate making foreign loans will inform the Department of State in due time of the essential facts and of subsequent developments of importance. . . . The department believes that in view of the possible national interests involved, it should have the opportunity of saying to the underwriters concerned, should it appear advisable to do so, that there is or is not objection to any particular issue."

But . . . "It will not pass upon the merits of foreign loans as business propositions, nor assume any responsibility whatever in connection with loan transactions."

There is no law, however, under which our Government can compel bankers to consult it before offering foreign securities for sale here. Nor does the Government undertake—even after inspection of an issue—to O. K. it as a good investment.

"At picking foreign investments we aren't as dumb as we look—we are even dumber," you hear people say. "No New York banker is half so clever as his gilded

Continued on Page 91

Yet we deplore the cost of war

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

It is something devoutly to be wished for—an end of war. But wars at least have been fought and their sacrifices made in the name of honor, of ideals and of some hoped-for gain.

America knows another sacrifice in the name of carelessness and useless destruction—FIRE—that takes toll of lives and property, *and is 60% preventable.*

Fire Prevention need not wait upon the ability of statesmen or an ideal relationship among nations. It is a matter of individual responsibility.

Representative insurance companies are doing their best to reduce this fire loss. Their local agents can help you reduce your fire danger. Discuss Fire Prevention with them.

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

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Indemnity Insurance Company of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

AN EPOCH-MAKING DISCOVERY— A NEW FINISH FOR MOTOR CARS

The makers of OAKLAND *cars now advertise that every* 1924 OAKLAND *is Duco-finished. In addition the following manufacturers are prepared to furnish their cars with Duco when requested—*

CADILLAC — LEXINGTON
CLEVELAND — MARMON
FRANKLIN — MOON

A dozen more are arranging to do so, as a result of conclusive service tests

AFTER TWENTY-ONE MONTHS OF SEVERE SERVICE, DUCO FINISH LOOKS BETTER THAN EVER

Gives Rich, Satin-like Lustre Hitherto Available Only On Custom-made Bodies — Used in 20 Other Industries As Well.

Since the days of the first "horseless carriage," every important feature of the automobile has been radically changed—*except the finish.*

For years a surfacing material has been sought that would combine two basically different virtues—*beauty* and *permanence.*

At last, a finish which actually does combine these qualities has been perfected on a commercial scale. After years devoted to research and tests, du Pont Chemical Engineers announce Duco—an entirely new type of material with entirely new characteristics.

In appearance, Duco possesses a beautiful, satin-like lustre very similar to ancient Chinese lacquer-ware — richer in tone than anything yet attained in the finishing art, except through the most costly processes.

Actually Improves with Age!

Even more remarkable than its beauty is the extraordinary durability of Duco. The lustre of the finish *actually improves with age.* The color *does not fade.* The hard, smooth surface is practically immune to the effects of rain, snow, sudden changes in temperature, grease, grime, even the alkali dust of the desert. Bumps and scratches do not seriously affect it.

The first Duco-finished test cars, "driven to death" (supposedly) for twenty-one months, actually look better today than when rolled off the finishing floor. Even the hoods have retained their original color tone and lustre.

A Duco-finished car can be left out in any kind of weather, with no effect on its finish. Day after day of hot sunlight will not fade it. Removing dust or mud by rubbing with a dry cloth actually *polishes* its surface—without scratching.

Duco is built on a pyroxylin base by an entirely new process. It dries almost immediately. Hence its use results in a material saving in time, labor and investment. No baking is required.

Applied by Dip or Spray Only

Duco must be applied by compressed air spraying equipment or mechanical dipping. It is therefore not adapted for application by the car owner. Duco Refinishing Stations are being established as rapidly as possible.

Duco is already being used in 21 industries—to beautify and preserve almost any material from wood to steel.

We invite all manufacturers, of products which require a finish of lasting beauty which will stand up under severe service, to investigate Duco. Our technical laboratories are at their disposal and our representatives are available for a limited number of demonstrations.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.
Chemical Products Division
Parlin, N. J.

DUPONT

DUCO

(Continued from Page 88)

London brethren, when it comes to picking sound, safe, oversea investments. In this game, the British always get the cream and we the skimmed milk."

This may be true, as in China, for example. But even the path of British foreign investors has not always been strewn with jolly fat dividends. Nor does America import all the gold bricks. Since the days of the South Sea Bubble, London has got some stiff jolts.

In England, however, those who dabble in foreign securities seek more safety through an organization called the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders. It was founded "to protect the interests of the holders of foreign securities, and to keep elaborate records of conditions in those foreign countries with whose debts it is called upon to deal." In its time it has helped British investors collect arrears of interest and other debts aggregating nearly $5,000,000,000. Its annual report for 1922 would make the average Yankee investor in foreign securities sit up and take notice. It includes a list of those countries that have borrowed money in London but defaulted on their payments. State, provincial and municipal bonds are included.

British Investors' Troubles

According to this report, the appalling sum of over $11,000,000,000, principal and interest, is now due British oversea investors by those in default. Most of this, however, is due from Russia. The next highest item, amounting now to £45,000,000, is for loans made to our Southern states during and before the Civil War and to the Confederacy. Why these long-outlawed obligations are still carried as possible assets is a mystery. The statement is seriously printed that "interest is in arrears from forty to seventy years!"

Other countries, like Honduras, Ecuador, Paraguay, Mexico, one province in Argentina and certain states in Brazil, are also in arrears. The frank comments on the default of some of these foreign creditors are interesting to American banks, bond houses and their clients who may have bought securities from these same countries.

"In the case of Argentina, the province of Corrientes did not make any payment whatever during the year, so that now there is four years' interest in arrear, while the sinking fund has not been applied since 1915. Letters addressed to the national and provincial authorities have not even met with the courtesy of a reply. Corrientes is one of the largest of the provinces, and it is incredible that the provincial government should not have managed to raise the comparatively insignificant sum of £9000 to pay a coupon on their external debt.

"In Brazil the states of Alagoas, Bahia and Pará are not paying their obligations. During 1922 the state of Pará discharged one of the arrear coupons on the 5 per cent loan of 1901; otherwise nothing was paid by these states. The cities of Bahia, Manaos and Pará are also in total default."

Speaking of Paraguay, the report says the service of the external debt has remained in total suspense, and much to its regret the corporation has no choice but to place Paraguay on the list of defaulters. As to Honduras, it is set forth that the external debt has remained in total default for fifty years. . . . "The Government"—of Honduras—"appears to be more anxious to contract fresh debts than to pay existing debts. . . . In a few months more," adds the report, "Honduras will be able to 'celebrate its jubilee'—the fiftieth anniversary of its default on its foreign obligations."

A conspicuous instance of how this corporation looks after the welfare of British investors occurred in Costa Rica. It seems that lately a New York financial house made a contract to loan the government of Costa Rica $4,000,000. As part security for this loan, the Yankees were to receive all taxes on the banana and coffee industries, collectible as these crops were exported. The British interposed, however, claiming that when they bought Costa Rica's gold refunding bonds in 1911 it was distinctly agreed that their interest payment should come from this same source—that is, duties and revenues on exports and imports.

"The loan contract was subsequently withdrawn from the Costa Rican congress," adds the report, "ostensibly because the New York bankers refused to increase it to $5,000,000."

In spite, however, of all the billions we've shipped abroad, there are many sound thinkers who say America is not yet ready to become the world's greatest foreign investor; that England will probably retain her lead. Our capacity for capital production is greater than England's. Also our home demand for money is greater, because of our unexploited resources and growing population.

And our home market is still our chief thought. Our high tariff shows that.

Mr. C. E. Griffin's Views

"Judged by European standards of intensive development, we have in this country merely scratched the surface," writes C. E. Griffin, of the University of Michigan, in The Journal of Political Economy. "The opportunities for profitable investment of capital here are surely great, and it will be a long time before any large part of our new capital will have to seek abroad for higher interest rates. . . . Much fallacious reasoning has proceeded from the undoubtedly sound premise that our capacity for capital accumulation is greater than that of any other country. The significant factor is the marginal return upon capital in this country, compared with that in other capital-producing countries. That marginal return of capital is determined as much by the demand for capital as by its supply, and the demand for capital is the result of the supply of other factors of production, natural resources, labor, business enterprise, and the technical skill with which the capital is employed. When these factors are considered, it is doubtful if the marginal return upon capital in the United States will, in the near future, settle permanently at a point below that of the other capital-producing countries. . . . By a combination of quite fortuitous circumstances, we have suddenly become a great lender, in some respects, we might say, against our own wishes. But it may be doubted if we are ready for such a position."

Maybe not. Yet since recognition, Mexican land agents are swarming. We hear of Japanese loans, of another European economic conference, with impatient hints to Uncle Sam to come across.

One thinks again of the cow, knee-deep in her own clover patch, yet cramping her neck over the fence to bite at roadside weeds.

BOBBY BURSTS HIS BONDS

(Continued from Page 48)

gets tired of even going through the motions of work. There's your proletarian, my son, and I ask you what there is about him to exploit. A noisy mouth? A bag of wind? No, it's the honest, horny-handed, hustling workingman who gets exploited—workingman, you understand—man who works; a man who sweats and puts his back and his heart into his job. He's the fellow that we purse-proud capitalists bleed, and the joke of it is he doesn't care a damn. He just plugs along on the job and salts down a part of his miserable wages, which may not exceed ten or fifteen dollars a day, and the first thing you know the proletariat is accusing him of being a capitalist. Proletariat! Piffle and poppycock!"

"All right, have it your own way, dad," said Bobby, getting up. "I've got to write some letters."

"And see here," Mr. Peters pursued, "I hate to stir up strife, but you ought to know that Riley & Kemp are exploiting you. Are you going to stand for it? Is there no red blood in your veins? Are you ——"

"I get you," said Bobby. "All the same, if you get right down to it, there's something to be said on the other side."

"Quite a considerable," said Mr. Peters, "and your new pink friends are saying it aplenty if I can judge."

Bobby left him. He didn't approve of Karl himself, but why not keep an open mind? Anyway there was the letter to Catherine to get off, and now what was he going to say?

Easy, if you could be frank. A queer lot of birds in an aviary full of junk, old brass, old rags, old iron, lumber and what not that you wouldn't have thought could be made to look like anything, but which somehow did. Nuts, most of them. One bird only needed a tomato can tied around him with a string to do a hobo turn in variety. At least they would strike you as nuts at first, the whole crowd; all the same, you couldn't help seeing that they were posted on art and literature and economics and all that. "The girls all smoked, but not like our bunch. They'd got the habit worse than ever I got it. A good deal of petting going on, but I didn't join in that, of course. All I did was hold hands with Sashka. Sashka is the queen of that little flock of starlings. She's got wonderful green eyes and she does things with clay in the nude. She's got the nude down fine. She knows life and she's got a soul. She and I knew each other for kindred spirits at sight—felt sort of drawn to each other by some invisible bond, if you know what I mean. Kind of strange! Nothing at all like the bond between us, but just a friendship—a strong, enduring friendship that you couldn't possibly object to. You'll like her when you see her, and you'll understand ——"

Yes, like heck she'd understand! And she would like Sashka, would she not? She would not—nit—nix! Think of little Cathy in that bunch! She couldn't adapt herself to them in a million years! Not her fault of course; but there you were. A man always has more adaptability than a woman. Another thing, a man needs—well, contacts with different women, because a man has a more complex nature. Women are more simple and less adaptable. Sure they are!

No, frankness was out of the question. Cathy was all the world to him, and what was the use of getting her sore? No need.

Eventually he enlarged on his description of Sashka's studio and described Violet, Marta and Dorine with some humor. Of Sashka herself he said little and of his newly conceived friendship nothing at all. Possibly Catherine drew some conclusions from this reticence; at all events she questioned him rather closely about the lady when he went down to Cheepahassac at the week-end.

"But who is she, Bobs? How does she come to be living in that horrible neighborhood? What does she look like? You didn't mention a thing about her except that she has green eyes. Ugh! Like a cat!"

"Not in the least like a cat," said Bobby with forced calmness.

"Like what, then? How old is she? What is her other name?"

"Search me. Wilkes said, 'This is Sashka'; no, that wasn't it. She said, 'I am Sashka.' That's all I know. They all called her Sashka. . . . Listen, Cathy, what's this guy Burke doing down here again? I thought ——"

"I want to know about Sashka. Did you call her Sashka?"

"I suppose if I called her anything I must have. You understand, Cathy, this bunch isn't like our bunch. Anyway, I don't call May Miss Golding, and I called you Cathy long before we were engaged."

"Yes, I know, at high. But it seems to me that's a little different. What did she call you?"

"I don't know that she called me ——"

He met Catherine's clear eyes of plain, common, everyday sky-blue and allowed himself to be frank.

"—— anything but Bobby," he concluded. "But now look here, Cathy, you don't want to get this wrong. She's a woman of the world, an artist, and she's lived abroad—Paris, don't you know."

"I don't know, but I've heard of such a place, and of ladies who lived there," said Cathy with an odd little smile. "Excuse my insatiable curiosity, Bobs, but is she married?"

"I didn't ask her," Bobby replied coldly.

This thing, he felt, had gone just about far enough. He had an inspiration. Why had he not thought of that in the first place?

Yet he hesitated before he said it, considering whether it might not be a sort of disloyalty to friendship.

"She's old enough to be," he continued. "I guess—no, she isn't as old as Mrs. Gerson-Chase; but she must be—oh, thirty or forty perhaps."

Catherine laughed.

(Continued on Page 93)

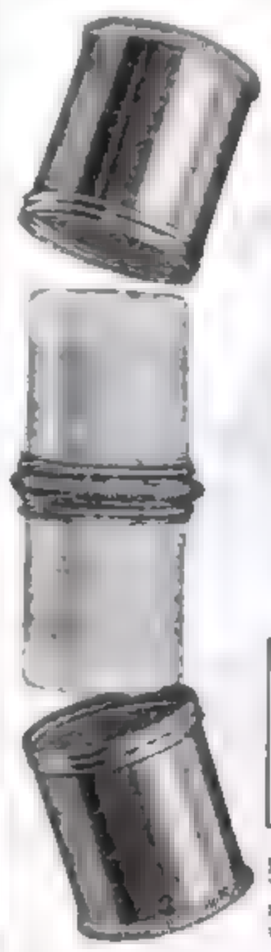
A bigger hold!

Compare it with the hold on old-type shaving sticks

WILLIAMS Doublecap is the newest thing in shaving sticks. It does away with slippery, finger-tip holds. Gives you a handle you can wrap your fingers around. And from first to last, even when the soap is but a thin wafer, the Doublecap hold remains the same.

Your first Doublecap is a permanent investment. When the original soap is gone, get a Doublecap Re-load. Re-loads cost less than the original Doublecap package.

A Doublecap stick is astoundingly economical. "It never uses up," says one man. And it's a time-saver. Apply it to your cheeks. Then take your brush. Instantly you have billows of thick, creamy lather. And such lather! Only Williams can give it.



It softens any beard quickly. Its lubricquality makes your skin pliable, instead of hard and resisting to the blade, and leaves your face feeling as smooth as a kid glove.

"I want Doublecap" will get you the world's finest shaving stick.

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Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving formula. For free trial bottle write Dept. 14-B.

Made by the makers of Williams Holder Top Stick and Williams Shaving Cream with the Hinge-Cap

Williams
Doublecap
Shaving Stick

Stewart

A Speedometer—or the Judge?

IT'S the "open season" for motorcycle police. Once again they are on the highways. We must ***know*** our speed or find ourselves telling the officer that we didn't think we were going that fast.

Guessing speed correctly is impossible. Many have tried it—and explained later to the Judge. As a watch is necessary to avoid being late for appointments, so is a speedometer necessary to avoid arrest and fines. But the speedometer, like the watch, ***must be accurate.***

The Stewart Speedometer is noted for its accuracy—its dependability. There is a special model for Ford cars of the same quality and workmanship found in higher-priced models. Why should Ford owners pay speeding fines when protection can be obtained at the cost of less than one fine? Your Ford dealer or garage man can quickly install one of these attractive Stewart Speedometers.

Ford Car Buyers

Start the driving season right. Be protected against arrest by having a Stewart Speedometer installed on your new car before you drive it out on the street. The month of May will see the campaign against speeding in full swing.

Ford Dealers tell you

not to drive your car over twenty miles per hour for the first five hundred miles so as not to harm it. A Stewart Speedometer is necessary in following these instructions.

Car owners with speedometers

on their cars that have seen long service can have any small adjustment or repairs made at a Stewart Service Station. If there isn't a Station in your town, your garageman can send your speedometer to the nearest one and have it back on your car in a few days. It will be far less expensive than paying a fine and costs for unintentional speeding.

$15
Western Price
$15.50

At various mileage intervals lubrication is necessary. A special feature of the Stewart Speedometer for Ford Cars is a series of colored numerals in the total mileage indicating dials. These colored numerals automatically appear to tell the driver it is time to lubricate. Whenever one of these colored numerals turns up, the driver refers to the metal chart for lubrication instructions. When not in use the chart snaps up under the speedometer.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION - CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Stewart CUSTOMBILT ACCESSORIES USED ON 9 MILLION CARS

(Continued from Page 91)

"Silly!" she cried. "What do I care how old she is? I'm not afraid of her taking you away from me."

"You don't need to be," said Bobby.

"I wouldn't be afraid of anybody doing that."

"Not throwing yourself any bouquets, at that," Bobby laughed.

"You don't quite get me, Bobs. I'd say, 'You're kindly welcome, lady; I'm frightfully glad to let you keep him, now that I see what he is.'"

Bobby looked thoughtful for a moment.

"I don't think I'd be so cheerful about it if any fellow took you away from me," he said slowly. "I wouldn't thank anybody kindly—if you should receive any inquiries on the subject. I believe I'd do a little hard scrapping before I resigned you, Cathy."

Suddenly she threw her arms, both of them, round his neck and kissed him with extraordinary fervor. This to his surprise, for she was never lavish with endearments of that nature.

"You sweet thing!" she cried. "You make me ashamed of myself, you're so honest. I would, too, Bobs. I'd scratch and bite, really, if anybody even tried to get you. I'd tear her hair out by handfuls and then I'd take you by the collar and say, 'You just let me catch you having anything more to do with that creature, young man! You're my property, and you'd better believe it and conduct yourself accordingly.' That's what I'd say and that's what I'd do."

There you were again! It made a fellow feel like a sneak thief. Bobby was touched on the raw of his conscience; moreover, he felt a strong revival of his romantic passion for this exquisite child, and during the rest of his visit was so demonstrative that he more than once incurred her old reproach of squashiness. That nearly always made him sulk, but Catherine had a way of teasing him back into a good humor. They were not alone together quite so much that time. Mr. Leach took Bobby out with him after bass, and on their return made him scale and clean the catch. A messy job. He thought Cathy might have come out and rescued him, but she didn't. It seemed that she was entertaining a girl friend of hers and that guy Burke, who was supposed to have a case on the friend. Yes, he had!

Perhaps it was getting up so darned early to catch that rotten train that made Bobby feel the way he did the next morning. Not a grouch exactly, but a full realization of the inconveniences of Cheepahassac. No time for more than a cup of coffee; and outside, the old hick who drove the flivver to the station was squawking his horn with exasperating insistence. Mighty funny it didn't wake Cathy or that she didn't at least holler a "Good-by, Bobby," if it did wake her—and it must have. A sweet road! Needed a caterpillar tread to get over it. If they carried cream in the flivver they'd have fresh-churned butter inside of a couple of miles. Pleasant breeze for a man who wanted to light a cigarette too. One more match left. Sure! Of course!

Train fifteen minutes late. Nothing like breaking it gently. If they had said forty minutes it would have been likely to discourage a person. Lovely condition they kept the smoker in! Well, moving at last! Moving to what? The old grind. Back into the rut. After a while a jolt into another rut, like old Owen's, and then stay in it. Probably wouldn't even want to get out of it. Gosh, if a fellow could only feel free once! Free!

He wondered what Sashka would think of such a life. She would at least understand the chafing of his spirit. When would he see her again? She had said, "You will come to see me." She didn't say it questioningly, but with a sort of assurance. Well, when? Why not tonight? That wouldn't be rushing things particularly, for it had been over three days since he was there.

One thing at least the city held for him friendship. Sashka would be the one person to whom he would be able to speak frankly and without reserve. A friend. No darned foolishness, but just a friend.

Well, every revolution of the wheels below him, every telegraph pole that flashed by was bringing him nearer to her.

II

HERE was August within a few days. Time had certainly hit up a gait withal for Bobby. Three more weeks and he would be packing for his vacation. Ten golden days, with not a thing to do but wander hand in hand with Cathy through the glades of Cheepahassac, disport with her in the lake, row with her on the river, go fishing with his father-in-law-to-be and scale and clean the fish. Oh, joy; oh, bliss!

And then, on their return the engagement would be announced and, formally, he would be Cathy's and Cathy his, following which within a few months would come the solemn ratification making the fact legal and final. Lucky devil! No runaway business this time. Ecstasy and rapture!

Not quite so satisfactory at the office, though. Kemp had been adopting a carping and fault-finding attitude toward Bobby lately, inquiring with insulting particularity into the disposal of his, Bobby's, time, as if he had been a mere clerk instead of a full-fledged and successful salesman. Not so darned successful, though, lately. Poisonous luck! Fell down on two or three prospects that Kemp at least thought more than likely, but could a fellow be blamed for that? If a man won't buy he won't buy, and that's all there is to that—and, similarly, a woman. As Bobby explained to Kemp, it isn't the practice in the best real-estate circles to convert a prospect into a customer by sticking a gat against his short ribs. Kemp may not have heard this explanation, but Bobby told him and didn't whisper it

"I hate a guy like that," said Bobby to Brodie. "Anybody would think that I liked to lose a commission, to hear him talk. If that fat-headed Begbie hadn't got away from me I'd have sequestrated close onto a couple of hundred sequins on the deal. Suppose I was half an hour or so late; what's Begbie's time worth?"

"Two hundred bones for half an hour or so, I guess," said Brodie sagely. "Too bad, though. You certainly have been having a streak of bad luck the last few weeks."

Certainly Bobby had. But there were compensations. He was getting glimpses of a new life and his mental attitude was broadening. Friendship was doing that for him; quickening his artistic perceptions to an amazing extent; enabling him, for instance, to distinguish between the pre-Raphaelite and the postimpressionistic schools of painting and to appreciate the sweet uses of symbolism in accounting for much that otherwise might be totally incomprehensible. He found "symbolism" a mighty handy word. With that and "interesting" he managed to get his reactions past the critical on most occasions—using a certain amount of discretion. "The symbolism in that interests me." He might add "It has guts" or, severely, "But it lacks guts." Oh, he got along pretty well; in the meantime picking up a little here and there from books, pamphlets, magazines and newspapers containing the cream of modern thought by the most advanced and notorious thinkers. It was all very enlightening. You began to see that social conditions were rotten to the core, more particularly in America; you began to realize the paralyzing effect of what is called religion and morality on humanity in general, but especially in America; you discovered that hidebound conservatism had art and letters shackled, fettered, gagged and stifled, and more so in America than in any other place. A fetish had been set up in this so-called land of the free—a juju before which this superstitious nation bowed, beat tom-toms and offered sacrifices, and this fetish was called Law. A subsidiary mumbo jumbo was idolized as Order.

Pretty hopeless, but not entirely so while the spirit of freedom still glowed in the ardent bosoms of its apostles from other lands. While there was a Torchovitz, a Bombiano or a Rufhaus still alive and active there was no need to despair utterly. First overthrow juju and mumbo jumbo and all their works, make a clean sweep—or a dirty sweep, if you like—of all their followers and start over again. Freedom, comrades, freedom!

You got it at Sashka's. You could get it equally at Eric's studio just around the corner. Big Brute had a cave in the same building, but it was a small cave for a big brute and, though he was the soul of hospitality, he couldn't accommodate more than two or three guests, allowing them room to gesticulate comfortably. Bobby spent an hour there once when Sashka and Violet were out. He found Big Brute rather amusing, especially when he bragged of his poverty, which he begged Bobby to understand was quite of his own choice.

"I could easily make money," he informed his bourgeois visitor. "I mean easily if I found exertion easy. I could

It looks like a new car

MURPHY FINISH

HE knew he was going to get something pretty nice—but it's only fair to admit that he wasn't prepared for such a beautiful result. He honestly didn't believe that even an expert painter could duplicate the glorious showroom finish that his car had when he bought it.

He can split the credit 50-50 between professional skill and the Murphy Finish—for they worked together closely to give him what anybody might be pardoned for thinking was a brand-new car.

When your car needs refinishing, talk to the painter who specializes in the Murphy Finish. Ask him to show you the Murphy Auto Color Harmony Chart. With its help and his you can instantly decide on a color scheme for your car that will be artistically correct, and at the same time different from that of any other car in town.

Save the surface and you save all" - Murphy

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

Murphy Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada
Successor to The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited

work, for instance—prostitute my pen for pelf—and sometimes I find that necessary. Not often, for my tastes are simple. My appetite is good, so I require no dainties. I sleep well and therefore need no luxurious couch for my stalwart limbs. I find clothes necessary in this climate, but I don't wear them for adornment. The first time we met, you had the bad taste to refer by innuendo to the condition of my shirt. Perhaps you were surprised that I didn't break you in two; but the fact is I felt no resentment, but only pity for your slavery to unnecessary cleanliness. It's a good shirt, warm and comfortable, and I shall be sorry when it wears out and I am obliged to get another."

"I notice the egg has worn off already," Bobby remarked. "It's a world of change, and even shirts aren't entirely exempt."

"You're a cunning kid," growled Big Brute. "All the same I'll bet you envy me my freedom."

"You're no freer than I am," Bobby told him. "I do as I like and so do you - maybe. You hate to work and I hate to loaf."

"What are you doing now—working?" asked Big Brute.

No, Bobby wasn't working; and he felt a little guilty, out of mere habit, for he was supposed to be gathering up a few loose ends of business on the North Side. He looked at his watch and was surprised to find how time had flown. He would have to put off seeing Sashka for that afternoon at least.

"Thanks for reminding me," he said. "I'll have to prostitute my really fine abilities sufficiently to sequestrate a few sequins before quitting time. Tell Sashka I'm sorry I missed her and I'll probably be out this way tomorrow afternoon. You'd better take a little nap now. So long!"

He had opened the door to go when Big Brute stopped him.

"Oh, about Sashka ——"

"Yes?" said Bobby, as the other hesitated.

"About Sashka ——"

He was frowning darkly at the hairy back of his hand as if it presented a serious problem for his consideration. Bobby wondered what the dickens was the matter with him.

"Well, about Sashka?"

"Oh, yes," said Big Brute. "I was just thinking. You said I was to tell Sashka you were sorry you missed her, didn't you? I'll tell her. And you'll probably be in this neighborhood tomorrow afternoon. Right-o."

Bobby looked at him for a moment, meeting a perfectly blank stare. Then he went away quite a little puzzled.

It was not necessary to notify Sashka in advance of an intended visit. It was one of the delightful privileges of his friendship that he could drop in at any old time that he happened to be passing. There was no formal nonsense. If Sashka happened to be *en déshabillé* it made no difference; if occasionally the divans, hers or Violet's, revealed their dual utility there was no silly embarrassment, intimate articles of the toilet or wearing apparel might be lying around in plain sight, but what of it? If you were a gentleman you would very properly ignore such things, as you would ignore the fact that Sashka's sandaled feet were innocent of stockings, or that her kimono was superimposed on nothing to speak of. *Honi soit qui mal y pense;* and, after all, there was the screen that could be, and was, used when necessary. It was just that Sashka dared to be herself—free.

It was a beautiful thing, their friendship. Nothing about it that any sensible person could have taken exception to. When he came Sashka always took his hand, not to shake it in a conventional way, but with a warm, clinging pressure of welcome that gave him a thrill of—of pleasure. And so she always led him to where he was to sit or led him to show him something or other; and in this she was as guileless, Bobby was persuaded, as a child. So, too, when she sometimes patted his cheek. A perfect candor about it. She did the same thing when other people were present. No difference, only he and she always sat a little aloof from the rest, joining in the general conversation or discussion at intervals. They didn't hold hands all the time, you understand; but even when they sat apart Bobby could feel sympathetic vibrations.

You know about vibrations, don't you? Well, of course it would take too long to explain; but everything vibrates. The whole universe is made up of vibrations, sympathetic or antagonistic; all matter, from electrons, atoms, molecules and things to its impalpable, invisible forms ignorantly distinguished as spiritual. Creation, evolution, growth—all vibrations; the chromatic scale, wireless, hate, ectoplasm, tic douloureux and thrush, prohibition and inhibition, cause and effect, love and friendship—just vibrations.

Bobby didn't know a thing about them except in a general way until Sashka informed him, but he was sure that his own were of the friendly, sympathetic kind and Sashka was just friendly and sympathetic. He understood her as she understood him. Yet sometimes as she reclined on the divan, with one bare white arm beautifully curved under her dusky red head, Bobby felt himself a little at a loss regarding her. Not quite so understanding. Something in her eyes, whose pupils contracted and dilated as she watched the smoke curling above her; something quite unreadable. And when, conscious of his gaze, she would turn slightly and smile at him there seemed to be a difference in the vibratory rhythm—a quickening.

"Well, Bobby?"

"Your eyes," Bobby replied. "Gosh!"

She laughed.

"I love that 'gosh' of yours. Cat's eyes, Bobby. You want to be careful; I might scratch you some day."

"Not you!"

"What color are Catherine's eyes? Oh, I remember you told me. Blue, aren't they? When are you going to bring little Catherine to see me?"

"They'll be coming back pretty soon now," Bobby answered.

"And then you'll be happy."

"I'm happy now. I mean ——"

"You mean when you're with me. Of course you are; that goes without saying. But nothing like so happy as you will be when you and Catherine are in your little doll's house. How perfectly idyllic!"

Friendly and sympathetic. You see, Bobby had been quite open about his engagement. Sashka knew that he saw Catherine every week and that she had blue eyes and wasn't greatly interested in art and couldn't get Ibsen, and had heard they were giving Marx away instead of cigar coupons. He hadn't meant to be disloyal, telling that little joke on Cathy, and Sashka quite understood that he hadn't. Of course Sashka disapproved of marriage, but she wasn't narrow about it; and, setting aside the principle of the thing, she admitted that for some people—people of limited imagination and aspiration whose minds moved only in the grooves of custom and convention—the institution was, perhaps, one that it might be advisable to conform to. But it depended upon one's attitude toward life, the strength of one's desire for freedom of self-expression as against the base bourgeois conception of success.

It gave one to think.

"Oh, you're not going out again tonight, dear, surely?" Mrs. Peters now. The same old question. Much as Bobby loved his mother, he couldn't help feeling it was about time to snap the tension of her apron strings. And the reproach in her tone! "And here's your sister and Owen."

"Yes, I see them," said Bobby coldly. "I've noticed them all through dinner. It breaks my heart to leave them, but I've got an engagement."

It was an unfortunate word. Lynette, who seldom neglected an opportunity, picked it up gleefully.

"Engagement!" she repeated, with her irritating laugh. "You'd hardly think he was engaged, would you? I'd bet if Catherine knew what a Loop hound he was getting to be she'd do something about it."

"You might write and tell her," Bobby suggested. "Tell her how you cured Owen."

"Don't drag me into this," said Owen. "Go where glory waits you and leave us to weep. I'm not blaming you, kid." He lifted up his voice and sang:

"Hey for boot and horse, lad, and o'er the world away.
Young blood must have its course, lad ——"

"Shut up!" said Bobby.

The door closed behind him. From the window they could see him walking briskly toward the station.

"I don't know what's come over him," Mrs. Peters declared almost tearfully.

"I do," said Lynette, with a positive nod.

"You can't fool Lynette," jeered Owen. "She knows. When in doubt consult Madame Lynette. Your past, present and future revealed. Advice given."

"That's all right," returned the sibyl. "But you mark my words, Bobby's got another girl on the string."

"I'd think so, but he doesn't dress up at all," said Mrs. Peters. "Still —— He's not looking at all well either. I wish Cathy would come back. These late hours and staying all night in town, these new friends of his! I try to get his father to talk to him, but he won't."

She challenged her husband with a glance. Mr. Peters tossed a cigar across the table to Owen and lit one himself. He had been unusually silent and serious through dinner.

"You worry too much about the boy," he said, with a certain finality. "Well, are we going to sit here all night? Let's go."

But as he and Owen finished their cigars in the library he returned to the subject.

"I guess I will have to talk to Bobby," he said. "He's certainly been ramming around a good deal lately, although that's natural enough at his age; and I wouldn't mind so much if I thought it was the usual damfoolishness of youth; but I gather he's got in with a set of red-eyed, whapper-jawed anarchists, a lot of loafing, blithering bums ——"

"Bobby has?" Owen laughed.

"All right. You listen to him. I haven't the patience to. If a man wants to talk sense to me I'll listen; but when I hear a lot of nonsense ——"

"Yes," Owen interrupted. "When you hear any views advanced contrary to your own, your goat snaps its tether and capers off at the heels of the advancer. I get you. But about Bobby—what gang is this?"

"I don't know and I didn't much care until today. What do you think old Riley told me? I lunched in town at Lew's and he was eating his crackers and milk there. 'What's the matter with that cub of yours, Peters?' he asks me.

"'He's all right,' says I. 'Who's all right? My cub's all right. Don't you think so, you old stick in the mud? What's he doing—bringing in business so fast you can't handle it?'

"'He is not,' says Riley. 'He's loafing on the job. If you ask me what he's doing, I'll tell you he's doing nothing that does Riley Kemp any particular good. I don't know what to do about it exactly.'

"'I'll tell you,' says I. 'Fire him. Put the skids under him and shoot him into an office where they aren't all fossilized,' says I; 'where they know a good man when they get him.' Oh, I was sore all right.

"'Keep your shirt on,' says he. 'I'd fire him quick enough only for two things. One is I like the lad and think there's good stuff in him if something was put right that's gone wrong of late, and the other thing is that I'm a friend of yours and thought you knew it.'

"Well, I cooled down and we talked it over, but of course I couldn't tell him anything. I guess Bobby's falling down on the job, all right, and I put it to these anarchists he's ramming around with. So I guess I've got to talk to the young man a little."

Mr. Peters sighed.

"You mean bellow at him a little," said Owen. "Don't you do it, father-in-law, unless you want trouble."

"I hope I'm capable of calm and reasonable discussion," said Mr. Peters, reddening. "If I wasn't I'd tell you that, son-in-law or no son-in-law, you're an ass."

"Granted," said Owen good-naturedly. "But how would it be to let me see what I can find out from the young man first? Only I'd want to take my time."

"There's no rush," said Mr. Peters, evidently much relieved. "Riley'll wait a while. Then you'll talk to him?"

"No," Owen answered; "I'll see if I can't get him to talk to me."

Extract from a letter from Cathy to Bobby:

We were all sorry that you couldn't come down last Saturday, but of course we wouldn't want you to take that long and tiresome trip when you were plain sick. I hope it isn't serious. If it is you must write and let me know, although I know you hate writing letters and I won't ask you to trouble to do so unless it is serious. As you say, it won't be long now before your vacation, when you will probably find time to make us a little visit. But you certainly missed something. A friend of Jim's Jim Burke you know—came over from Milwaukee with the dandiest little motor yacht and all the crowd went aboard and he took us clear up to Saugatuck and we had lunch on deck and danced and had the loveliest time. I don't know when I've had such a gorgeous time.

Jim just took charge. He knows all about boats and he taught me how to steer. Then we found a perfectly scrumptious stretch of sandy beach and—well, it's too bad you weren't there. Jim's friend is going to turn the old tub, as he calls it, over to Jim for a couple of weeks, with the Jap cook and the roustabouts and everything, when he goes back to Milwaukee, and Jim says ——

P. S. If you do come, you might bring Sashka if she'd like. Mother and I would be awfully glad to have her.

Extract from a letter from Bobby to Cathy:

I am certainly glad that you had a perfectly lovely time with Jim. And I am glad that he knows all about boats and can tell the bow from the stern, most likely, and won't be looking for chickens in the hatchway; also, that he will have plenty of room to steer on Lake Michigan and won't bump into Wisconsin as long as he's on the Michigan side. But at the same time, if I were in your place I'd feel safer ashore, even if I didn't have the loveliest time I ever had in my life. And anyway, you would probably have a good time with Jim anywhere.

As far as hating to write is concerned, I don't think I ever said I hated to, and I don't think that because I happened to miss writing three or four times when there wasn't anything to write about that I felt would interest you, you have got any right to make those cracks. And at that, I've written as often as you have, just about, and you therefore have nothing on me. I am not going to dispute about that, however, only I apologize for being sick last Saturday. I am now about as usual and expect to be down this Saturday, when I hope you will have time to see me. I also hope to see Jim and trust to have a perfectly lovely time with him. . . . I don't think I shall give Mrs. Tolbert your kind invitation, however. She would probably accept it, not being of a suspicious nature and not looking for slams from people who don't know anything about her and are prone to jump to wrong conclusions.

Well, Bobby had been sick that Saturday. He had a cracking headache. You could have fried eggs in his brainpan that morning, by heck. It took a couple of headache powders to straighten him out. But that was a wonderful Friday night. A big crowd, and among them Wilkes and Soper Gilbey, the illustrious creator of Wangle and Wop, and Gilbey had brought his little contribution to the commissariat—the real prewar article, he said. Bobby didn't like him. Rather an offensive little beast. He had, Bobby opined, sequestrated too many syndicate sequins and they had gone to his head. He tried to make a date with Sashka for lunch the next day.

"Nothing didding," said Bobby promptly. "Sashka's lunching with me tomorrow. Aren't you, Sashka?" And Sashka assented.

"Why?" asked Gilbey nastily.

"She likes intelligent companionship," Bobby explained. "Don't you, Sashka?" And Sashka assented. "Which lets you out," said Bobby. "Now bresh by, boy, bresh by and don't pester us no longer. You're getting heavy on my nervous system."

"Run along, Sopy," said Sashka. "I won't have my Bobby annoyed.

"Don't you think I'm good to you?" she asked Bobby when Gilbey had left them.

"I can't begin to tell you what you are to me," said Bobby.

"A perfectly good lunch lost too," she murmured. "Of course you remember you'll be on your way to Cheepahassac tomorrow."

"I'll be sitting opposite to you at Vicary's," said Bobby. "That's what I'll be doing. I'll be around to collect you a little before one o'clock."

And, his name being Robert Punctuality Peters, he was around a little before one, and found Big Brute sprawled on the deck chair with the remains of a breakfast *à deux*, including eggshells, on the black-and-yellow table beside him. Sashka was decidedly not dressed for a fashionable restaurant.

"You blessed boy!" she cried. "You did come, didn't you? I hardly believed you would, and here I am not ready."

"Ready for what?" inquired Big Brute surlily.

"For lunch at Vicary's," replied Sashka. She turned to Bobby. "He didn't have anything to eat, so I had to feed him," she explained.

"Yes?" said Bobby rather frigidly.

"But I'm far from thoroughly fed," said Big Brute. "So that was why you've been trying to turn me out, Sashka. Well, I'm glad I stayed if Bobby's going to take us to lunch."

"I'm not," Bobby told him.

(Continued on Page 99)

Pay Off the Grinning Caddy

When May in a softening mood crowds your pulses with the urge of a thousand springs and all the world is an open road for every soul that stirs—close the doors of all the houses and throw away the keys.

When in the blue mystery of the magic woods flowers come up with color and birds come back with song, pay off the grinning caddy and choose for your companion someone who knows the Playboy was built for her.

Step on the throttle of that masculine car, full of the nomad spirit and the will to go—leave the town and turbulence and fame, and scudding through the sunlight like a phantom thing possessed, idle the golden hours away.

That's youth—that's life—that's Spring.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY Inc. Cleveland, Ohio

JORDAN

PALM

Missing! —the "middle aged woman"

How thousands of women are keeping youth
—the simple rule to follow

Now, women grow young—not old

Certainly, the middle aged woman is disappearing, in this golden age of youth.

To be fading at 30, middle aged at 35, old at 40—no longer does this dreary prospect confront womankind.

The reason?—simply that women have learned that age is judged by appearance, not by years. If you want to be at your best in maturity, just keep that schoolgirl complexion!

How this is done

Most surely by protecting the beauty Nature gave you.

Girlhood's skin is fresh and smooth. Learn how to keep this smooth freshness.

Simple cleansing is the secret—cleansing which is thorough without harshness. The problem is—which cleanser? Solve this by using Palmolive.

The emollient soap

Palmolive is blended from palm and olive oils, the lotion-like, cosmetic oils discovered in ancient Egypt.

They impart their soothing, healing qualities to the mild, creamy Palmolive lather. Its action is as gentle, and as mild, as the royal oils themselves.

Use Palmolive freely, and with confidence. It makes washing your face a real beauty treatment. It penetrates the minute skin pores, removing all accumulations of dirt, excess oil and perspiration. But never does it irritate or dry the skin.

If your skin is very dry, apply cold cream after washing. This supplies the lack of natural oil.

Then—your favorite powder, and perhaps a touch of rouge. Modern cosmetics are perfectly harmless when applied to a clean skin.

Cleopatra washed her face this way

Cleansing with palm and olive oils in crude combination was the great queen's beauty secret. Certainly she kept her youth for a lifetime. She was at the height of her fame and power when other women were considered old.

But—palm and olive oils kept her skin fresh and smooth throughout maturity. And so will they keep yours. To attain the beauty, the radiance of girlhood days, through the years of womanhood, you need the help of Palmolive.

Since Palmolive is only 10c a cake, you can afford to use it for every toilet purpose. Remember that complexion beauty extends to arms and shoulders, and increase yours by bathing with Palmolive.

OLIVE

Palm and olive oils
—nothing else—give
Nature's green color
to Palmolive Soap

Volume and
efficiency produce
25c quality for

10c

PALMOLIVE

Created to lubricate Fords exclusively

This oil makes possible eight definite economies

EVERY day, thousands of Ford owners are making an important discovery—a discovery which definitely reduces the cost of operating their cars. They are learning that the lubricating oils which are recommended for use in other cars cannot be used with economy in the Ford.

There is a scientific reason for this.

Why your Ford requires an exclusive oil

The lubrication system of your Ford is different from that of any other passenger automobile. The engine and transmission are combined in one housing, making it possible for the same oil to lubricate both the engine and transmission. This intentional economy feature of Ford design presents a dual lubrication problem. One oil must do two jobs. If it fails, you have added expense instead of extra economy.

Ordinary automobile engine oils, even of the highest quality, cannot properly lubricate the Ford engine *and* the Ford transmission. The use of such oils is apparent in jerky chatter when you start, stop and reverse your Ford. Chatter prevents ease of operation and causes destructive vibration throughout the entire car.

Made for the Ford exclusively

After four years of laboratory experiments and road tests, Veedol Fordol was created by Tidewater Engineers to solve this dual lubrication problem, which had baffled experts for years. Veedol Fordol is more than a high quality engine oil. Veedol Fordol is more than a "non-chatter" oil. Veedol Fordol is the ideal combination of both. Its use in your car makes possible eight definite economies.

The 8 Economies of Veedol Fordol

1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Fordol conservatively saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% savings are developed repeatedly.

2—Eliminates costly "chatter"—Veedol Fordol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. "Chatter", a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated.

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—the savings in oil consumption run from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Veedol Fordol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon in the Ford engine cylinders. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Fordol possesses to a super-degree the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

6—Increased ability to coast—With average lubrication, a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Fordol, coasting is possible down the slightest grades.

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel, Veedol Fordol maintains its power-seal and lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Veedol Fordol.

8—Fewer repairs—Because Veedol Fordol masters the lubricating problem of the Ford power plant the result is a hitherto unknown freedom from engine vibration and repair bills.

Test the 8 Economies

One crankcaseful of Veedol Fordol will convince you, too, that the "8 Economies" are facts and not mere claims. You will find that your Ford is running with a new smoothness—without jerky chatter. You will find that you are getting full power, yet using less gasoline and oil. You will have fewer repair bills.

You will know why Veedol Fordol is called the *economy* oil for Fords. And if you want to keep records you can prove these facts!

Have your crankcase drained and refilled with Veedol Fordol today.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York; Chicago, 3433 South Racine Avenue; San Francisco, 440 Brannan Street.

Ford Owners in the Middle Atlantic and New England States can secure additional power and protection through the use of Tydol Economy Gasoline

VEEDOL FORDOL

The economy

oil for Fords

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(Continued from Page 94)

"Eh?"

"Going to take us. I'm taking Sashka if she wants to come. No us about it. Where do you get that us, anyway?"

Bobby's headache began to bother him again. Big Brute rose from his chair and Sashka made a swift movement that placed her between the two.

"You get out of here now!" she cried, addressing Big Brute.

Bobby could not see her face, but her rich, husky voice was pitched higher than usual and he noticed that she was holding the bread knife in an overhand grasp that was highly suggestive. Big Brute evidently noticed it, too, and turned to go. He stopped at the door and grinned at Bobby.

"About Sashka," he began. "I was going to tell you the other day that she ——"

The knife flew through the air and stuck quivering in the doorcasing. It didn't miss Big Brute by a great deal.

"—— that she was temperamental," he concluded, and disappeared, closing the door behind him with a slam that dislodged the knife.

Sashka laughed at the sight of Bobby's face, but Bobby did not seem to be amused.

"I don't understand this," he said. "What's that dirty loafer doing in here? What does he mean? Why do you ——"

Sashka put her hands on his shoulders

"Are we friends, Bobby?" she asked very gravely. "Because friendship means trust and a respect for a friend's reticences, doesn't it?"

"I—I suppose so," Bobby answered. "But ——"

"No buts. Do you trust me?"

"Of course I do. Still ——"

"And no stills. Don't make me angry. I told you once I might scratch you. Take care!"

She drew the tips of her fingers down his face quickly, but with a soft, caressing touch that made him tremble. She laughed and turned away and the next moment was rummaging in a little closet, from which she emerged with her arms draped with various garments, which she threw on a chair that was standing by the screen.

"Now for a transformation," she said gayly. "Sit down and take out your watch. I'm going to astonish you."

Bobby sat down as she went behind the screen. He heard various sounds indicating the rapid progress of a toilet. He heard her laugh again to herself.

"Bobby!"

Bobby turned his head, which he should not have done, for Sashka was reaching from the screen for something on the chair and there was more of her revealed than, doubtless, she had any idea of. Certainly not more than quite conventional women would complacently display on a formal evening occasion—or little more—and the very accident of the revelation testified to the innocence of her heart, but ——

Of course, the young man looked away again instantly, ashamed of his indiscretion, but he was undeniably thrilled. For one thing, it seemed so delightfully intimate for him to be sitting there—under the circumstances.

"I hope you didn't think I meant to hit him with that knife. I may be temperamental, as he said, but I'm not murderous—usually."

"If you had meant to hit him you wouldn't have come so close," said Bobby, and she laughed at that.

"But I feel sorry for him. He's an awful nuisance sometimes, but when a man is really hungry and hasn't any money to buy a breakfast—you see."

"Uh-huh."

Bobby lit a cigarette, striking the match loudly. He could sit there with perfect calmness and smoke a cigarette, not even turning his head again when she spoke. He could think of Sashka's kind heart. . . . Gosh, she was a beautiful woman! And yet she had always worn gowns that covered those shoulders!

"There!"

And there she was. A transformation, all right, and effected in an incredibly short space of time. A tailored costume, of all things. Perfectly plain; a simple snuff-colored tailor-made; but man, the style of it! The hang of it! Chic? Well, what would you say? And the hat!

"Listen," said Bobby, "you'll have to wait until I can make a transformation myself so I can look as if I belonged."

She laughed at his admiration.

"I suppose you thought I couldn't dress like other women," she said.

"You can't," Bobby told her. "You couldn't on a bet. You—well, you'll knock 'em all dead and that's all there is to it."

That was so. There wasn't an eye in the restaurant that was not turned on her. Bobby expanded with pride at the sensation she created and was hard put to it to assume the proper degree of haughty nonchalance under the universal regard. If Sashka looked like a grand duchess or as a grand duchess ought to look it was up to him to look like somebody.

Evidently the head waiter thought he was somebody, and the confidential suggestions of their own waiter regarding the *carte* were made with the most profound respect, almost with humility. Very gratifying. That Bobby presently forgot his pose and became oblivious of the curiosity and admiration of all these people was no small tribute to Sashka's charm. It was a wonderful lunch. Different from the lunches and dinners they had had together at Lipschnitz's with fat, sloppy Rachel waiting on them, and Lipschnitz, with his black skullcap, playing his eternal chess with Braunstein, and the clatter of dishes and the all-pervading smell of kraut and herring. Well, yes! But here, as there, Sashka's eyes and the low, husky tones of Sashka's voice made him quite indifferent to his surroundings. Only now and then, when her hand lay temptingly close to his, he recollected himself in time; and again, when Sashka lit her cigarette, he became conscious that the general interest in them had not subsided.

"This," said Sashka dreamily, "is quite like old times. Once in Vienna at the ——" Her eyes followed the smoke from her cigarette for a moment or two while Bobby waited.

"Yes? I'd like to hear about those old times of yours. You never tell me."

"Better not," said Sashka, shaking her head. "Bobby, my poor boy, do you know you're really a bourgeois? Your soul struggles for liberty, but it will never achieve it. Heredity and environment are too strong for you. This has been lovely, but it isn't going to happen again. I feel it."

"You'll see," said Bobby gayly. "And now where do we go from here?"

Eventually they went from there to the Art Institute, as it was too late for a matinée. As a matter of fact, though there were some things at the institute that might be considered interesting, there was a dearth of the really modern—that is, originally modern—in its galleries. For instance, not a Marcel Brobst in the entire collection, nor a sign of the tremendously revolutionary influence he was exerting. Nor of Gegler's wonderful symbolism in sculpture. They soon turned aside from the threadbare presentments of ancient and accepted genius, the finished attainments of complacent Victorian mediocrity and the already passé, almost obvious school of Matisse to find a secluded seat and talk of something else. A little later Bobby proposed tea at a place on the Avenue where they gave you real English muffins and crumpets—on which there must have been a tremendously heavy duty—and altogether had a wonderful afternoon.

A wonderful night's entertainment at Eric's followed, and on Sunday—while little Miss Cathy was having the time of her life aboard the Milwaukee person's motorboat—Sashka and Bobby had the studio to themselves for a precious hour and a half, during which for the first time Sashka told him something of the tragedy of her earlier youth.

Gosh, that incredible rotter, Tolbert! Bobby had, of course, heard before this that Sashka had been unhappily married and had divorced her husband, and he had been sure that Sashka had had plenty good reason for shaking the blackguard; but he had never imagined such diabolical cruelty, such cynical brutality, such baseness as this unutterable villain had been guilty of. Say ——

And how she had suffered! The hackneyed phrase "mental anguish" took on a new meaning for Bobby, and she had thought she loved him—this skate—just a kid, an impulsive, warm-hearted, romantic kid! The pity of it! If ever Bobby ran across that guy—well, his blood just boiled. He got up and paced the floor in his agitation. "Just a kid, a warm-hearted ——"

"It's cold enough now, Bobby," said Sashka sadly. "It turned to stone then, I think."

"Not on your life!" said Bobby, turning quickly. "Sashka, you can't fool me. That bluff doesn't go, because I know it isn't cold. You may think so yourself, but I guess I know."

"It has warmed a little to you, perhaps, my friend," Sashka admitted, smiling pathetically as she extended her hand to him. "Ah, Bobby, what havoc our illusions create! And of all, the illusion of young love! A pretty face ——"

Bobby took her hand and kissed it just as Violet blew in. Dog-gone!

Well, from all this enough may be gathered to show that Bobby had done nothing to deserve the insinuations conveyed in Cathy's letter. The lunch engagement had been, in a measure, forced upon him; and having made it, it was impossible to back out. They had kept it up pretty late at Eric's on Saturday night and he had overslept at the hotel and couldn't have made the train connections, irrespective of his illness. His good faith was proved by the fact that he had brought his suitcase, packed as usual, from home. He might have spent Sunday afternoon at Holmhurst, but what was the use? They could suppose that he was at Cheepahassac as usual.

There again! Evasion, prevarication, secrecy! All because he hadn't the nerve to say, "See here, dear people, I am I - Bobby—and I claim my right to go where I please, when I please and with whom I please, unquestioned and unrestrained. I demand respect for my individuality and for my reticences and trust for my conduct. If you don't choose to give them to me I cannot consent to stay beneath your roof; if you continue to bind me, however lovingly I'm tied, I must burst my bonds. This implies no diminution of my affection, but it may be considered a declaration of independence."

And to Cathy: "You once said that you considered me your property—that I would better believe it. Forget that stuff. I love you better than my life, but I could not love you, dear, so much, loved I not freedom more. I am I—Bobby. Nobody's property. I claim the right to dispose of my time unquestioned and unrestrained and to choose my friends of either sex without any wrong construction being placed on my conduct. If you can't concede this ——"

He read her letter over again, his anger mounting. By heck, this Burke business had gone far enough! Teaching her to steer! He had a big notion to hop a train right then and run down and settle matters—settle 'em good, and get rid of this sick feeling that came over him whenever he thought of that pug-nosed roughneck trotting around with his Cathy, teaching her things. Probably he was teaching her astronomy, too—lunar observations from the bench. Yes, he had a big notion to go, but there was one end of a rope passed around his leg and the other end of it in old Riley's hands. No reason why he shouldn't insist on being a human being and come and go at his own will—except that this dehumanizing industrial system forbade it. Big Brute wouldn't submit to it. Big Brute would go anywhere he darn pleased—if he had the price of a ticket. And there you were again. By the way, he hadn't seen Big Brute since Saturday morning.

That evening as Bobby took his seat in the 5:45 Owen tapped him on the shoulder. Usually Owen went home on the 5:18, so it was something of a surprise.

"Name's Coleman," said Owen. "You may recollect me. I'm a connection of yours by marriage. How are you? You haven't changed much since I last saw you."

"I seem to remember you," Bobby admitted. "In fact I seldom forget a face. What brings you out so late? I'll bet Lynette skins you."

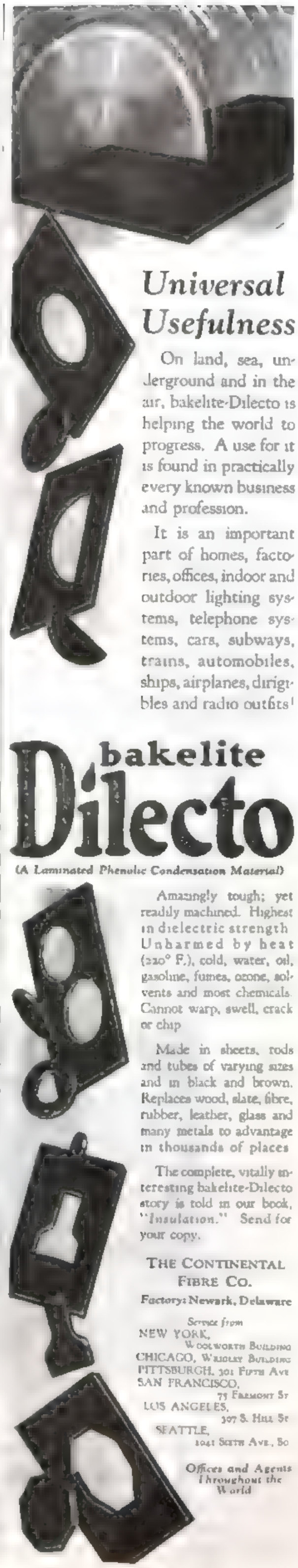
"She understands that as a member of the firm I have increased duties and responsibilities," said Owen. "Yes, young-feller-me-lad, you see before you an instance of what a brilliant intellect, unremitting industry and good behavior will do for a young ambitious man. The firm name is now Anson, Jasper & Coleman."

"You're kidding! Honest, Owen?"

"Surest thing you know and you're the first to know it. We signed the articles of partnership and all the rest of it this afternoon. I wonder what my income tax will be two or three years from now. Well, that's all there is to it. Some game today—12 to 3—what?"

But Bobby wasn't discussing scores. He was delighted with the good news and questioned eagerly. After all, there must be something to old Owen.

(Continued on Page 101)



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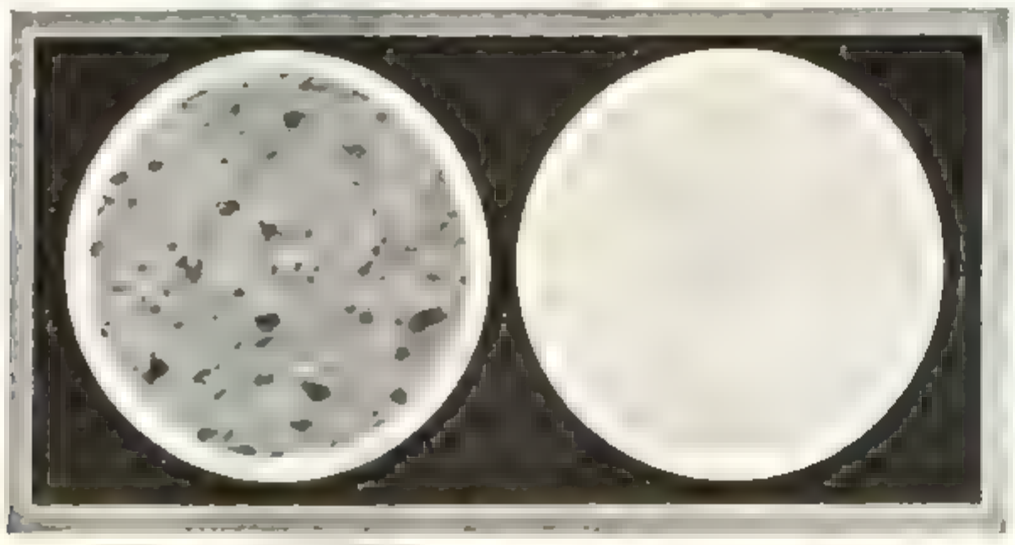

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THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

(Continued from Page 99)

"Don't they know it at home?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact, they sprung it on me Saturday, but I didn't tell anybody but Lynette. Best to be careful about making announcements until everything's signed, sealed and delivered, don't you think so?"

"Just as well," Bobby agreed rather uncomfortably. He wondered if Owen intended any side allusion to matrimonial engagements. You couldn't always tell where Owen was leading you.

"Yes," said Owen, accepting the cigarette, "I phoned Lynette right away and she wouldn't wait for particulars until I got home, so she hurried up to take lunch with me. We had a sort of celebration—at Vicary's. I saw you there, but I didn't like to intrude."

Owen went on to give a humorous account of Lynette's instantly formed plans for dazzling society. It was all very funny, no doubt; but Bobby wasn't listening.

"I suppose she's blabbed it all over about me," he said at last.

"Eh? Oh, about you? No, her back was to you when you came in and I don't think I mentioned it to her—or did I?"

"If you did you wouldn't be uncertain about it," said Bobby bitterly.

"No, I didn't. You see, we were selfishly absorbed in our new prospects of affluence. But I couldn't help admiring the lady you were with. One of your clients, Bobby?"

"No—not exactly," said Bobby. "A a friend."

"No ordinary woman, I should judge."

Owen looked judicial. Bobby admitted to himself that Owen had streaks of good sense as well as discretion, and, by degrees, became communicative. Owen put in an appreciative word here and there that further raised Bobby's opinion of him and loosened reserve. Presently Owen became communicative in his turn.

"You know, a man does get a little tired of the rut," he said confidentially. "You twitted me not very long ago with my resignation to my futile fate. I answered you lightly—kidded you a little, perhaps; but you got under my skin just the same. I would really like to meet a few men and women with original ideas once in a while and talk about things that matter. Mind, I'm not saying Lynette hasn't original ideas. She has. Sometimes they're so gosh-dinged original ——"

Owen checked himself. Good old Owen! Bobby knew Lynette, all right, but he liked to have Owen stick up for her nevertheless.

"I'd like to meet this crowd you tell me about; but if I went Lynette would want to go, too, I suppose—if she knew it. And maybe you wouldn't want to take me along." Owen looked at Bobby wistfully.

"If it was just you—why, yes."

He didn't enjoy the prospect, but after all Owen was rather a success socially. Most people liked him. And if he didn't start kidding —— Another thing, Owen had been mighty decent not wising Lynette at the restaurant.

"Let's make it snappy," said Owen. "How about tonight?"

"Not going out tonight," said Bobby "No, I don't think before Monday. We'll say—well, soon."

"Fine!" said Owen, beaming. "I'm mighty anxious to get a close-up of your friend, Mrs. Tolbert. From what you tell me, I think you're mighty lucky to have her take an interest in you. Nothing better for a fellow than a real friendship with a woman of her age and experience. One learns."

That night Owen and Lynette came to the house to tell the glad tidings of the partnership, but Bobby was in his room writing to Cathy. Before they left, Owen and Mr. Peters had a short session in the library.

On Friday Bobby lunched with Sashka at Lipschnitz's. He told her of his intention to bring old Owen to the studio sometime soon, and Sashka smiled—one of her unreadable smiles.

"Well, let him come," she said. "I'll try to behave and make the rest behave as far as possible."

"For the cat's sake!" exclaimed Bobby. "What do you mean behave? Owen's fed up with people who behave. Our village is full of them. Do you mean you'll be ordinary and conventional? You can't, Sashka." He laughed at her

"And you're going down to see little Catherine. Well, Bobby, it has been frightfully nice knowing you, I'm sure, and we shall all miss you tremendously."

"Where do you get that line of chit-chat?" demanded Bobby hotly. "Listen, do you think ——"

"I think you're a dear boy," said Sashka, "and as I said, I'm going to miss you when your friends and relations and your dear little fiancée have taken you away."

Bobby colored with mortification.

"Guess again," he said. "Nobody takes me away. I'm too heavy to carry and they gave my little carriage away when I was three years old, and that's some time ago, if you'll try to believe it. There's no relations and no fiancée, either, who can take me away from you. You think they can?"

He gazed earnestly, compellingly into the green depths of Sashka's eyes. She shook her head slowly; then, after a quick glance to assure herself they were not observed, she laid her hand on his and pressed it quickly.

"No, I don't think they can."

Bobby lit a cigarette with fingers that trembled. A minute or two later they left the restaurant, but at the door Sashka dismissed him.

"No, we can't play this afternoon. I've work to do, and I suppose you have."

Bobby looked at his watch and had to admit that it was time he got back to the mill.

"Till Monday night then, Bobby."

"Till Monday night, Sashka."

At the office Kemp gave Bobby a nasty look as he entered. Bobby had a strong inclination to walk up to him right then and there and ask him what in heck he meant by it; but as Kemp said nothing, he smothered his resentment for the time being. Presently as he sat at his desk old Riley passed him on his way out. Bobby was about to smile pleasantly at the old gentleman, but it got no farther than a start. Riley's reddish-brown eyes under his shaggy brows had an expression almost Gorgon in effect, his mouth was set at its grimmest, his neck uncompromisingly rigid. He passed on to the door without a word.

"Darned nice atmosphere in this joint," Bobby ruminated angrily. "Stimulating. You certainly feel an *esprit de corpse*—like there is in the morgue. Makes a man want to do his best."

Wilkes approached him and spoke under cover of a lease which he pretended to show.

"Listen, Peters, none of my business, but from all I hear you're rushing Sashka too hard and not rushing the work here hard enough. I like the gang, when I've time for 'em; but business first and pleasure after is my motto."

"Early to bed and early to rise, too," sneered Bobby. "Punctuality is the politeness of princes. Keep your shop and your shop will keep you. You give me a pain, four-flushing about being a Bohemian. They just laugh at you if you knew it. You're right about this being none of your business, though."

"Cheese it," murmured Wilkes. "Kemp's watching."

Kemp was in fact standing at the door of his cubbyhole regarding them. Bobby this time returned his look with studied insolence and Kemp slowly retreated and closed the door.

"Trying to get yourself fired?" asked Wilkes sarcastically.

"Go to hell," said Bobby, with unwonted profanity, and Wilkes returned to his desk.

Once more aboard the boat and moving out of the harbor with the engine thumping "On to Cathy, on to Cathy, on to Cathy," and the sun doing its best to make everything bright, and failing. On to Cathy, on to Cathy—that's where you're being taken—to the young woman whose property you are. No joyful anticipation? Not very? Shame on you, Bobby! You should at least be filled with the stern joy of high resolve, for you are going to show her just exactly where she dumps this property idea and you're going to point out to Mr. Jim Burke the impropriety of his conduct. Those two things accomplished, the sun's efforts may be better appreciated. Just now, however ——

He had had another rotten morning at the office. Riley, who often gave Saturdays a miss, was not down; but Kemp was on the job and had had the nerve to want Bobby to go to see a man at Hinsdale. Sprung it on him at ten o'clock. Why not Timbuktu? Kemp knew as well as anybody about the Cheepahassac Saturday trip; anyway, he knew it after Bobby told him and pointed out the fact that this was Saturday and a half holiday. Kemp had elaborately begged his pardon. He hadn't

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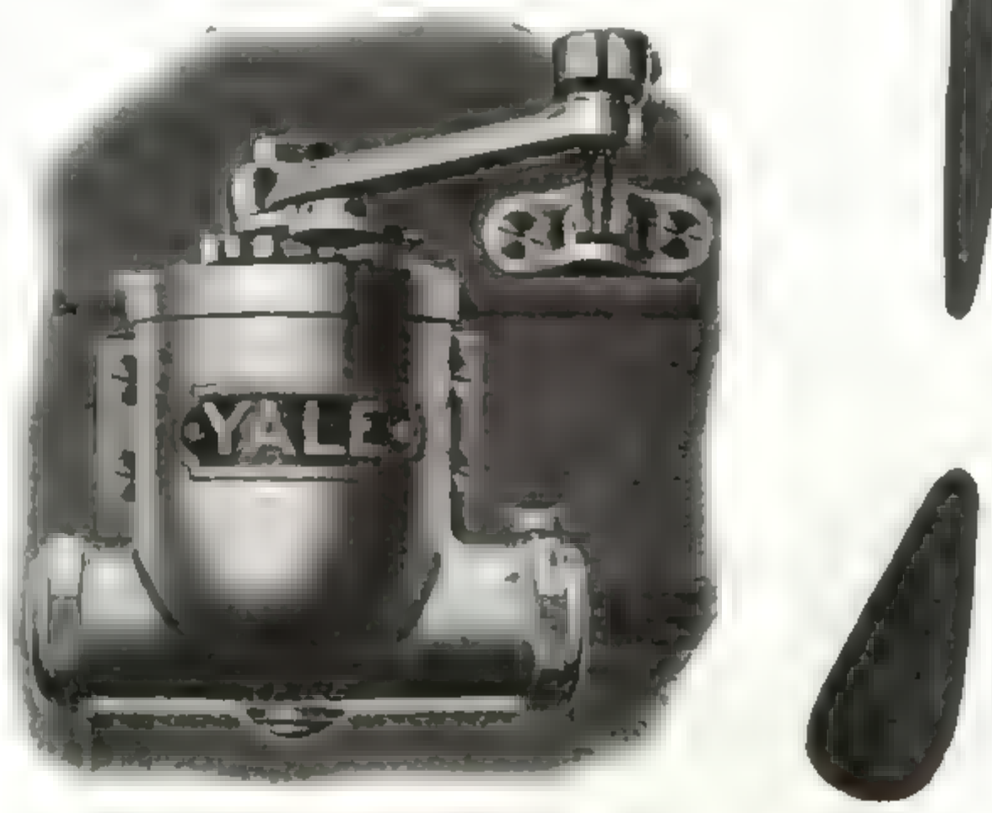

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thought that Bobby was particular about working hours to an hour or two; then he had called Brodie and sent him. Mind you, the Hinsdale man was Bobby's prospect and there was no reason why the matter couldn't have gone over until Monday. If Kemp thought he would gyp him on the commission he was mistaken.

But the sun got in its work in spite of everything. You remember its triumph over the wind in the fable—the traveler and his cloak? Bobby always found it hard to resist persistent brightness. Hope began to whisper. Cathy would realize that he was not to be trifled with and repent her really selfish narrowness of mind, recognize his sovereign independence and give this guy Burke the unmistakable gate. She would be her gay, loving, peachy little self again when she saw that he really thought everything in the world of her. She would be perfectly reasonable about Sashka. After he and Cathy were married Sashka would—maybe—come to see them. Why not? She could come with Eric. A friendship with a woman like Sashka would do Cathy good, enlarge her vision. Old Owen would help things along too. Gosh, it seemed an age since he had seen Cathy! The old Queen of the Waves was getting slower and more decrepit all the time. They'd have to take her off the run soon.

Yes, after all, everything was jake.

"Think so, do you?" said Dame Fortune inaudibly as she pushed Hope aside. "Huh!" She was frowning.

Quite a bunch of people on the pier and among them there was Cathy to meet him. Bobby didn't wait for the gangplank. Suitcase in hand, he climbed over the rail and leaped gracefully a clear four feet. He landed lightly right side up, but stumbled on a length of plank patching and sprawled ignominiously.

A stout arm helped him to his feet. It belonged to Mr. James Burke, who was grinning. In this respect he was not singular. Everybody was grinning and some even snickered.

"Didn't hurt yourself?" inquired Burke.

"Not at all, thanks," said Bobby. "Never mind the suitcase. Let it lie."

He turned to Cathy.

"Your fault," he said, smiling heroically. "If you hadn't been here I wouldn't have been in such a hurry."

"I know you're always crazy to get here," remarked Cathy coolly. "How are you and how are all the good people at Holmhurst? You know Myrtle, don't you?"

Bobby begged pardon and greeted Myrtle.

"And, Mrs. Macey, may I present Mr. Peters?"

She was allowed to, and Bobby had hardly expressed his pleasure when he was introduced to two more girls and a pie-faced flannel fool named Wedderburn.

"You came quite a cropper," said Burke with weak solicitude.

"Did I?" inquired Bobby suavely. "When was that?"

"Just now," answered Burke brightly. "Maybe you didn't notice it."

"Oh, that? Yes, of course I did. Don't you notice it when you get a hard jolt or a swift kick? Most people do."

Cathy interrupted.

"I think everybody's off the boat now and we might as well go. Bobby, you'll find things a little livelier. Mrs. Macey and Myrtle and Jim are staying at our place. We're grown to be quite a colony since you were last here. We've got a dandy tennis court too."

Bobby, who had picked up his suitcase, set it down again and beckoned to the hotel porter as the rest moved on.

"I guess I'll go over to the hotel this time," he said. "I've hurt my knee a little and I don't feel like walking."

"Our man could drive you if you want to come," Cathy suggested indifferently. "You can have your room, you know, just the same. I think Mrs. Hotchkiss expects you." She cried to the others, "Wait for me a minute." Then she faced Bobby, her eyes hostile, without a trace of pity for his injury. "Well?"

Bobby indicated his suitcase to the man.

"I'll ride up with you to the hotel," he told him. To Cathy he said, "No, not just now. I'll be over later on maybe. Tell Mrs. Hotchkiss not to bother about any arrangements for me."

The last words he addressed to Cathy's back. She was hurrying on to rejoin her companions, only turning her head once to call, "All right then. This evening maybe."

Bobby waved his hand, but he was by no means feeling so cheerful as he looked. As he got into the bus he was simply boiling with rage. "What do you know about that? Can you beat it?" Quite inadequate exclamations, but their fervor and emphasis must be taken into account.

He registered and went up to his room and stared blankly from the window at the beach with its throng of loungers and bathers, at the calm vast lake and the fleecy clouds on the western horizon. A scene of peace and happiness from which he turned away with something like disgust. The limit! What did it mean? What did she take him for? This demanded consideration and he considered at length with his chin between his palms as he sat on the bed.

One thing darned certain—if she thought he was going to tag after her this evening she was greatly mistaken. One other thing certain—it was up to him to alter Mr. Jim Burke's map for him. Quite an essential part of the program, that.

Having come to these definite conclusions, he became aware that time had passed and the dinner hour was approaching. He made a careful toilet with a view to the usual evening festivity. Cathy and this new crowd of hers would certainly be over. Cathy would certainly attend, realizing, as she no doubt did by this time, that he wasn't going to tag around after her. So he was a very nice-looking young man, indeed, by the time he had given himself the final touches. The cat's whiskers, to a hair, the real Camembert; not merely irreproachable, but distinctly it. A pardonable thrill of vanity dispelled his gloom for a moment as he surveyed his reflection in the mirror. He thought of Burke's gala appearance and almost smiled as he turned away.

When he entered the dining room a little later he found in the interested and admiring glances directed at him ample confirmation of his own favorable opinion.

But neither Cathy nor any member of her crowd showed up at the dance. Seated on the porch by a window where he had a clear view of both the approach to the hotel and the interior of the cleared dining room in which the dance was held, he was able to be certain of that. He smoked cigarette after cigarette with an air of calm enjoyment, but it was a ghastly business sitting here and having a fresh set of accelerated vibrations at the approach of every group or couple. Nauseating! No, that wasn't her! No, she wasn't in that bunch!

The genial and affable young clerk with a festal carnation in his lapel came out and spoke to him.

"Ain't you going to shake a foot, Mr. Peters? You're inflicting needless pain on a number of our young lady guests, sitting here all by your lonesome."

No, Bobby was keeping his feet still this trip. He had hurt his knee; besides which, the air tasted good out here. The clerk said yes, the bus driver had told him about the accident. He laughed.

"How about a little arnica? No?" Still he lingered. "Not quite so many here tonight. Some of our people went over to Hotchkisses'. There's a little dance over there. Just private, though; in the barn or something. Well, if you won't come——"

So that was it! Well, that just about settled it. Just about—settled—it! Cathy must have felt pretty sure that he would come over or else she didn't care. Well, one thing, he wasn't going over. He was going to bed.

He went to bed, but not until the dance was beginning to break up. He slept little, and the next morning he was up early inquiring if there were any changes in the time-tables. No Sunday train on the branch line and the Queen of the Waves didn't leave to meet the Chicago boat until three o'clock. That meant he would have to hang around until three.

After breakfast it occurred to him there was Burke to attend to. So far as Cathy was concerned, he would have stuck to his determination not to go near her. But Burke. Yes, he would go over, beckon Burke aside, lead him off—— Perhaps it might be as well to see Cathy. Something might have happened to prevent her from coming over. Perhaps the parental opposition had revived. If so he would show 'em. But then she had given him the unmistakable raspberry—not even a loganberry—at the pier, so—— Well, he could say coolly, "This is hail and farewell, Cathy. Business calls me to town and I'm leaving at once." Then if she had anything to say she could say it, and if not he would turn on his heel——

But she would have something to say all right, all right.

But, as it happened, he didn't get so far as Hotchkisses', the reason being that at the place where the lane met the road he met Mr. James Burke and his grin. It was a lovely spot for the purpose, being screened by some second-growth timber and underbrush and carpeted with grass except where the wagon track ran through. They both halted. The preliminaries were brief.

"How's the bum gam?" inquired Mr. Burke cheerfully.

"Why, as to that, my gam is giving me no inconvenience whatever," responded Bobby, eying him appraisingly. "My wing is also in good shape—both wings—and my bellerses are, as per usual, at par. I am fairly fit, thank you kindly, and I hope you are, too, because I'm not a bum sport."

"I don't make you," said Mr. Burke.

"I thought you wouldn't," said Bobby. "You don't look as if you had much sense. Get this?" He slapped Burke's face.

"Now you make yourself perfectly clear," said Burke, and pulled off his coat.

He then advanced and Bobby jumped to meet him. His impetuous rush was checked by a jarring thump well home and covering the fifth and sixth ribs, while he avoided an uppercut to his chin only by a quick side step. Undismayed, he darted in again and bruised his knuckles on Burke's cheek bone, receiving in return another rib-roaster with the same jarring quality.

He had a fighting head, had Bobby, and he saw that he would have to use it. He had some skill in the noble science, too, but it was obvious that Burke had a little. He was quicker on his feet than Burke, but not so bull strong; his reach was perhaps a shade longer. Well, he would make the most of that and his superior activity and try not to let his fury overcome his caution. That grin of Burke's—which he had resumed after its temporary disappearance at the slap—was exasperating enough, but if it was to be wiped off time and care would be required.

A leaf out of Burke's book—a couple of smashes well over the heart. Rattled him an instant, too—long enough to enable Bobby to get pretty near the grin if not quite. Gosh, what a head the brute had! Like hitting a hydrant with your bare fist. But it rocked him. His arms too. Hard as his head, just about. Not a guard to break through easily.

In and out Bobby danced. Not always effectively in or scatheless out, but often both. Once Burke got him on the cheek and he felt a little trickle of blood. In again and—— Ah-h! Square on the grin at last! It would be a thick-lipped grin after this, by heck!

Burke bored in and with such determination that Bobby cast a side glance to make sure of his ground. A great mistake. Burke got him again on the unlucky fifth and sixth. Evidently this guy was partial to ribs, but it was getting monotonous. Another coming! It certainly looked as if it was, but instead came Burke's left, biff in Bobby's eye, and floored him.

A cat couldn't have got on its feet any quicker. Now it was Burke's turn to move backward. All Bobby's latent strength and a demoniac energy went to force that reluctant movement. Just beginning to fight! An eye for an eye—what?

Then he stopped, his busy and bloody hands dropped to his sides. Burke stopped simultaneously and they both stared at Cathy. Cathy, pale as a sheeted ghost and with something distinctly awesome in her dilated eyes. A moment's silence and then she spoke.

"Excuse me for screaming, boys," she said in a strange slow voice, "and please don't let me interrupt you."

She looked from one to the other, and Bobby, conscious of one fast-closing eye, his swollen jaw and the blood on his face and his once immaculate shirt, looked at Burke and was pained to observe how comparatively unmarred that gentleman seemed to be.

"Oh, aren't you going on with it?" Her voice cut like a knife.

Burke picked up his coat.

"I'll beat it," he said. "You two probably——"

He grinned horribly and was gone.

"Do you mind telling me what this means?" asked Catherine.

Bobby hesitated to tell this stranger anything, but he saw he had to.

"It means I"—his chest was still heaving—"I disapprove of his—familiar way with you; and I was showing—him—— Listen, Cathy——"

"I see," Cathy broke in. "And what business is it of yours, please?"

"Considering that you are my fiancée—that we are engaged——"

"Consider nothing of the sort," said Catherine with an icy smile. "Consider, please, that I'm not even an acquaintance of yours from this minute and that I have no feeling whatever for you but contempt."

Bobby was so clearly astounded that, though he could find no words to answer her, the austerity of her expression relaxed a little.

"You wrote that you were ill last week. I hear that you were lunching at Vicary's with—I suppose by the description it was—er—Mrs. Tolbert, I think you called her. Is that true?"

"Listen!" Bobby cried passionately. "If Lynette has been writing to you a lot of lies——"

"Lies!" All her scorn had returned. "You speak of lies—you! Lies and deceit! Never, never dare to speak to me again!"

She took the same way Burke had gone. Bobby let her go. What was the use?

He took the Queen of the Waves back that afternoon, going aboard an hour before her starting time and keeping out of sight in the cabin. So, on the night boat to Chicago. As soon as they would let him on he got a stateroom, and locking himself in threw his bruised body on the berth and let a merciful oblivion overwhelm his bruised soul.

The cabin steward, with a grateful sense of favors past and to come, allowed Bobby to sleep until the very last minute, and then, with much difficulty, aroused him. Bobby was still drunk with slumber when he swung himself out of the berth, and it was only with an effort that he was able to account for the fact that he was dressed and for the pains that stabbed him at every movement. Then another and a greater effort became necessary to dismiss from his mind everything but the need of immediate action. Whereupon he made hasty ablution and hastened down the gangplank. He stopped his taxi at a drug store for a few moments to buy adhesive plaster and a pair of yellow-tinted sun goggles, and then went on to his customary hotel and at once went up to the room assigned to him to see what he could do in ten minutes to make himself fairly presentable for the office.

Certainly the office. What else would he do? Sit and think? Sit and think of Owen, the traitor—or fool—who had betrayed his confidence, or of Lynette—his own sister—whose malice had magnified, distorted and published his—call it indiscretion if you like? Should he think of Cathy, lost to him, of Holmhurst buzzing with Bobby Peters' broken engagement? Not now, at least, damn it! It didn't matter anyway. But the point was that he was already late for the office.

He was a trifle shaky. His cheek began to bleed afresh and his shaving styptic had to be applied freely. He had never had to use the stuff before and it was lucky he had it. Smarted, but did the work. Hard to make plaster strips look neat. Puffy about the jaw, but that would go down. The goggles certainly helped, although the horn rims hurt like the mischief. The greenish yellow below the rim might be mistaken for a shade cast by the tinted glass. Well, he had done the best he could. Breakfast? No time. A cup of coffee, perhaps, to brace himself up a little.

He got his coffee at a near-by lunch counter, where the waiter asked him why he didn't take a light with him, going into a room where cupboard doors were liable to be left open.

Well, he expected that. There would be variants of the theme too. The elevator starter, a veteran, told him that he ought to be careful how he cut kindling.

He entered the office and behind him stalked Fate, grasping the well-known bludgeon. Percival, the office boy, saw him, recognized him.

"Hulluty gee!" exclaimed Percival. "Say, the udder guy must look fierce! What hospital——" He checked himself. "Say, d' Woiks wants you."

D' Woiks swung around in his swivel chair and stared at Bobby in his most disconcerting manner, the red predominating in his reddish-hazel eyes, his hands on his knees. Time had been when that attitude

(Continued on Page 105)

How different the picture of Woman Today!

"THE good old days"—"the golden days"—how glorious they've been pictured in song and story!

There is nevertheless another picture which romanticists seem to have overlooked—the picture of women who toiled from dawn to dark, of women who hewed and hauled, of women who hoed and harvested. And too often men, busy with their own tasks, were content to let them slave.

How different the place that women now hold in the minds of men!

Today men have a new ideal—an ideal of women no longer bound down by domestic drudgery but free to be the companions of their husbands and mothers of their children. And it is to satisfy this modern ideal of men, no less than the needs of women, that the modern laundry has been developed.

With the laundry of today at her call, every woman can gain relief from the last relic of the remote past—the family washing. And the various laundry services are priced so that the most modest household budget can easily afford them.

The laundries of your city are at your service—call one of them today.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, Cincinnati

PRIM-PREST

A finer laundry service. Every

HO-MESTIC

ROUGH DRY

Every

FLOAT-IRONED

priced ironed service. Every-

per cent hushes

THRIF-T-SERVICE

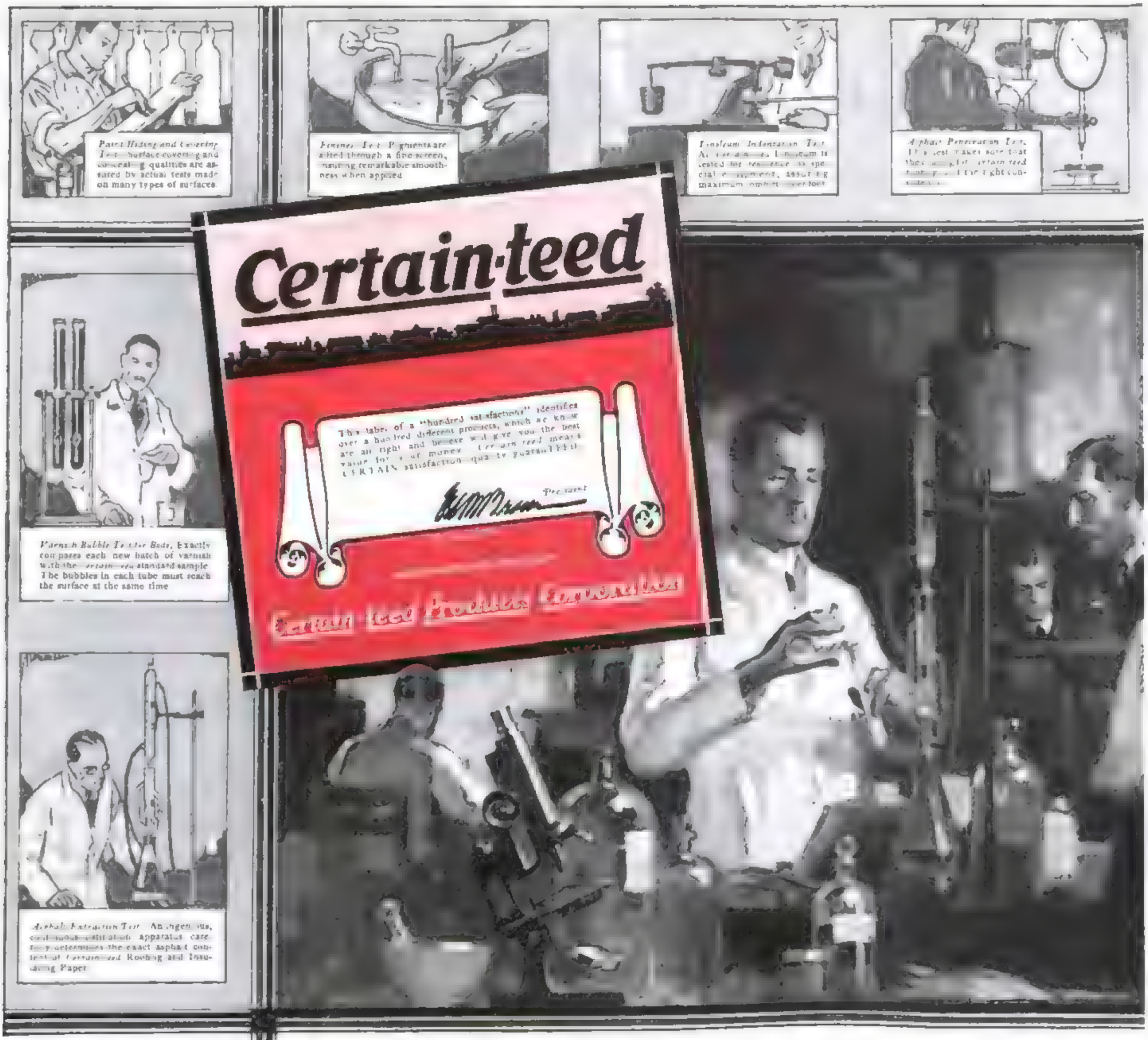
Everything carefully washed and

WET WASH

Everything washed in mild suds

thoroughly rinsed in eight

Here are six modern laundry services to choose from. Some laundries offer all; all laundries offer some, or equivalent services under other names.


Paint Hiding and Covering Test. Surface covering and concealing qualities are assured by actual tests made on many types of surfaces.
Fineness Test. Pigments are sifted through a fine screen, insuring remarkable smoothness when applied.
Linoleum Indentation Test. As test of linoleum is tested for resistance to special equipment, 2000 lbs. maximum applied per foot.
Asphalt Penetration Test. Tests are taken here that show right certain feed [illegible] the right consistency.
Certain-teed
This label of a "hundred satisfactions" identifies over a hundred different products, which we know are all right and believe will give you the best value for your money. (Certain-teed means a CERTAIN satisfaction quality guaranteed!)
President
Certain-teed Products Corporation
Varnish Bubble Tester Tube. Exactly compares each new batch of varnish with the certain-teed standard sample. The bubbles in each tube must reach the surface at the same time.
Asphalt Extraction Test. An ingenious, continuous distillation apparatus carefully determines the exact asphalt content of Certain-teed Roofing and Insulating Paper.

CERTAIN-TEED PLANTS

Each a complete manufacturing unit producing a group of allied products:

Philadelphia, Pa.
St. Louis, Mo.
Richmond, Calif.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Acme, N. Mex.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
York, Pa.
Acme, Texas
Marseilles, Ill.
Gypsum, Oregon
Laramie, Wyo.
Acme, Okla.
Cement, Okla.
Trenton, N. J.

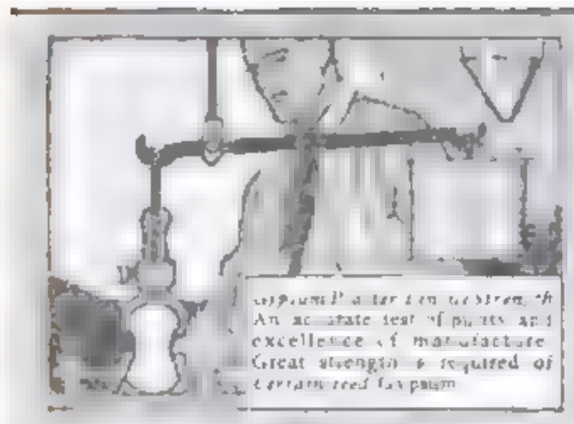
Constant Vigilance

THERE is but one infallible test of quality for a finished product—the test of actual service. How well a product measures up to that final test depends upon how well the raw materials are selected and tested, and how rigidly the processes of manufacture are safeguarded.

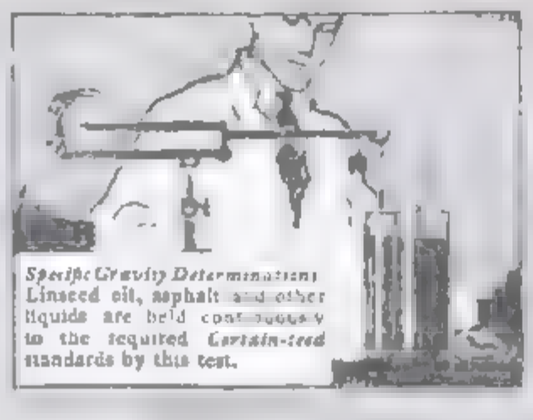
You must depend upon the manufacturer for this. It seldom shows in the appearance of the finished product.

Beginning with the selection of raw materials, a system of rigid tests is employed in the manufacture of every *Certain-teed* product. These tests do not end until the product is finished and ready for the final test of service.

BUILD TO ENDURE

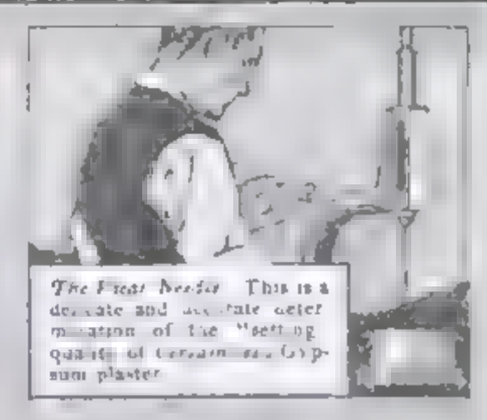


Capillary Water Absorption. An accurate test of purity and excellence of manufacture. Great strength is required of *Certain-teed* Gypsum.



Specific Gravity Determination. Linseed oil, asphalt and other liquids are held continuously to the required *Certain-teed* standards by this test.

Melting Point Test. This test indicates that the asphalt is of the grade and consistency to give the best service under every sort of exposure.



The Vicat Needle. This is a delicate and accurate determination of the setting quality of *Certain-teed* Gypsum plaster.

The Iodine Number. By this unique test, based upon the quantity of iodine absorbed, the purity of linseed oil is determined. Only linseed oil with high iodine number is used in *Certain-teed* paint and varnish.

Weighing of Paint. Five times each lot of *Certain-teed* paint is weighed, to insure absolutely correct proportion of pigment.

is your Protection

Millions of users, everywhere, are benefiting by the years of service which *Certain-teed* products are giving under the demands of actual use. The thoroughness of *Certain-teed* methods is justifying the confidence which buyers place in *Certain-teed*.

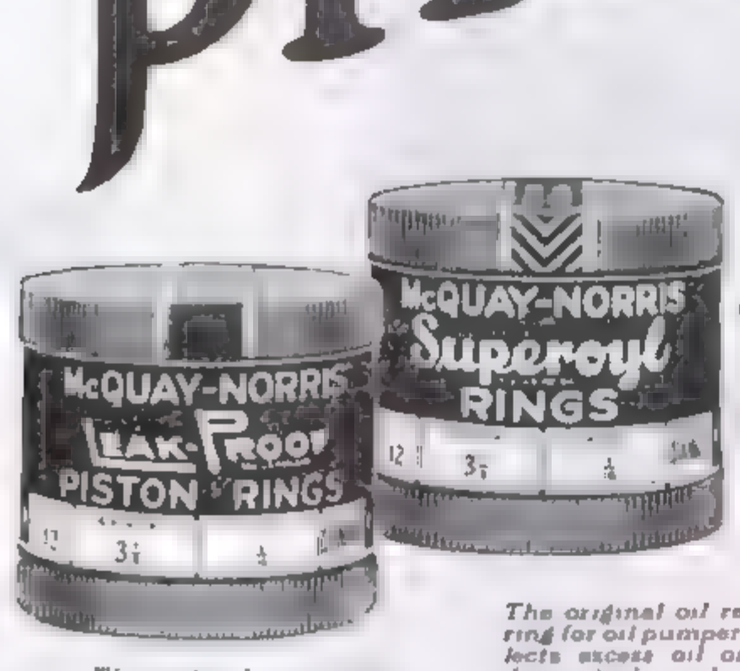
More than a hundred useful products, uniform in their enduring quality, made and sold under one management and one sales organization, are available to you, under the *Certain-teed* Label. Just as *Certain-teed* safeguards quality by rigid tests, so you can safeguard your interests by making the *Certain-teed* Label your guide in buying.

CERTAIN-TEED PRODUCTS
of which more than one hundred are included in the following classifications

- Asphalt Roofings
- Asphalt Shingles
- House Paints
- Varnishes
- Enamels
- Stains
- Gypsum Plasters
- Gypsum Blocks
- Keene's Cement
- Battleship Linoleum
- Inlaid Linoleum
- Linoleum Rugs
- Oilcloth
- FLOORTEX
  Felt Base Floor Coverings
- FLOORTEX Rugs

WITH CERTAIN-TEED

New Low prices



~~$1.00~~ Now 50¢ each

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The original compression ring for replacement. Its greater flexibility and equal tension mean better performance in worn cylinders

The original oil reservoir ring for oil pumpers. Collects excess oil on each down stroke and empties on each up stroke, which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Use one on each piston

——and the same high quality of metal and workmanship. Made from electric iron—produced only by the McQuay-Norris electric furnace.

Think of This

Complete ~~Leak-Proof~~ and ~~Superoyl~~ ring equipment for 4-cylinder cars such as Fords and Chevrolets, only **$8.00**

Repairmen, cylinder regrinders and dealers everywhere can supply the full line of McQuay-Norris products.

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General Offices, St. Louis, U. S. A.
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Remember

Poor replacement parts can ruin a good mechanical job.

McQUAY-NORRIS

PISTON RINGS - PISTONS - PINS - BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 102)

and that stare would have disconcerted Bobby. He was past that now.

"Good morning, Mr. Riley," said he. "You wanted to see me?"

"I see you," said Riley. "And a lovely sight you are."

"Apart from that——" Bobby suggested.

"Apart from that, I'll wish you a good morning in return." Riley pulled out his old-fashioned gold turnip and looked at it. "You've a little over an hour of it left now, I see. Apart from that—you can sit down. I've a word or two for your ear."

Bobby took the client's chair. "Yes, sir?" He was determined to be calm.

"Apart from that, I'd like to see a little general improvement all along the line in your work here. From what I see and from what Mr. Kemp tells me ——"

"Mr. Kemp wanted me ——"

"I'll thank you not to interrupt. I know you've important outside interests, but I'd like you to forget them between the hours of half past eight and five o'clock. I allowed you a raise of salary. I want you to earn it. I granted you a liberal commission on certain sales. I want you to show me that you consider it as worth your while to hustle for that commission as you did a month or two ago—and more so. Apart from that, while I've no objection to anny young man indulging in female society as long as it's decent, mind ye—a brazen perading with a woman—and you engaged, as I hear, to a decent lovely girrul ——"

Bobby started up with such energy that the client's chair was overturned.

"That's about all I care to listen to," he said, his voice tremulous with anger. "If you think that paying me wages gives you a right to insult me and my friends and to choose my associates for me and intrude into my private affairs, and whether you do or not all I've got to say is I'm through—through!"

The last word was almost a squeak and he thumped Riley's desk to emphasize it. He whirled around just as Riley, wholly red-eyed now, started up to detain him, and was gone before his former employer's shin had come into violent contact with the overturned chair.

Out into the corridor and down the staircase he went, the whole eight flights, and miraculously without a stumble, and there he stood on the street—free!

Think of it, try to realize it! Free! All the ties that had bound him snapped. Family ties, apron strings, the silken bonds of love, the iron fetters of convention, the golden chains and shackles of commercialism, one after another, burst and fallen from him! There, untrammeled, he stood, he, Bobby, enfranchised; the captain of a soul that he was now at full liberty to express in any manner that he saw fit. Nobody's property. Everything, in a manner of speaking, jake.

Certainly! Young, handsome, normally intelligent, usually with a good coat on his back and more in his wardrobe, with money in his pocket and more in the bank, free to come, free to go.

In a word, free!

But none of these advantages occurred to Bobby Peters just then. He was a little dazed.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two stories about Bobby Peters. The second will appear next week

The Poets' Corner

The Sword of Brennus

BY FIERCE barbarians ringed around,
Sadly the city fathers weighed
The city ransom. Pound on pound
The gold within the scales they laid,
Till the last thousand had been paid.
"The weights are false!" Quick at the word,
"Vae victis!" cried the conquering Gaul,
And in the balance flung his sword.

Four hundred years ere Christ was born,
Thus unto Justice answered Might;
And thus, with insolence and scorn,
Did angry Power measure Right.
Woe to the vanquished in the fight;
As then it was, it is today.
Take all his famished lands afford,
And if he dares to plead or pray,
Cast in the balance Brennus' sword.

Strip him of power, wealth and pride.
Break him and bind him fast and straight,
Till all the hope that has not died
In him is kept alive by hate.
Then, some day, by the turn of Fate,
With us beneath his conquering heel,
He'll take the ransom of our land,
All pitiless to our appeal,
The sword of Brennus in his hand.

Oh, lords and rulers, everywhere,
A tribute-weary world does pray
To ease its trouble and despair
A wiser way, a better way.
Revenge's black and bloody sway
Must bring its hatreds and heartaches,
While conference and council fails,
Until enlightened Justice takes
The sword of Brennus from the scales.

—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

Hawaii

SOFT east wind and a whispering sea
And a rustle of palms on Waikiki;
I lift my head to the velvet sky;
I bathe my face where the clouds go by,
And a glorious rainbow binds my hair,
And a glorious Flag is fluttering there.

See what a wonderful child I am!
Do not forget me, Uncle Sam.

Soft warm tide on a soft warm sea,
And soft warm hearts on Waikiki;
Lone I stand at the far-off gate;
Lone I stand and wait and wait;
Lone in the sea; but I smile as I
Keep my Flag in the velvet sky.

Warm is my heart and loyal too;
Uncle Sam, I am trusting you.

Soft moonlight on a breathless sea;
Tinkle of strings on Waikiki;
Warm I stand in the velvet night,
Draped like a bride in the white moonlight;
Bugle notes in the stillness drown
On Waikiki as the Flag comes down.

Toward the East I stretch my hand;
Love me; I am a lovely land.

Soft midnight and a silent sea,
And a sleeping tide on Waikiki;
Lone I wait in the far-off West
And a bright Flag slumbers on my breast:
Love me; only for that I wait,
Keeping the Flag on the western gate.

All that I may be; all I am—
So that you love me, Uncle Sam.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Thoughts in a Pullman

THE solemn people in the train
Lie back and sleep, or keep
Eyes upon books.
Meanwhile, beyond the windowpane,
The lovely World runs by—
Sun-tinged, with flowers in her hair
And shining plumes a-blow. How fair,
How young she looks!

Oh! Sleepy people in the train,
Awake! Break through the windowpane!

Mountains and fields and lakes and streams,
A flash of ocean and of dreams,
And curving roads, and tumbled hills,
And white smoke crumpled into frills;
And villages, and factories,
And the delicious tops of trees;
And leaping shadows, and the brown
Houses of a little town;
And children playing in a street;
And wind-stirred, gray-toned swamps.
O fleet,
O visionary World,
Seen from the windows of a train,
And loved and lost, and found again!
O Beauty hurled
Back upon Beauty!
Sunlight slanting on the ground,
And waves that crush, without a sound,
And birds that rush against a sky
Pale blue, flowing forever by!

How can the people in a train
Fall sound asleep, or only look
Into the pages of a book
When all the world (in vain! in vain!)
Is beating on the windowpane?

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Iron Umbrellas

to shelter half a million people

EVERY day 540,000 people travel on the Chicago Elevated Lines. More than 5,000 trains are run every twenty-four hours.

With this enormous responsibility the Chicago Elevated Railways Company can take no chances with equipment or materials that do not pass the severest service tests. Every precaution is taken for both the safety and the comfort of the passengers. Whenever better materials are discovered, the Company replaces the old with the new.

It is in keeping with this policy that the 207 stations on the line are being re-roofed with ARMCO Ingot Iron. Day and night—in every kind of weather—the passengers will be sheltered under Ingot Iron "umbrellas."

Tested for five years

Samples of many different iron and steel roofings were tested before Ingot Iron was chosen for this job. For five years the metals were subjected to the severest laboratory and service tests. The metal which best resisted rust and corrosion under these severe conditions was Ingot Iron.

In industry and in the home

The purity of Ingot Iron makes it the ideal base metal for zinc coating. Because of its density and uniformity, Ingot Iron takes and holds a coating of zinc much better than does ordinary sheet metal.

Because of its many years of service life, its great ductility, and its unusual affinity for zinc, Ingot Iron is constantly specified for roofing, siding, window frames, ventilators, skylights, rain gutters, down spouts, tanks, culverts, and other building purposes where durability counts.

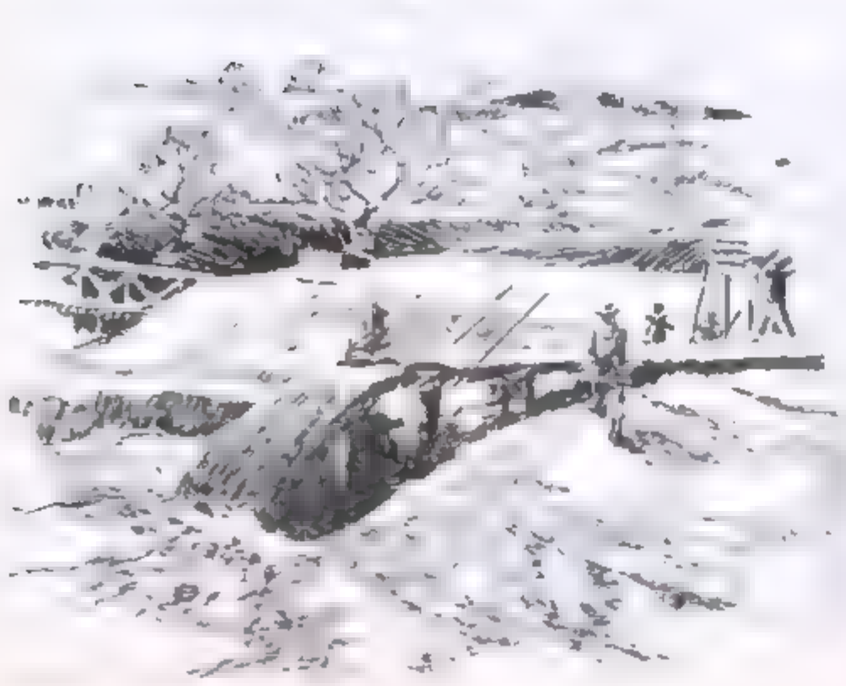
Look for the Armco Label

You can identify articles manufactured of ARMCO Ingot Iron by the blue and gold Armco label. This label is your guarantee of excellence.

ARMCO Ingot Iron in sheet form can be identified by the blue Armco triangle, stamped on every sheet before it leaves the mills. It will pay you always to look for the Armco trade mark.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO., Middletown, Ohio

ARMCO
TRADE MARK
INGOT IRON
Resists Rust

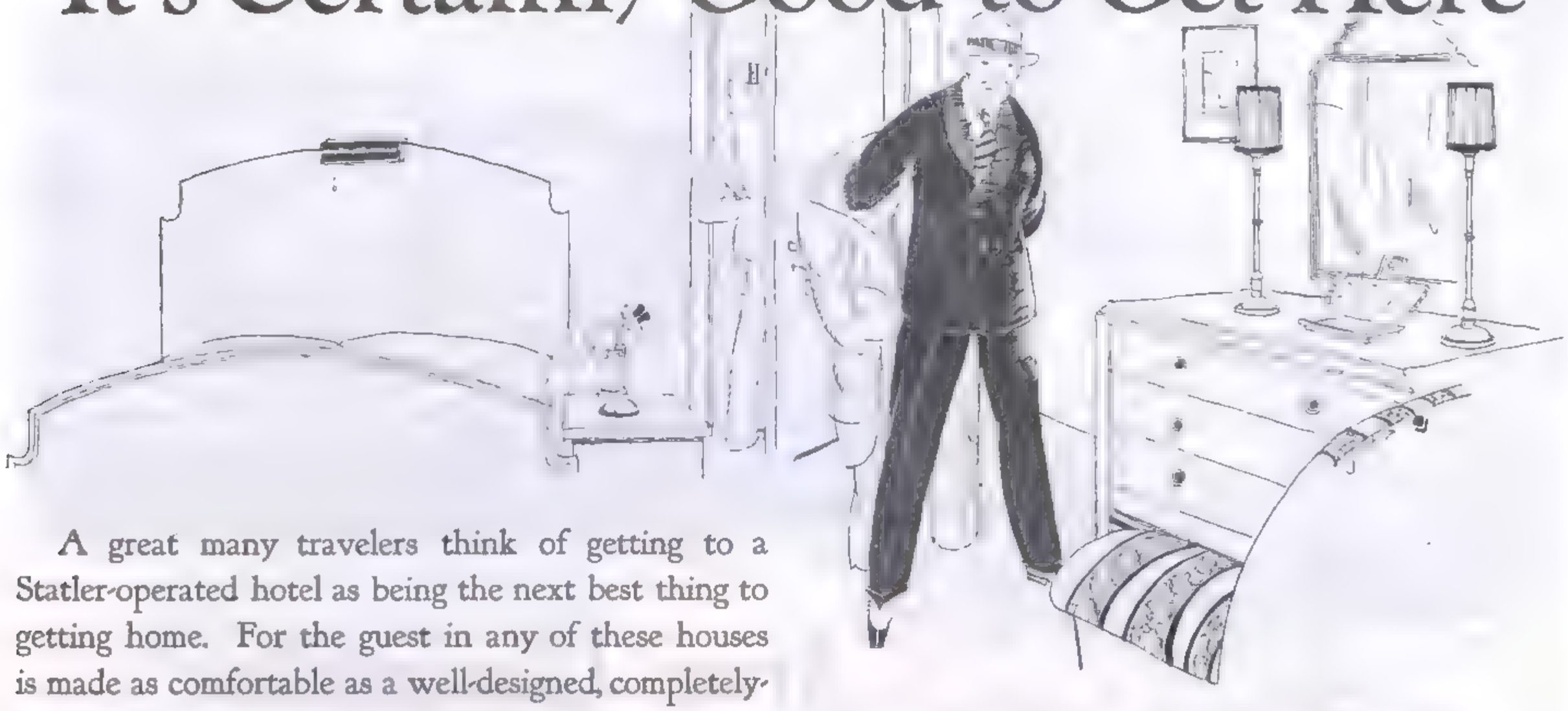


MOVING MOUNTAINS THROUGH A PIPE

In 1913 the great Ohio flood did vast damage, cost many lives, and threatened the city of Dayton and the entire valley with destruction. Engineers were confronted with the task of controlling five rivers; and to do this they determined, literally, to swing the hills across the valleys through dredge pipes.

No dredge pipe then in use could withstand the terrific wear and tear of the biggest dredging operation in the world. The American Rolling Mill Company, Specialists in Steel and Iron, were called upon. They finally produced special analysis steel dredge pipes that did the job. Seven million cubic yards of material were pumped through these pipes. *Then the pipes were sold at second hand!* Need more be said?

"It's Certainly Good to Get Here"



A great many travelers think of getting to a Statler-operated hotel as being the next best thing to getting home. For the guest in any of these houses is made as comfortable as a well-designed, completely-equipped, well-managed hotel can make him—and in addition he gets a service from employees that is based on most liberal policies *and that is guaranteed to be satisfactory to him.*

Plainly, the humanly-rendered service of a hotel cannot be graded, wrapped, and delivered in parcels of uniform quality, as merchandise can. But standards of service *can* be defined; definite instructions as to both kind and amount of service *can* be set up, and ceaseless supervision of employees' service *can* be maintained.

All those things are done in these hotels. It is upon the way that they are done, and upon your satisfaction in them, that the Statler Guarantee, which you will find elsewhere on this page, is written.

You certainly get, in these hotels, *values.*

Some Extra Values You Get in These Hotels:

Many of the newer of the country's first-class hotels give you some of these things; but, so far as we know, the Statlers are still unique in providing all of them:

Every—*every*—room in these hotels has a private bath, circulating ice-water, full-length mirror, completely-equipped writing-desk, reading-lamp on bed-head or portable reading-lamp, desk-lamp, pincushion (with threaded needles, buttons, etc.), besides the more usual conveniences.

Everything sold at the news stands—cigars, cigarettes, tobaccos, newspapers, etc.—is sold at prevailing street or street-store prices. You pay no more here than elsewhere.

In each hotel is a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both—in addition to its other excellent restaurants. Club breakfasts—good club breakfasts—are served in all the hotels.

And the Rates:

Though *every room has private bath* and running ice-water, Statler rates are no higher than those of other first-class hotels—which means that they give you *extra values, whatever the rate.* These hotels are well-balanced, too; more than 82% of all rooms in Hotels Statler are $5 or less, as are also more than 55% of all those in Hotel Pennsylvania.

Guarantee of Statler Service:

We *guarantee* that our employees will handle *all* transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We *guarantee* that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy you; and that if he can't satisfy you he will immediately take you to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write to *me* a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of more than 6,000 employees and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotels Statler Co., Inc., Buffalo.

E. M. Statler

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquois Hotel is closed, not to re-open.

CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.

DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park.

ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington.

BOSTON: *Now preparing to build* at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

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Hotel **Pennsylvania** *New York*

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Terminal. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees

Every room in these hotels has private bath and running ice-water; in every room is posted its rate, printed in plain figures.

WILSON AS A POLITICIAN

(Continued from Page 17)

Something has been said concerning the light manner in which the sense of obligation toward those who carried the burden for him rested with Mr. Wilson. An interesting side light on this phase is revealed in what happened to George L. Record, the fighting Progressive who played a leading rôle in the political education of Mr. Wilson in the first year of the governorship at Trenton. Record, transplanted Maine lawyer and politician, chock-full of liberal ideas and remarkably informed about the advanced legislation that was sweeping the country in 1910, easily led all others in whipping Mr. Wilson's then newly found ideals into practical legislative shape. He fashioned or assisted in fashioning most of the program that brought such widespread fame to the intellectual giant temporarily sojourning in Trenton. The program included a corrupt-practices election law, the direct primary, a public-service commission with power to fix rates, and an employers' liability and workmen's compensation law. Mr. Wilson had always professed a desire to do something big for Mr. Record, and it was not particularly surprising to find the Washington newspaper dispatches in early February, 1915, printing the inspired information that the Jerseyman was to be named to the Federal Trade Commission. Record was not in any sense a candidate, but he was complimented by the suggestion. As the time for the appointments approached, the published statements became more definite.

Sunday, February twenty-first, the White House called me by telephone at Trenton and I was given the unpleasant task of notifying Record that the President was very sorry that he could not make the appointment because he had learned that the Senate would not confirm him. When, in turn, I telephoned Record at his home in Jersey City, he said that inasmuch as he had not in any way sought the appointment they were leaving him in a rather embarrassing position. Nothing was to be done, I was assured, until some way was found to give Mr. Record an easy exit. Next day, February twenty-second, accompanied by Matt Ely—editor of the Hudson Observer, and a friend of the President—Mr. Record came to my office to say that he was on his way to Washington to see just what was back of it all. If confirmation by the Senate was alone involved, Mr. Record was confident that there would be little trouble, as he had staunch friends among both the regulars and the progressives. Just as Mr. Ely and Mr. Record were starting for the railway station, headed for Washington, one of the news-service wires brought the report that the President had already appointed the trade commission, and that George Rublee, of New Hampshire, had been substituted for Mr. Record. I never saw a better sportsman than Mr. Record. He was, of course, wounded, but he said the President was making a big fight for the common crowd, and he was doubtless doing the best he could with his appointments. Later the place was given to Ex-Governor John Franklin Fort, of New Jersey. When I wrote the President of Record's splendid handling of himself Mr. Wilson sent word that it had brought tears to his eyes and he was prouder than ever that Record should be his friend. Which is what Record got out of it all.

"All the politics that are in me I learned in New Jersey; I have been so near Trenton all my life that I have always felt that deep sense of identification with it," Mr. Wilson told a delegation of citizens who called at the White House, October 26, 1914, to urge that he return to the state and participate in a Wilson Old Home Day. But, although he had lived twenty-seven of his then fifty-seven years at Princeton, ten miles away from the Jersey capital, he never came back to Trenton

Trees at Night

They Were Lonesome

TRAFFIC OFFICES

New York Central Lines maintain traffic offices "off the lines" in these cities:

BALTIMORE
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MEMPHIS
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEW HAVEN
NEW ORLEANS
OKLAHOMA CITY
OMAHA
PHILADELPHIA
ST. PAUL
SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
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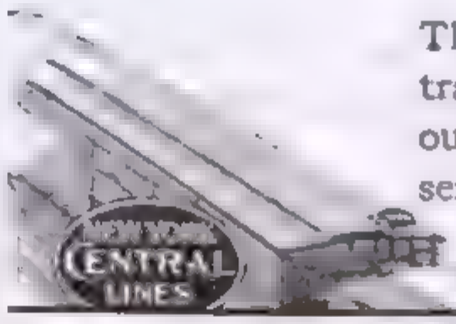
A National Railway

NEW YORK CENTRAL service is national. This railway system not only provides dependable transportation for the thousands of communities along its 12,000 miles of lines in the East and Canada, but it also renders a vast amount of service for the West and South.

Fruit from California, lumber from the Northwest, wheat from the Mississippi Valley, livestock from the Midwest farms and ranges, cotton from the Southland—a thousand and one things from the primary producing sections of the country—find their way into this great traffic artery; while the products of the busy mills and factories of the East go out over the New York Central Lines destined for points far beyond their terminals.

The familiar mark of the New York Central Lines—seen on freight cars throughout the country—is a mark of good service, and a mark of national service.



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Neptunite

Never turns white

THE EXPERIENCED PAINTER knows that only the best varnish can protect the exterior woodwork of your home from hard-driven rain, snow, sleet, ice and the broiling heat of torrid sunlight. You will be sure of such protection if you use Neptunite Spar Varnish for this purpose. It has a heavy body which works well under the brush, flows freely without sagging, sets slowly, yet dries quickly to a finish that is smooth and remarkably hard—assuring long wear and true economy.

There are four Neptunite Varnishes, each one created to do one thing well. Neptunite Floor makes gleaming, lustrous, long-wearing floors—Neptunite Rubbing and Neptunite Interior renew, beautify and protect woodwork and furniture, giving a highly finished or dull satin surface as desired—and Neptunite Spar is for all exterior uses. *All* Neptunites are proof against hot or cold water, steam, or even acid. They *never* turn white—won't even scratch white.

Mellotone is the modern wall finish. It provides a soft, natural background which affords unlimited opportunity for the expression of your individuality in the selection and arrangement of draperies and furnishings. Mellotone can be washed with soap and water. Thus the beauty of its pastel shades can be retained. It provides a finish, therefore, that is practical as well as beautiful.

Neptunite is carefully made, and just as carefully sold. Only *one* dealer in your community—the Lowe Brothers Dealer—can supply you. From him you can be assured of getting not only high quality paints and varnishes, but also sound advice as to how to use them.

THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY
Dayton, Ohio *Factories* Toronto, Canada
BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Lowe Brothers
PAINTS & VARNISHES

after the day he quit the State House on the eve of his inauguration as President. And he never, as far as I can recall, spent a night in Princeton following his departure on March 3, 1913, to become the White House tenant.

Until the day of his inauguration as governor of New Jersey, Wilson had never put foot in the State House at Trenton, and until the day of his inauguration as President of the United States he had never been in the White House.

Perhaps as good an illustration as any of his complete disconnection from the crowd was an experience he related at Princeton the night before his departure for Washington. Relationships at the university were so badly shattered that no send-off had been arranged in that quarter. Col. David Flynn, bank president and Wilson enthusiast, felt the townsfolk must fittingly observe the going. He had taken Mrs. Wilson into his confidence, and had been told that "No one has ever given Woodrow a loving cup." And so the best that money could buy was forthcoming and the trophy duly presented on March second in the name of the citizens of the little borough. There was considerable pathos to this last night in the university town where half his life had been spent. With Mrs. Wilson, the President-elect stood on the porch of his modest home.

"I have never been in the White House, and I shall feel very strange when I get inside of it," he declared. "I shall think of this little house behind me and remember how much more familiar it is to me than that is likely to be, and how much more intimate a sense of possession there must be in the one case than in the other. One cannot be neighbors to the whole United States." And with some emotion he related the mortification he had experienced at the hands of a neighbor. "I went into a shop one day after I became president of the university," he explained, "and said, 'Won't you be kind enough to send that up?' I had made a purchase of a man with whose face I had been familiar for many years, and he said, 'What name, sir?' That was my single mortification, and that is the keenest kind of mortification; because if there is one thing a man loves better than another it is being known by his fellow citizens."

Senator Smith Takes a Hand

Being personally unknown, even to the Princeton shopkeeper, it is not to be wondered at that he was unknown to the politicians of the state. And so, when in the summer of 1910, James Smith, Jr., one-time United States senator and the then overlord of the Democratic machine, announced that Woodrow Wilson would be the party candidate for governor, there were no great shouts of joy. Since 1895 Smith had been hand-picking most of the candidates for governor, and none had ever won.

To be sure, Colonel Harvey, who had gained his military title by serving on the staff of a New Jersey governor, was weekly nominating Woodrow Wilson for President. He had even gone so far as to attempt to get the Democrats in the 1907 New Jersey Legislature to give Woodrow Wilson a complimentary indorsement for United States senator—an empty honor, as the Republicans had the majority votes. But the proposition was flatly rejected, and Wilson later let it be known that he had sent word to Harvey that the coupling of his name with partisan politics was not doing him any good at the university. Likewise it is a fact that the Brooklyn Eagle, ardent champion of the Cleveland Democracy, had prepared an elaborate broadside booming Wilson for the presidential nomination, and that Wilson had frowned upon it. If that had been used it would have put the Eagle several months ahead of Harvey as the original Wilson booster.

But it was Harvey who induced Smith to take a chance with Mr. Wilson, and it was Harvey who arranged the meeting in New York where Smith's lieutenants told Mr. Wilson that the people of New Jersey were clamoring for him for governor, a statement that Wilson himself subsequently realized was without basis.

It was the habit of Senator Smith to visit me along the Jersey shore at least once each week during that summer, so that I had a fair knowledge of just what was doing. He had but a slight speaking acquaintance with Mr. Wilson, and he told me repeatedly that he was aiming to round out his own political days with a winner, preparatory to his definite retirement from the game. He wanted to make a respectable finish. Not once, but a dozen times, he declared that under no circumstance would he be a candidate for the United States Senate, should the campaign eventuate in a Democratic legislature. His health and his weariness of the Washington life were constantly advanced as his reasons for having put all thought of the Senate behind. This much ought to be said by one who has been on terms of reasonable intimacy with both Mr. Smith and Mr. Wilson. And for those who talk of the ingratitude of Wilson toward Smith it may be added that, after Wilson was in the White House, he rendered Smith a personal service of the first magnitude, the telling of which would serve no particular public good. But inasmuch as I was the emissary sent by Smith to Wilson I am tolerably informed as to the facts. Mr. Wilson did the job handsomely and without a murmur.

Jersey Politics

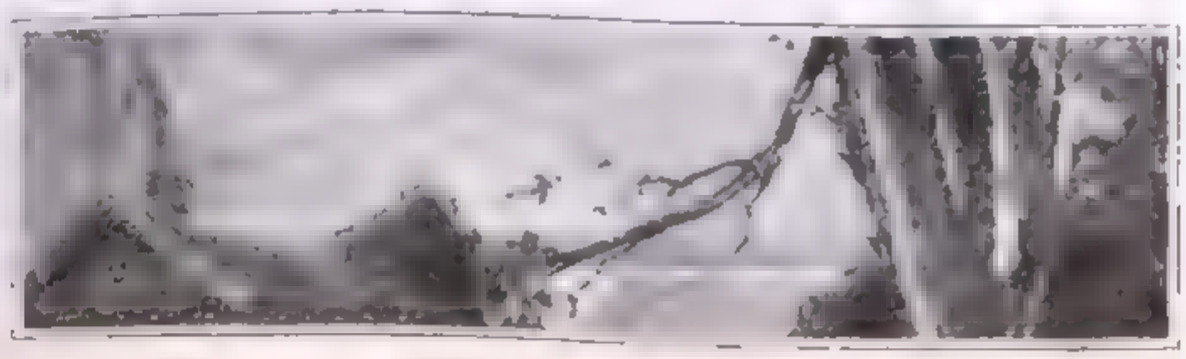
The state convention that met in Trenton in September, 1910, and nominated Wilson for governor was very much of a rough-and-tumble affair. Smith had enlisted the coöperation of his old rival, Robert Davis, boss of Hudson County. They had their own time rounding up the necessary votes. So far as they were permitted to express any personal choice, the sentiment of the delegates was divided between Frank S. Katzenbach, now a justice of the supreme court, George S. Silzer, now governor of New Jersey, and H. Otto Wittpenn, the then mayor of Jersey City. Wilson's home county of Mercer was solidly behind Katzenbach, and it hurt the university president's pride that he could not muster a single delegate from Princeton or elsewhere in his own bailiwick.

Wilson had never manifested any interest whatever in the politics of the county; he didn't even vote at important elections. None of the leaders had any particular personal acquaintance with him. They knew, of course, that he had made a stiff fight to democratize Princeton University and had incurred the enmity of powerful alumni by scoring the club system, which he declared was wrecking the university and making snobs of the students. "The side show has swallowed the circus," was the terse manner in which he described the way the social clubs were dominating the university. But the internal fight at the university did not create any greater excitement in Trenton than it did in Chicago or Richmond. Some day perhaps the university authorities will, in the interest of historical truth, publish the correspondence now sealed in the files at Princeton, and the world will be able to form its own judgment of the battle that Wilson waged there.

Nugent, chairman of the Democratic State Committee and the mechanician of the Wilson nomination, told me as he entered the convention hall that there was no sentiment whatever among the delegates for the Smith candidate. "Of all the delegates from Essex County," he remarked, "there's just one for Wilson—that's the big fellow himself." The big fellow was Smith, and Nugent was his loyal follower.

Smith and Harvey had arrived in Trenton the previous day, and from Room 100 of the old Trenton House—immemorial headquarters of the bosses of both parties—had been operating on the delegates. The Nugent steam roller did the trick in the

(Continued on Page 113)



Now comes HOOD Shoe Time

for every member of the family!

How thousands of mothers solve the shoe problem

LAST year nearly ten million pairs of Hood Shoes were sold. They brought comfort to the children, and to all the family; they cut down the mounting shoe bills; they were a welcome relief from the confining shoes of winter. Indoors, they saved floors and furniture, and noise; outdoors, they kept the children active without fatigue, and rediscovered the light step of youth for the older folks. They are the shoes for every summer hour custom does not definitely claim for conventional leather.

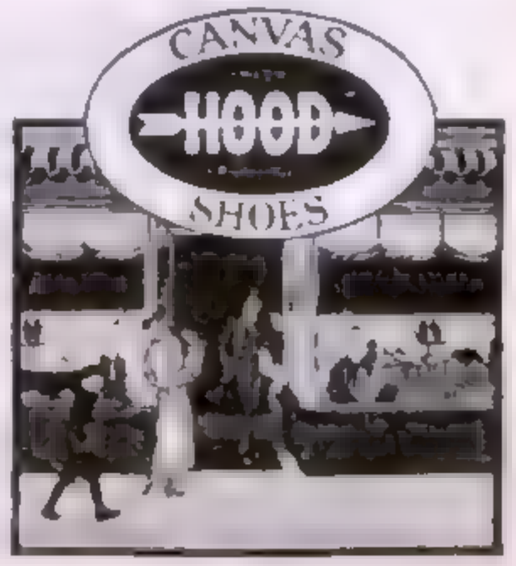
Hood Shoes are made of durable canvas, allowing the feet to "breathe" [which is the real secret of foot comfort in hot weather], and special composition soles, giving long wear with light weight. They are made in a variety of models: tiny sandals to keep tiny folks happy; sturdy sport trimmed shoes for the athletic boy, and his father who has forgotten to grow old; trim, white shoes for mother and daughter; and shoes for every outdoor sport.

Hood Shoes are economical, in first cost and in long wear. There is a price range to suit every need. There is hardly a town of any size in which Hood Shoes are not sold. You can identify the store by the Hood Sign—and the shoe by the trade mark HOOD. Any shoe store can quickly get Hoods for you.

Make this a cool, comfortable Hood Shoe summer for all the family

"THERE is a shoe store in your neighborhood specializing in Hood Shoes

You can identify it by the Hood Sign *in the window"*



Write for the Hood Buying Guide

HOOD RUBBER PRODUCTS CO., Inc.
Watertown, Massachusetts

Be sure they are HOOD *Shoes*

Look for this Name on the Shoes you buy

Homes or "Homes"?

HAVE you ever visited an Old Folks' Home? What a heart-breaking thing it is to see the pitiful attempts of these poor old people to give the few square feet of space they can call their own a touch of the real home they once knew. Not much can be done with only a cot, a bureau and a chair. Yet those who feel the home-hunger try pathetically to make the place seem like home by tacking up a few pictures torn from magazines and by keeping photographs on their bureaus.

And they call such places "homes"! The places where the poor, the sick, the deaf, the blind, the orphans and other public charges are housed. Shelters only—compared with real *homes* such as most of them formerly had.

More real homes and fewer "homes" are what this country needs right now. The welfare of the individual, the family, the nation, the whole world is based upon homes. Civilization itself is founded upon the home. Have you a *real* home or just a roof and four walls?

If you have a home—protect it. Make it permanent and *homelike*. Guard against the necessity of ever seeking shelter in a "home".

Look at your home. Think about it. What can you do to make it better? Home surroundings exert such a tremendous influence over family life.

Better homes mean better children. Better children mean better men and women. Better men and women mean better citizens. And better citizens mean a better America.

All over the country the movement for better homes is spreading. Corporations and civic bodies have given their aid; magazines and newspapers have given space to this great national movement which works toward better citizenship.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is heartily in sympathy with these plans to relieve the housing shortage, and to provide happier living conditions. Since June 1920 it has made 24,508 loans on dwellings and apartments, aggregating $171,663,100, that provided accommodations for 49,850 families.

But outside of the Cities? In the same period—since June 1920—the Company made 16,383 loans on farms in twenty-two agricultural states.

To provide against the danger of loss of home by mortgage foreclosure, in case of death or disability of the home owner, the Metropolitan has devised a special form of home protection known as a Mortgage Redemption Policy.

Information regarding it will be furnished by mail on request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 110)

convention, and Wilson, who had been kept in readiness on the golf links at Princeton, was whisked by automobile to the convention hall, where he made a speech that fascinated the delegates. Five days later I accompanied Senator Smith on his first visit to the candidate at Princeton.

"Jim, can you imagine anyone being damn fool enough to give this up for the heartaches of politics?" Smith said to me, as we stood that beautiful autumn morning on the portico of Prospect, the university president's fine mansion.

Nugent was with us, and we found Wilson especially concerned about the chances of carrying his home county of Mercer. What were his neighbors likely to do? That seemed the momentous question with the candidate. "The fear of the neighbor is the beginning of wisdom," some wise wag has said. It was the fact that I was editor of the Trenton Evening Times, circulating largely through Wilson's home county, that had thrown me into association with him. We fixed up a list of party leaders in the county, and Wilson invited them to his Princeton home, where they were charmed by the reception he gave them. When he set out to mix he could be most companionable.

Wilson promptly took the stump and began a series of speeches aimed at corporations, turning many pretty phrases such as "guilt is personal," but not getting down to brass tacks on the pressing state issues. He was whirled all over the state by the determined Nugent, who had perfected the best organization that the Democrats had ever put together in New Jersey. Wilson visited the state fair and told stories and preached pretty sermons. Vivian M. Lewis, his Republican rival, was recognized for his courage and independence, as well as for his splendid political record, and had gone far ahead of his party by insisting upon a definite public-utility rate-making pledge in the platform. Lewis, by his bold course, had stirred the bitter anger of the old bosses of his party. Franklin Murphy, state chairman, quit his post.

A Challenge to Debate

Wilson, in an incautious moment, announced a willingness to meet any responsible Republican in debate. Record, who had been nominated for Congress by the Republicans, promptly took up the defy and called for a date. There was consternation among the Democratic chieftains, who realized that Record had the goods. They urged Wilson to ignore Record, but the Republicans kept bombarding the Democratic candidate, and finally Briggs as Republican state chairman called upon Nugent as Democratic state chairman to have Wilson either meet Record or withdraw the challenge. Meanwhile Lewis was making a favorable impression by his earnest attacks, and John W. Griggs, McKinley's attorney-general, was on the stump branding Wilson as a decoy duck for the disreputable old crowd. Wilson finally took matters into his own hands, and on October eleventh wrote Record that the state committee had filled all his speaking dates, but offered to debate through an interchange of letters. That's where the campaign really got under way. Mr. Wilson's temper was beginning to assert itself.

Four days later, October fifteenth, I sat in a box with Smith and Harvey, in an Asbury Park theater, when Wilson fitly declared that he didn't want anyone to vote for him who felt that he would listen to a political boss. Smith pretended to regard it as a mere campaign gesture; but the die was cast. Record produced a corking letter asking Wilson to specify whether he meant that he would not be bossed by Smith or Davis; also whether he would fight for laws embodying rate-making clauses for public utilities, direct elections, corrupt practices, and the other progressive schemes then being agitated. The Democratic bosses were in a panic and urged Wilson to soft-pedal in his reply.

During the interim Wilson offered his resignation as president of the university, and the trustees snapped it up with great celerity, which did not add to the comfort of the candidate. Sunday evening, October twenty-third, Colonel Flynn telephoned me, saying that Doctor Wilson would like to see me on Monday morning. I went to Princeton and spent upward of an hour in discussing the situation with the candidate and Flynn. I was quite frank in suggesting that there had been too much general talk. Wilson was equally frank about his situation and asked what I thought would be the effect of a direct attack on the whole boss system, more particularly the Democratic overlords. Of course I told him that if he made it definite and direct enough his election was a certainty. He said that he intended to send a reply to Record that would clean up the uncertainty, and that he would begin his attack at Camden that night. Next day he dispatched the smashing document to Record that ended the campaign and branded him as a genuinely upstanding progressive. He won by 49,000. It was the biggest vote he ever received in New Jersey.

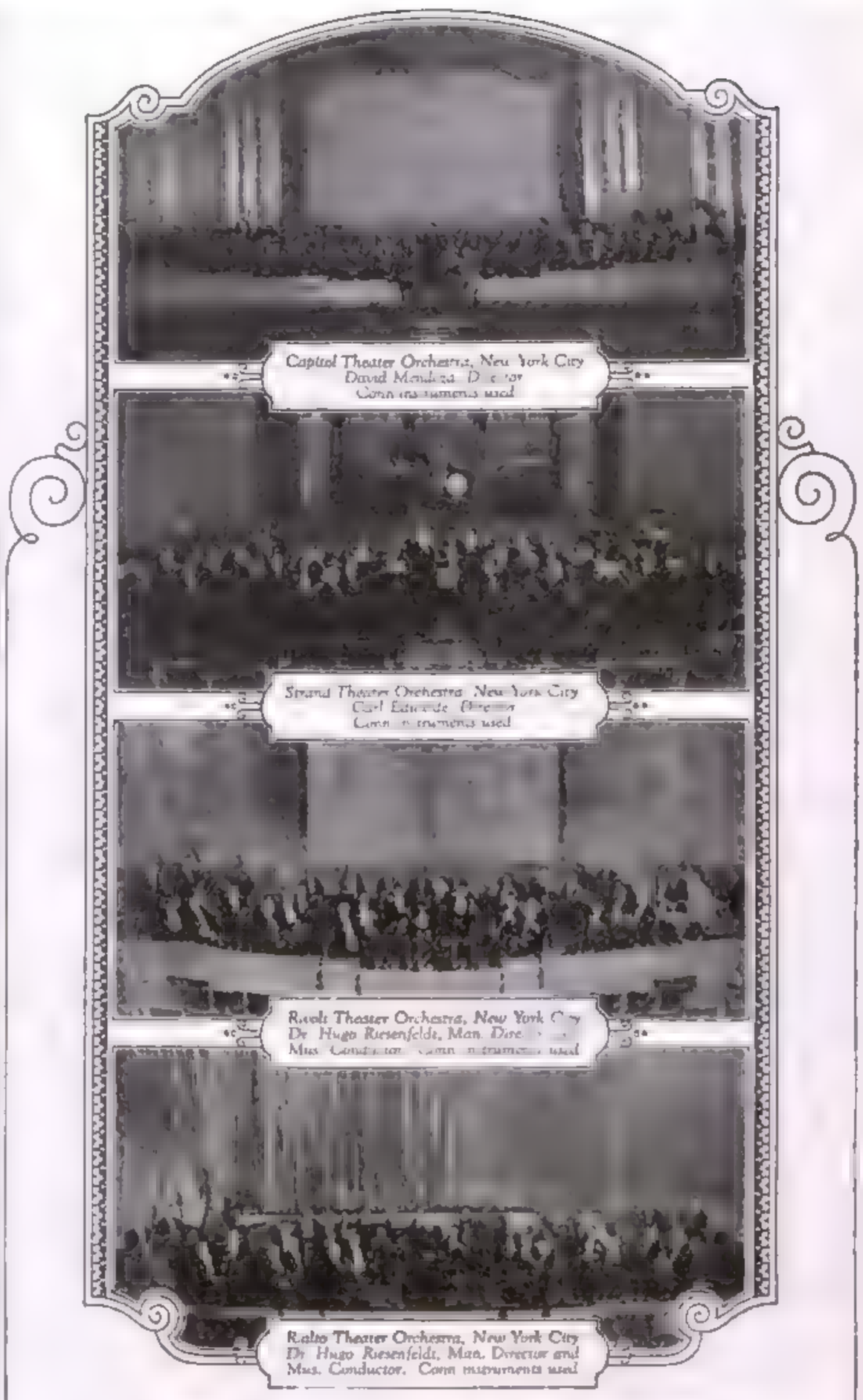
With the Wilson sweep for governor, a Democratic legislature had also been elected. And then the fun began. James E. Martine, lovable character and his own torchlight procession, had been running for office of any and every kind for forty years, without scoring a win. The state had a primary law intended to give the voters an opportunity to express their preference for United States senator, and Martine, against his own expressed desire, had finally consented to the putting of his name on the ballot. He got 48,000, and was the party choice. None doubted Martine's honest desire to give faithful and untrammeled service; most folks were skeptical as to his capacity. At the Yale-Princeton football game, November twelfth, the Saturday following the election, I sat immediately in front of Mr. Wilson in the grand stand, and he was in high spirits. He asked me to bring Matt Ely, editor of the Hudson Observer, to see him Sunday, November twentieth.

Lack of Political Acquaintance

At the appointed time Ely and I were in the home of the governor-elect at Princeton. We waited half an hour for him to come in with the family from church. Wilson was very much interested in Ely's considerable knowledge of election laws and needed reforms, and we discussed the senatorship at length. Smith had not yet announced himself a candidate. Wilson expressed the belief he would not, in view of Smith's preelection statements and the general indignation that had been stirred up even by mention of his name. Wilson was likewise not for Martine; he gave voice to the thought that the Democrats should pick a man of the type of John R. Hardin, who had presided over the state convention. The idea that the Democrats of the state had already definitely expressed a preference for Martine seemed to have little weight and, when I asked the governor-elect if he didn't feel that the arguments being made in the Jersey Journal and Newark News were rather convincing, he quite frankly admitted that the only daily newspaper he found time to read was the New York Evening Post. He didn't even know that Tumulty, who subsequently served him as secretary for ten years, was not a member of the legislature.

When we quit the house it was with some amusement that Ely and myself discussed the apparently hopeless situation of a governor of a state who didn't know the politicians and who didn't read the state newspapers. It looked dark for Martine. Then another remarkable development came. William W. St. John, the newspaper man who had forced Martine into the Senate race, had been conducting an intelligent publicity campaign. Upon learning that it had been utterly wasted, so far as Wilson was concerned, he promptly made for New York and induced the New York Evening Post to enlist and help convert Wilson to stand by the primary expression for Martine. "You old gloom, you are now talking to the New Jersey political writer for the New York Evening Post," St. John told me over the telephone the next evening.

With Wilson's utter lack of political acquaintance and his indifference to the press, there was naturally some concern as to whom he might pick for his private secretary. He was on very friendly terms with the retiring chief executive, Governor Fort, and they were going to Kentucky together for the conference of governors, November twenty-ninth. Adjutant-General Wilbur F. Sadler, Jr., accompanied them, and I suggested to Fort and Sadler that on the trip they might find an opportunity to put Tumulty over quietly as secretary to Wilson. They were both red hot for the idea, but Fort almost spoiled the show by telephoning Tumulty in advance to ask if he would accept. Tumulty was not at all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pleased about it; he wanted to be prosecutor of the pleas of Hudson County, a job that all political lawyers in that neck of the woods seem to regard as the last word in glory. After some argument and delay, he finally consented to await the outcome of Fort's kindly act; Wilson was tickled with the suggestion, came home and named Tumulty.

Winning the new governor to the Martine standard was easy after that. Wilson went over and told Smith in person that he meant to make war, should Smith enter the fight; he likewise called on Davis, who was sick, and who died before the election for senator was held. Wilson almost spilled the beans by calling a conference at the Martinique Hotel, New York, the day before his inauguration as governor, to which he invited the editors of the four chief independent newspapers, as well as Record and a number of legislators and politicians. The purpose of the gathering was to frame a program of legislation and prepare the necessary bills. Record, loaded with suggestions, rather took command and was placed in charge of the drafting of the measures. It was an all-day session, and as we were riding downtown in the Subway that evening, en route to our homes, I told Mr. Wilson that the calling of such a conference was likely to furnish a lot of ammunition for the Smith forces, who were still battering away at "Wilson the ingrate" and who had not given up all hope of capturing the senatorship.

"Of course everyone will respect the fact that it was purely a private and confidential gathering," was the innocent reply of the man who was to become governor of the state on the morrow. It seemed almost brutal to have to tell him that the Smith forces had doubtless been getting hourly bulletins from the meeting, as some of the legislators present belonged to that clan. Smith, in his newspapers, lampooned the conference, emphasizing the fact that Wilson had taken a group composed largely of nonelected citizens to New York to frame a program and dictate terms for the legislature that had been chosen by the people.

The inaugural address next day crowded the Smith attack into the background. Mrs. Wilson and her three daughters were at the inaugural reception in the evening of the day that the governor was sworn in. While General Sadler and I were chatting with Mrs. Wilson she rather sadly observed, "This is all very glorious, but somehow I feel that it is the end of our happy home days. Woodrow loved to play and sing with our girls in the evenings; I'm afraid that kind of joy is largely over for us." She was a most delightful woman and very much of a political balance wheel for her distinguished husband. In the next four years she helped him safely over a number of treacherous spots.

When Bedtime Came

The day following the inauguration found the new governor at his office long before the arrival of most of the State House attachés. As he rambled in alone he met James F. Dale, a newspaperman whom he had known at Princeton, and he asked for a few pointers on his new job. "You know, Dale, I don't even know how to go about appointing my secretary," Wilson declared. And so Dale started him on the routine.

In due time Martine was elected senator, with the Wilson push sending him over the line. That out of the way, the legislature proved quite amenable to the Wilson persuasion and guidance. Record kept on the job night and day, attending Democratic conferences and Republican conferences and playing mentor to them all. I well remember the closing night of the session. There was the usual hubbub and disorder that seems to be the accepted method of winding up lawmaking bodies. Record and Wilson, with a few others, sat in an outer office of the governor's suite, chatting and waiting for the last batch of bills. Finally Wilson declared that it was his habit to go to bed early, that he required at least nine hours' sleep, and he coolly walked into his private office, covered himself with a great plaid slumbering robe, and was soon in the land of dreams. The fate of the measures that were to give vitality to his presidential boom did not interfere with his comfortable rest. Record kept vigilant watch and saw that there was no tampering with the program.

There were plenty of amusing incidents during that first legislative term, one of which will perhaps bear telling. After the election of Martine was out of the way and the program was moving along, Tumulty appeared at my house and laughingly remarked, "Here is the most remarkable assignment you have ever had." From a leather bag he produced a bundle of typewritten sheets and told me they contained a list of the state appointments that the governor was to make, adding, "He wants us to go over it and suggest names." Every kind of job, from justice of the supreme court to the most picayune nonsalaried state commissioner, was included. We made a sincere endeavor to pick men who would not only be a credit to Wilson but who had rendered party service and would not be offensive to the organizations. Wilson was interested in placing one or two of his friends of the Princeton faculty; otherwise he was little concerned, save that he did want high-class men. He didn't know many of the possible aspirants. Even after they were named he knew but few of them with any degree of certainty.

"What have we been doing for Jones, that he has been in here thanking me so profusely?" he asked one day, and was much amused to find that Jones—which is not the name—was occupying a fat berth in the State House, under the appointment of Woodrow Wilson.

The Famous Bryan Letter

These were some of the incidents in the political education of Wilson in New Jersey. With the close of the session there promptly began the campaign for the presidential nomination. The Independent asked him to write a summary of his first legislative session, and he generously suggested to them that they have me do it. He was always a bit chary of writing for publication after he got into politics. He preferred to let his messages and public addresses and papers speak for him. The article I did for The Independent was quickly converted into a campaign document; national Democrats began to make pilgrimages to Trenton and Princeton. Cleveland H. Dodge, Walter Hines Page, Henry Morgenthau and a few others decided to raise funds to promote the boom, and they wanted Page, a literary friend of Wilson and later ambassador to Great Britain, to take charge of spending it. But Page declined to do anything more than advise about the plans. A good advance agent was picked and sent across the country to arrange speaking dates before nonpolitical civic bodies in order that the country might see and hear Wilson.

He made twenty-five speeches on the tryout tour, covering some eight thousand miles. William F. McCombs was selected to manage the headquarters in New York, a publicity bureau was set up, and the show was under way.

The Wisconsin primaries went for Wilson and everything was running smoothly when suddenly the break with Harvey and Watterson threatened to wreck the machine. There had been murmurings that Harvey's publication was owned by the house of Morgan, and that this threatened disaster in the Western States, where Roosevelt, in his wild dash to ruin President Taft, had been banging the "great metropolitan press edited under the shadow of Wall Street." Harvey, at an interview he had with Wilson and Watterson, pointedly asked if Wilson felt the support of his Weekly was injurious, and Wilson had bluntly replied that he did. There was a torrent of newspaper abuse for Wilson, but his friends turned the incident to his advantage by claiming that Wilson was suffering because he had refused to accept the support of the Wall Street interests. Then came the publication of Wilson's letter to Adrian Joline, dated April 29, 1907, in which he expressed the hope that something might be done "to knock Mr Bryan once for all into a cocked hat." But Bryan proved a good sport and, at the 1912 Jackson Day dinner in Washington, Wilson went out of his way to sing the praises of The Commoner. And when all the stories of the Baltimore convention that named Wilson for President are finally written, the unprejudiced commentators will doubtless agree that it was Bryan who did the trick. McCombs and the others worked patiently and with great industry, but the fight that Bryan made to drive Thomas F. Ryan off the convention floor ended the chances of Champ Clark and made possible the selection of Wilson. With Roosevelt's third-party fight on the Republicans, the election of Wilson was a foregone conclusion. He didn't need any particular manager outside of Teddy. It was somewhat of a disappointment to Wilson in 1912 that in his own state of New Jersey he ran about 50,000 behind his vote for governor in 1910. Roosevelt and Taft combined got 56,000 more votes in the state than Wilson, and in the 1916 election Hughes carried New Jersey over Wilson by more than 57,000 plurality.

With the election over, Colonel House promptly took over the task of cabinet maker. He had been introduced by McCombs, and fitted admirably into the Wilson type of mind. McCombs, of course, expected to be attorney-general, but he was left entirely on the outside. He had gotten on badly with McAdoo, who was vice chairman of the national committee, and who was likewise a candidate for a cabinet post. McCombs and McAdoo might naturally be expected to figure in the picking of the cabinet, but they were so occupied with their own campaigns that they had little time for anything else. Bryan was brought to Trenton and, in appreciation of his work at Baltimore, as well as to satisfy his great following throughout the country, was made Secretary of State.

Wilson himself had little more interest in the cabinet task than he had in that first batch of state appointments as governor. The great and ungreat flocked to Trenton, but House and Tumulty did most of the conferring in New York and had most to say about the selections. If Colonel House ever decides to give that unvarnished story to the public, it ought to make right smart reading. He sure was good to Dixieland. His break with Wilson did not come for seven years, and the reason for it is still a secret.

During the presidential campaign there had been some sharp criticisms of Mr. Wilson for his failure to urge any reform in the corporation laws of the state, and it was pointed out that many of the giant trusts had their legal domiciles in New Jersey. He set about framing a series of regulatory laws, which came to be known as the "Seven Sisters," that were largely patterned after the California corporation statutes. These he forced through the 1913 legislative session, before he quit New Jersey for Washington. And, just to keep in fighting trim, Wilson, on the eve of his going, defeated Edward I. Edwards, afterward governor and now United States senator, for state treasurer. Edwards was making good as state comptroller and had been a Wilson adherent, but the facts that he was president of a big bank in Jersey City and that he had the support of the Smith crowd for treasurer were sufficient excuse for Mr. Wilson to make his final fight. The legislature turned Edwards down.

Mr. Wilson handled New Jersey legislatures much as he had handled undergraduates at Princeton. Congress was a bit more difficult, but in the early days was responsive to the compelling oratory and disciplinary tactics of Mr. Wilson. From his boyhood he had trained himself for public speaking, and was fond of telling of the constant inspiration and help that he had received from his father, the Rev. Joseph Wilson, an old-school Presbyterian divine. The father's personal devotion had provided the groundwork for the son's education.

The Activities of Harvey Thomas

The idea that wealthy Princetonians, anxious to get Wilson out of the university, financed his political campaigns is pure fiction. As a matter of fact, Wilson long and seriously debated the question of entering politics, and up until the very last kept wavering in his attitude. His campaign financing was done a bit loosely, as were all his political undertakings. After he had made his 1911 test flight across the country, and as the New Jersey legislative session of 1912 was drawing to a close, funds were quite low. Illinois enthusiasts were confident that if he could be sent there for a whirlwind campaign he would sweep everything in sight. And, without waiting for the legislature to finish, he made the dash to Illinois, where he bitterly denounced the state bosses, and where Champ Clark gave him a fine trouncing at the primary. Subsequently, at Baltimore, Roger Sullivan, the boss, switched from Clark to Wilson and played a considerable part in helping nominate the man who had gone West to exterminate him.

On the train going to Chicago, Wilson wrote to Harvey Thomas, then editor of the Atlantic City Review, declaring that the crisis of the campaign for the nomination had arrived and that it would break down unless considerable funds were speedily forthcoming. Thomas, who was one of the leading political writers of the state, had gone to Atlantic City to conduct a crusade intended to clean up some of the evil alliances then besmirching the good name of the resort. The crusade was financed by owners of large beach-front hotels, and Wilson had given Thomas excellent support, including several good appointments for the hotel men. In return Thomas not only printed, without charge, special Wilson editions for distribution over the country but got the hotel men, although chiefly Republicans in politics, to proffer help in a financial way.

Thomas gathered six thousand dollars from the hotel men, turned it over to McCombs, and Wilson personally sent letters of thanks to the givers. At that time McCombs was keeping the Trenton True American, a newspaper that had been on the financial rocks for some time, alive for the purpose of producing special Wilson editions and propaganda, and some of Wilson's rich friends, like Cleveland Dodge, were finding the operation quite costly.

Mr. Perkins Surprised

After the nominating conventions had been held I happened to be at the Bull Moose headquarters in the old Manhattan Hotel, New York, talking with George W. Perkins, and he said he understood that there was a great flood of Wilson money in New Jersey. When I told him that as near as I could observe they were having their own troubles and that Dodge was already supposed to have been let in for a round fifty thousand dollars on the newspaper enterprise alone, Perkins, who was bossing the Roosevelt shindy, pricked up his ears and said he had seen no account in the official reports of contributions of that kind from Dodge. Just then the Congress of these United States was putting on the usual presidential-campaign investigation. This time, as a result of Roosevelt's attacks, it was election contributions that were being probed. Perkins brought Senator Joseph Dixon, of Montana, from an adjoining room, and told him that "our man on the committee at Washington" ought to call Dodge and find out whether he is subsidizing newspapers all over the country.

And so, in a few days, Dodge was taken to Washington, appeared before the committee, and admitted that he was putting up for the True American. And then a strange thing happened. When asked if anyone was associated in the enterprise, Dodge declared that George W. Perkins had coöperated on one occasion. Perkins himself was summoned to Washington a few days later, and it developed that he and Dodge had adjoining camps in the Adirondacks. Dodge had no particular first-hand information about the Trenton newspaper, but had been informed by some of the Wilson entourage that the True American was really a substantial property that was being made to suffer because of its progressiveness and that it was a first-class risk. One evening at the camp he had told a part of the story to Perkins, who was just then all fired up on the Roosevelt stuff, and Perkins had authorized one of his secretaries to advance Dodge a share of the loan. Perkins had forgotten all about his own part in the transaction when he had so quickly grabbed at the idea that Dodge was subsidizing newspapers for Wilson, and had his old neighbor taken to Washington to be quizzed.

These political side lights are intended as mere fleeting shadows on the great picture.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson has requested us not to publish letters signed by the former President, which our newspaper advertisements announced would form a part of this and a preceding article by Mr. Kerney. The request was made not because Mrs. Wilson found anything objectionable in the letters, or in Mr. Kerney's use of them, but to establish her right to control or to prohibit their reproduction. To this request we acceded willingly and immediately, out of deference to the desires of Mrs. Wilson.

A portion of an earlier issue containing the first of Mr. Kerney's articles was in the mails at the time the request was received, and these copies contained reproductions of several personal letters of no unusual interest or significance, written by Mr. Wilson to Mr. Kerney, but in compliance with Mrs. Wilson's desires the letters were eliminated from the bulk of the former issue and have been withdrawn from all copies of this issue.

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

HUMDRUM HOUSE?

(Continued from Page 7)

The darkness, however, gave Blandon scant view of the country the car was passing through. The valley settlements, as the car shot past them, were plain enough, of course—it was evening and the lamps were lit; but once the machine turned westward and began to climb among the hills he lost all sense either of where he was heading or what sort of neighborhood it was. This was the least of his concerns, however. On top of his first reflections—that doubt he'd felt aboard the train—the episodes at the station had added fresh fuel to his uneasiness. The happenings were slight enough, perhaps—mere events, that's all; but, such as they were, they hadn't helped to lull his first uneasiness. More than ever he was wondering what he'd let himself in for.

After all, what did he know about Colquitt? It's true, of course, that in France he and Colquitt had bunked together, tucked in, you might say, under the same blanket and eaten out of the selfsame mess kit; but though this was so, until the first day at the training camp when Colquitt, reticent and reserved, had walked in to join the squad, he and Blandon never had laid eyes on each other. About Colquitt, though, was something that had appealed offhand to Blandon. It was Colquitt's steadiness, perhaps—a quiet self-control, the direct opposite to Blandon's heady impulsiveness; but though the two had at once struck up a friendship, an intimacy that while the war lasted had been like glue, of Colquitt or what Colquitt's life and antecedents were Blandon had learned little. He had, in fact, only the haziest notion of his bunky's occupation. He was a mill engineer—something, at any rate, of that sort; but of Colquitt's people, his home and its surroundings, Blandon could hazard only a guess. Rich or poor, there was no telling.

In other words, it was Colquitt's habit, when there was any talking, to let the other fellow do it. Now, however, Blandon had a surmise as to his old pal's circumstances; and his look still more uncomfortable, he glanced about him at the fittings of the car in which he sat.

It was a big car, high-powered and costly in its appointments, the sort of car that only a man with money could afford to own and operate. In passing, it was a machine, too, of the same type and make as the limousine into which the pudgy, well-dressed pair back at the junction had bundled themselves. The upholstery was a dainty dove-colored cord; the metal fittings were of heavy silver plate; while draped from the rack in front was a wide fur rug, the fur a deep-piled nutria. Rugs like that cost money; and for a moment, as he eyed it, Blandon's mind dwelt painfully on the sketchy, not to say gallus outfit of seedy tweeds and linen stuffed into the battered hand bag between his feet. A fine show they'd make if he found himself tumbled in among a nest of swells! That was but a part of it too. In a polished rack beside his elbow he glimpsed a pale gray moroccan leather cardcase, its edges bound with gold. It was a woman's trifle; its owner evidently had left it there forgotten; and after a look at it he grunted. Colquitt married? Huh!

Once in a dugout up on the Toul Front at Rambucourt, Blandon remembered having put a question to his pal: "Say, old egg, ever think about getting hitched?" The query was idle, a part merely of the usual banter forever going on in every army camp; but its effect he hadn't forgotten. At the moment Colquitt was absorbed in stitching a gash the trench wire had cut in his o. d. shirt; and he looked up sharply, his face queer.

"Married? I?"

"Yeah," Blandon had drawled; "little woman at the door, hot slippers by the fire and all that sort of guff." Then, as he'd seen the look on Colquitt's face, he'd drawled quizzically, "What's the trouble, bo? Haven't you picked the dame or has some slacker at home got her away from you?"

Colquitt hadn't answered. He flung the shirt on a near-by bunk; and, getting up from the bench on which he'd been sitting, he walked to the dugout's door and stumbled up the stairs. Blandon had gaped. Outside in the dark the Hun had set up his usual nightly strafe, a few brackets of shells just to annoy the lines and keep them from sleep; but heedless of the row Colquitt had wandered out into it. Crawling after him a minute or so later, Blandon had found him leaning against a wall of the near-by sap, his face set, his gaze fixed on the sky and the stars that burned in its quiet vault.

"Say, Norry, I didn't mean anything," Blandon had mumbled.

Colquitt had gazed at him. "I'll never marry, Jerry."

"Never?" Blandon had echoed.

"Not while there's that other man," had been Colquitt's reply.

The episode still stuck in his mind. Was this the girl Colquitt had married? Had he got her after all? The question that nagged him the most, however, was what sort of woman she was. Wives of ex-service men were, in fact, Blandon's one especial bugbear. Anyway, most of the lot seemed to regard with a vague distrust, not to say open suspicion, their husbands' old companions in France. It was as if husband and friend had been mixed up together in some shoddy past they didn't care to hear about and would much rather forget. Frankly, had Blandon known a Mrs. Colquitt had come on the scene, the morning's telegram never would have been sent. Much less likely would its sender have followed it.

Fishing a cigarette from his pocket, he morosely lit it. Between puffs he eyed the man on the front seat of the car. There were a dozen questions he would have liked to ask that bird. He would have liked, for instance, to pump him about that one particular of Colquitt's wife—who she was, what she was like, and what sort of front she put up to Norry's pals. The man's silence, however, his bristling surliness besides, hardly encouraged curiosity of that particular sort.

To ease himself the driver had turned down the collar of his storm coat; and as he bent forward to peer through the snow-incrusted windshield Blandon got for the first time a good clear look at him. Somehow, he hadn't just the look of a chauffeur, a hired man. His features, clear-cut and in a sullen way handsome, wore the air of one more accustomed to giving orders than to taking them. Blandon remembered, too, the man's tone when he had spoken. Brusque and surly as it had been, it had in it an unmistakable note of cultivation. He was still studying the fellow when the car hurtling around a turn all at once sagged back; its pace slackened sharply. Then at a snail's pace it crawled along between the walls of trees and scrub, the driver peering intently into the swath of light thrown forward by the glaring head lamps.

"What's up?" questioned Blandon.

A grunt. "Nothing," growled the driver.

His face alert, he edged the car along, still peering through the glass as if on the lookout for something. For a quarter of a mile this went on; and then an idea of what might be happening occurred to Blandon.

"Say, have you lost your way?" he was asking when there was a sudden shriek of the brakes and the car rounding a second turn stopped dead. At the same instant the driver gave a sharp muffled exclamation.

Blandon shot a glance ahead. Up the road, fifty yards or so away, the glance showed him what had happened. Another car, a limousine, stood slewed across the highway, its hind wheels buried in the ditch.

Four persons stood in the snow beside the stalled machine—three men and a woman. The outfit he recognized at once. The woman and one of the men were the pompous pair he'd encountered back on the train; another of the men was their chauffeur; but the third man, a lean-faced, lantern-jawed individual, Blandon hadn't seen before. Clustered together and all gesticulating excitedly, their attention seemed divided between the ditched car and the dark slope of woodland that lay on the upper side of the road, and bending forward for a look Blandon was trying to make out what had happened when he heard his companion exclaim again.

"Gad!" he ejaculated.

With a swift movement he jerked up the collar of his storm coat about his ears. The next instant he shot the gear shift into place. The car fairly leaped through the air, its motor roaring; and thrown off his feet by the jerk Blandon was flung backwards in a heap.

"Hey, what're you doing, you?" he shouted.

No answer. The car streaked up the road, swaying and pitching as it went. Clinging to the seat, Blandon gave another yell.

"Stop!" he ordered. "Those people are in trouble, can't you see? D'you hear me, stop!"

But the limousine didn't stop. His foot on the gas, the driver tore by the other machine; and, as the rocking, swaying car passed, the four people in the road leaped out of the way with a shrill cry of fright, scuttling to safety like terrified barnyard fowls.

"You fool!" shouted Blandon. "Are you batty?"

It needed only an instant for him to make up his mind. The front window was open; and as the car still plunged along he reached through the opening and crooked an elbow about the fellow's neck. A startled gurgle came from the man; but Blandon gave no heed to that to his own peril any the more.

"Say, you!" he growled thickly, and as his arm tightened its grip the limousine lurched wildly, its brakes grinding, its rear wheels slithering perilously toward the ditch alongside. Then it stopped; and with a heave the driver wrenched himself from the elbow wrapped about his throat.

"You ass!" he snarled, his face livid. "Do you want to break our necks?"

"I'd like to break yours!" Blandon retorted truculently

Over his shoulder the driver shot an infuriated glance at him; but angered now, Blandon cared little for that. He cared as little, too, for the fellow's bulk—his bigness and burly strength. If the bird wanted to mix things let him try it.

"What're you trying to put over anyway?" he snapped. "Are you afraid of those people? Don't you want them to see you?" It had the look of that, at any rate.

A battle of looks passed between him and the man; then grumbling and muttering the fellow turned away.

"You stay where you are now—no monkey shines. D'you hear?" ordered Blandon; and with another threatening look he opened the door and stepped down into the road.

The limousine was a hundred yards behind. When he neared it the woman was clambering into it again, while her husband, the chauffeur at his heels, shambled up the road toward Blandon. By now the portly personage seemed to have lost much of his pompous self-satisfaction; and as Blandon reached him he was stuttering volubly.

"Say! Say, what d'you know about that!" he piped. Then he flew off into a babble of spluttering excitement. Blandon, though, managed to catch the drift of what he was saying. "A holdup, what?" he echoed blankly.

His first impulse was to laugh. In the face of the victim's ludicrous excitement it was difficult, too, to restrain it. As absurd, besides, was the fact that twice in a short half hour he'd found himself mixed up in two events like that. First, the car thief; then the holdup! Pretty good, in fact, for any neck of the woods like this—Massachusetts. A snigger of amusement escaped him.

The pudgy person gave him a savage stare. "You needn't laugh, young man!" he blustered. "It's serious; devilish serious. Things have come to a pretty pass when a peaceable citizen can't travel the highways without being put in danger of his life!" He glared again at Blandon. "That's what we get for turning loose on the country a lot of rapscallions from the war!"

Blandon curled his lip. "Do you mean soldiers?" he inquired.

"That's exactly what I mean, young fellow," replied the man; and he was bouncing off into another flood of invective when Blandon cut him short.

"How do you know they were soldiers?" he drawled.

The query seemed in the nature of a challenge to the red-faced irate individual.

"How do I know? I saw them, that's how!" he bugled. "There were two, and I saw them both. One was middle-aged, a gray-haired rascal; the other scoundrel was young, slim like a boy. Both had handkerchiefs over their eyes; but I got a good look at the slim one when he stuck a pistol in my face. He was dressed in khaki—soldier

(Continued on Page 121)

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clothes!" On top of this he burst into another tirade, heated and torrential. "I'm Horace Pegram, that's who I am; and someone's going to hear about this, I promise. I'll make them sweat!"

Blandon grinned. "I guess they didn't get much off you, did they?" he drawled.

"Heh? What's that?" the stout man snapped suspiciously.

"I asked did they get anything?" Blandon said.

They hadn't, it appeared. They had stopped the car; and the younger of the two, a pistol in his hand, had flung open the door. In doing this the top light had been turned on automatically; and as the hooded footpad looked in at them he had cried out sharply, the cry a squeal as of alarm. Then, backing off, he had shouted something to his companion—a shout, too, that had seemed to fill the gray-haired thug with the same alarm; and the two darting off in the darkness had fled up the hill among the thickets.

"Yes," Pegram added; "and there was my wife with her jewel case in her lap. She had her necklace in it, too, the Pegram pearls—sixty thousand dollars' worth!"

Blandon didn't linger. A glance showed him his help wasn't needed. The stalled limousine could be jacked out of the ditch with little effort; and as a fresh outburst came bubbling from the irate Pegram he turned away with a shrug and loafed back up the road. Soldiers, huh! That was the way, of course, they tried to put over everything on the Army. Yes, and if a couple of ex-service men had staged that holdup it was just natural, of course, they'd put on khaki to do it in.

"Bunk!" Blandon growled to himself.

Up the road the other limousine was still waiting, the hulking figure of the driver slouched down on his seat, a lurking grin in his eyes. As Blandon swung open the door and clambered in, the man turned around to him.

"Well, what did you find?" he greeted, a grunt with it.

When Blandon answered sourly "It was a holdup," the grin in his eyes widened.

"A holdup? Why, you don't say so!" he chirped.

Blandon gave him a look. "It don't seem to bother you any," he remarked.

The man made no reply. With the grin still lurking in his eyes he bent forward and shot the gears into place; and the machine, picking up speed, again went plunging along over the rutted frozen road. His unconcern was as if a holdup was an everyday affair to him.

A moment later, after climbing a final rise, the car shot out from the blank tunnel of the woodland road and swung abruptly into a broad tree-lined highway. Below, in the flat at the foot of the hill, the lights of a town shone and sparkled in the darkness; and Blandon cast his eye toward it.

"Say, is this the place?" he asked.

He knew, though, without being told, that it was. The place was Wickshire; and after a glance at it he leaned back among the cushions.

"Lord!" he grunted to himself.

III

WICKSHIRE, in its general appearance, is still another of those New England communities that look to the casual eye as if cut out of the selfsame piece and pattern as all the others. Darkness obscured it now, and only its twinkling lights were visible; but Blandon had no need of daylight to reveal to him its looks. He'd been looking all day, hadn't he, at a procession of just such dumps and burgs? Down there, he knew, would be the same old dusty, elm-lined streets; the same squarely set rows of high-peaked, toylike houses painted white—these, and with them the same dried-out, moldering air of sleepy respectability and bygone times. Dead from the neck up! Stone dead and creaking! It was enough to make Rip Van Winkle himself snore again. The wonder of it, though, was that Norry Colquitt, as he'd feared, would be willing to bury himself in any graveyard like that. Now that he himself had had the nerve to come here it would be an act of charity to dig Norry out of the dump and yank him off somewhere else; and he was still dwelling on the thought, wondering how he could manage it, when the limousine spun around the shoulder of the hill and a block of huge sprawling structures at the town's edge all at once heaved into view. Beyond it, with a brief stretch of level ground between, was another set of buildings, equally big, equally formidable; and for a moment his eye roved over them in idle wonder. Though it was long past five o'clock, the usual closing hour, the two sets of buildings hummed with bustling activity, their windows from cellar to roof pouring a flood of light into the darkness. Under their walls, too, a couple of heavy freight trains bunted to and fro; and, even at the distance, from the buildings came a whir of machinery driven at full tilt.

"What's that?" Blandon asked.

An unamiable mumble came from the seat in front. "What's what?"

When Blandon indicated the huge, lighted structures that had caught his idle glance the driver gave another grunt. "Those, eh?"

They were the Wickshire mills, it seemed. They were also the town's chief industry: the chief industry, for that matter, of the entire district. The driver drawled the information indifferently. One set of buildings was the plant of the Pamquid Company; the other was its rival concern, the Narramantic.

"Is that where Mr. Colquitt works?" asked Blandon.

"Works?" A sudden mild astonishment evinced itself in the driver's air. Over his shoulder he shot a glance at the passenger. "What d'you mean, work?"

He looked as if he were about to give a guffaw; and Blandon growled: "Just what I said. I asked if Mr. Colquitt works there."

A sound came from the front seat as if the driver choked back a snigger. "Do you mean one of the hands?" He gave a subdued gurgle. "No, not exactly," he drawled.

"Not exactly?" echoed Blandon.

"Yes; not exactly," was the reply. Then the man added: "He doesn't work there, either, not exactly."

"Say," said Blandon sharply, "don't you try to get funny with me! What're you driving at anyway?"

The driver's only reply was another gurgle suggestively like a laugh; and at the same instant with a twist of the steering wheel he swung the limousine up a stretch of road that turned at right angles from the highway. As the headlights of the car swung in a sweeping arc there was the momentary glimpse of a broad rolling stretch of lawn set between banks of cultivated shrubbery and beyond it a sunken garden with a marble pool in its center. The pool was dry now and filled with snow; the lawns and garden, too, were sheeted in white, but their pretentious area was evident; and at the end of the drive, standing on a little rise, was the house that went with all this, its shades drawn and glowing from light within.

To Blandon's wandering eye the house looked huge. Behind it, too, was a shadowy glimpse of other buildings, all in the same key of magnitude—stables, a garage, a row of glass-topped greenhouses; and as the limousine rolled on up the drive his eyes darkened with a frown of awakening wonder, not to say dismay.

He got it now. It at last had dawned on him; and his sensations mixed, he was still peering up at the house when the car came to a stop beneath the porte-cochère.

"Here you are, sir!" said the driver smartly. "This is Mr. Colquitt's."

Blandon had guessed as much.

The man hopped down from his seat; and all at once changed, his air had in it now the suave, deferent habit of the well-trained servant. "Let me take your bag, sir," he directed suavely; and as he reached in and possessed himself of the dingy battered grip its owner shook himself together.

His feelings, as he stumbled up the wide stone steps to the house, grew still more mixed. The door before him was a wide, richly wrought grille set with curtained glass; but had it been the door to a jail he could not have faced it with less equanimity. Swells! Bigwigs! Millionaires! At the moment all his mind could dwell upon was again the suit of threadbare tweeds jammed into that wreck of a bag he'd brought!

There was a bell button set in the woodwork beside the door, and fumbling awkwardly he pushed it.

It seemed then that for a protracted interval he stood and waited. The motor, meanwhile, had whisked off around the house, the chauffeur taking the bag with him; and shifting from one foot to the other Blandon stared at the door.

A full minute passed, then another; and reflecting that perhaps he hadn't pushed the button hard enough, he gave it another

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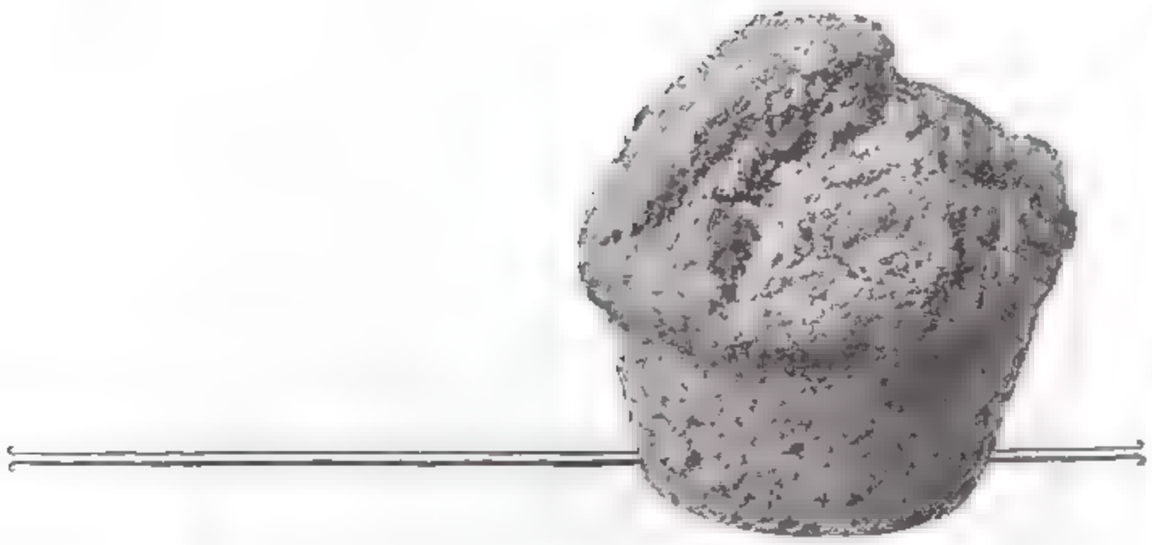

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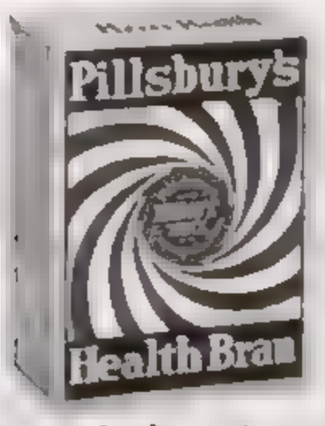

One of the family

push. Then another minute crawled past; another after it; and he began to wonder if this was the regular procedure—if, in houses like this, they kept you waiting on the steps till you froze—when from inside he caught a murmur of quick energetic voices, their tone pitched low. It was as if they inside, whoever they might be, were whispering together, the whispers guarded; and it didn't add, either, to his ease.

However, just as he was about to give the bell button another energetic jab the door quietly opened.

A gray-haired manservant appeared. As Blandon saw, evidently he had come in a hurry—in a good deal of a hurry, besides. His face was moist, he was breathing swiftly, and it appeared also he must have come in from out of doors. The black coat, striped waistcoat and gray trousers he had on were the usual garb of the houseman; but his feet were incased in a pair of heavy oil-tanned brogues that squelched with moisture as he walked. Mud, too, incrusted them.

Blandon, however, hardly noted these peculiarities. "Is Mr. Colquitt at home?" he asked.

The manservant's eyes shifted uncertainly. His tone, too, when he spoke had in it a similar uncertain quality. "Step in, sir," he said; adding, "The master's away, sir, but you are expected."

"Away?" echoed Blandon. "When do you expect him back?"

The servant seemed doubtful. He seemed equally in doubt when Blandon inquired where Colquitt had gone.

"Mrs. Colquitt's here, sir," he said, turning at the same time to close the door.

He hadn't answered the question Blandon had asked; he seemed, on the contrary, to have avoided answering it. The guest, however, was in no frame of mind to notice this particularly. A fine mess he'd let himself in for! Here he was, landed alone and virtually unannounced in a house whose style and size already had dismayed him, on top of which he was to be marooned in it with a woman—a young woman too—on whom he'd never laid eyes before

"Shall I tell Mrs. Colquitt you're here, sir?" the manservant was inquiring, when from the depths of the hall beyond arose a voice.

The voice was cool and amusedly light. There was a note, too, in it of familiar lilting resonance that rang like a gong in Blandon's ears.

"Well, little stranger," laughed the voice; "so it's you again, is it?"

He swung toward it with a jerk.

The hall was wide and deep. At the farther end was a broad open fireplace ablaze with crackling logs; at one side of it a winding stair led to the floor above; and under the wing of this and ranged before the hearth was an array of easy-chairs, lounges and a table or two strewn with books and magazines. The hall evidently was the household's general living room; and at the back, set in the wall above a turn of the stairway, was a high stained-glass window. Silhouetted against its tracery was a woman's figure, a slender girl. She was coming down the stair, the smile on her lips amused, a little mocking; and Blandon gulped an exclamation:

"Nanny!"

"Yes—but don't faint, Jerry," she retorted.

He gaped at her, open-mouthed. It was the girl who, two years before out on the Coast, had asked him why he didn't hunt another job.

"Say!" Blandon faltered.

She came down the long hall, her lithe figure easy and self-reliant; and as she reached him she held out a slender hand.

"Glad to see you, son," she remarked, the greeting as frank, as unaffected as a boy's.

That was Nanny Granger's habit, it seemed—a frank directness Another woman might have balked at asking the question she'd put to Blandon in San Francisco; not Nanny Granger though. It wasn't the only time she'd asked it either. During the war and for a while after it she had, as she expressed it, fit and bled for her native land by running a canteen for gobs and doughboys down on the transport wharves at Boston, and it was here she had first encountered Blandon. They had met and parted; then out on the Coast they'd met and parted again.

"When you get a job—I mean a real one"—she'd advised—"you can come around and tell it to sister."

He never had, however.

"I say!" he breathed now in his wonder. "Where did you drop from anyway?"

She threw back her head with a laugh. "I didn't drop from anywhere. I live here, if you'd like to know."

Blandon peered at her.

"Here? Not in this place—what?"

"In this place, here," she repeated, then she laughed at him again.

A gleam leaped into Blandon's eye, then it faded. A sudden scowl effaced his eager look; and, his glance murky, he looked at her hazily. She was robed in a dress of some white clinging stuff; but as simple and inconspicuous as it was, even so inexperienced an eye as his could guess its costliness. About her throat, too, was wound a slender string of pearls.

"Say," he gulped, stopped, then tried it again. "Say, you don't mean you live in this house, do you?" He choked again on his words. "You're not—not married to Norry, are you?"

Nanny Granger threw back her head again; and once more a peal of merriment escaped her. "Norry? Married to him?" But presently she checked her amusement. "No such luck, son. I'm just a friend of Effy's, Mrs. Colquitt. She comes from Blackhall, where I live."

"Huh!" said Blandon. "So that's it, eh?"

"What did you think it was?" she retorted.

The scowl drifting from his eyes, he chirked up again. "Since that's settled," he remarked, "where's Norry gone?"

She turned away as he spoke, moving toward the fireplace at the other end of the hall; and divesting himself of his raincoat, the old rag he'd had in the trenches, he sauntered after her.

As she hadn't replied to his question he asked, "When will Norry get home? Soon?"

She nodded absently, her eyes on the fire leaping in the hearth. "I think so—perhaps."

Perhaps? "Where did he go?" inquired Blandon.

She shook her head. "I don't know. I didn't hear. To Boston, I wouldn't wonder." Before he could speak she swung round from the fire. "Tell me about yourself, Jerry," she murmured. "Where have you been? What have you been up to all this time?"

"I?" Blandon mumbled aimlessly. "I haven't been up to anything."

Over her shoulder she looked at him briefly. "The same old story?" she inquired. Her tone — the question, too — seemed suggestive; and a frown gathered in his eyes.

"Now don't begin that again!" he growled, his own tone stiff.

Neither the growl nor the sulky glare that went with it seemed to intimidate her though.

"I see," she remarked calmly. "Been seeing life, as you call it, I imagine."

He gave another murky growl. "I know what you're going to say. I was thinking of you and what you said before, when I was coming up in the train."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. If you want to know, for two years I've been out in the Straits."

"The Straits? Fancy! What Straits?"

"The Straits Settlements; a lot of other places too. A couple of fellows were with me—Semple and Fid Lonergan. You remember them, don't you—the two that were with me in San Francisco?"

She smiled obscurely. "Yes, I remember your precious friends—perfectly. Semple is the son of an English lord, I think you told me."

At her cool, careless voice he glanced at her sideways sharply. "What?" Then he mumbled defensively, "Just the same, he won the Victoria Cross at Plug Street, Nanny. You can't get away from that."

She smiled anew. "And Lonergan," she added leisurely, "I think you told me he was a Liverpool dock rat."

"Well, what of it?" he growled.

She smiled anew with a soft, honeylike abstraction.

"Nothing," she replied calmly. "It's just that you still think, I see, that you have to hunt adventure—what you call life—at the other end of the shop. You've got it fixed in that uneasy noddle of yours that nothing ever happens here at home!"

"Oh, I dunno," grinned Blandon airily. "You don't know?"

The grin widened on his face. "I was going to say," he remarked, "that this place seems able at a pinch to put up a

(Continued on Page 124)

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(Continued from Page 122.)

little excitement." The grin as he spoke merged into a chuckle. "What would you say to it if you heard I'd run into a couple of holdups here tonight? A couple, understand?"

He saw her start. "A couple?" The echoed words came from her with a sudden vocative surprise. "You don't mean—twice?"

He laughed. "I should think once would be enough, Nanny."

She gave no heed to the pleasantry. She was peering at him, her lips parted, her slender brows knitted.

"You were held up first; then again?"

"I don't wonder you're surprised," he laughed.

He related briefly the night's episodes. In the midst of it she interrupted swiftly.

"You say first a man tried to steal the car at Naumkeag Junction? What sort of looking man?" Blandon described him; and her eyes startled, she hung intently on the description. "Queer!" she murmured; "queer!"

Blandon nodded.

"Yes; that's what the chauffeur said too."

"What chauffeur?"

"The one who drove me here." Then he added, "Who is that bird anyway? He struck me as queer as any of it."

She made no reply to him.

An absorbed frown knitted the girl's brows together, and a moment's pause followed. "Tell me," she said all at once; "you say that when the other car was held up—Pegram's car—he had another man with him. Did you know the man?" He didn't, naturally. He had, of course, never laid eyes on him before; yet somehow the fact seemed to leave her unsatisfied. "What did he look like?" she persisted.

Blandon gazed at her, wondering now. As well as he could, though, he detailed the appearance of the lantern-jawed individual, the fellow who had been in the car with Pegram, and she listened acutely, her eyes more than ever intent.

"What's all the row?" he asked, bewildered. "It looks somehow as if I'd stirred up a menagerie."

She still evaded his questioning. Going hurriedly to a bell button set in the wall she pressed it; and from the depths of the house he heard a bell tinkle energetically. Then she turned back to him, her manner yet abrupt, hurried.

"You haven't been to your room, Jerry. Temple will show it to you."

Temple, it appeared, was the gray-haired manservant.

"Oh, I say!" Blandon demurred.

He had still a great deal to say to Nanny Granger. If he was in no hurry, however, the girl did not seem to share his leisurely mood.

"Dinner is at seven. Come down when you're ready. I've got to see Effy," she was saying and was moving toward the stair when Blandon interposed, a faint color in his face.

"Just a moment, Nanny." Embarrassed, his mind again on the battered tweeds, the only other suit he had with him, he awkwardly mumbled his plight. "I didn't come for a visit, you know. I just came for the night, just to see Norry. I had no idea I'd tumble into anything like this." With a sweep of his hand he indicated the room, its magnitude and costly luxuriousness. He faltered clumsily. "What'll I do about it?"

She was already at the stair. His fumbling apologies had not seemed to concern her much, but she halted now, a sudden curiosity in her look.

"You came only for the night?" she repeated.

"That's all, Nanny."

"You mean you're leaving in the morning?"

Blandon nodded. "Lonergan's gone home, but Semple is waiting for me in New York. We're going south Wednesday; to New Orleans, then through the Canal on a tramp bound out for Chile. I wanted to see Norry before I left."

She flashed a searching look at him. "Is that all? Really?"

"Of course!" Again he grew astonished. "What did you think?"

She didn't enlighten him, however.

"Tell me this, Jerry. When you sent that wire this morning had you heard from Norry?"

"I?" he exclaimed. His bewilderment was evident. "It's five years since I last laid eyes on him!"

She weighed this for a moment; it was as if doubtfully, besides.

"You haven't seen those papers then?" she demanded.

"The papers? What papers?"

"The advertisements."

"Look here," Blandon demanded; "what is this anyway?"

And the girl gazed at him curiously, her gray eyes intent. Then she spoke, her voice quiet.

"Don't you know, Jerry, that for six months and more these people have been hunting for you high and low?" He didn't know of course; and a startled "What!" escaped him. She nodded slowly. "Norry tried to find you first; why, we don't know. Then Effy Colquitt hunted for you too."

"Mrs. Colquitt hunted for me?" His voice rose in astonishment. "Why?"

"She wished to find you."

"I say now!" growled Blandon. "What's the game, I'd like to know?"

She smiled quietly. "We'd like to know it too." Then coming toward him slowly she looked up into his face. "When your telegram came," she said slowly, "we thought it might throw some light on the matter; but it seems not, I'm afraid. Jerry, he's gone, disappeared. Since last night at midnight we haven't had a trace of Norry!"

"Gone!" Blandon gazed at her agape. "Norry gone!"

"Hush!" she warned, and laid a finger on her lips.

The door had opened, and the manservant Temple entered.

"Did you ring, Miss Granger?" he inquired.

Blandon's consternation must have been evident to the butler, for he gave him a covert glance; Blandon, however, gave no heed. Norry Colquitt gone—disappeared? He caught at his breath, his mind awhirl. Nanny Granger, meanwhile, had turned hurriedly to the manservant:

"Temple, show Mr. Blandon to his room. As soon as you have, try again to get Boston on the telephone. They must have repaired the line by now."

The servant's eyes wavered uneasily. He made as if to turn away, then halted uncertainly.

"What is it?" the girl asked sharply; and fidgeting, the man looked first at Blandon, then back at her.

"They've found the trouble, ma'am," he murmured, his tone mumbling. "The line was—was cut."

"Cut!"

"Yes, miss; cut. It was cut just outside the library wall." His voice quavered anew as he spoke. "That isn't all either. They've got the line up from Naumkeag, and the junction's just been phoning. There was a car stole there this evening; and the last seen it was heading out this way."

"Ah!" cried Blandon. That was all he said though. Her hand raised sharply, Nanny Granger checked him.

She was still looking at the butler, her breath held; and it seemed to Blandon that for an instant they exchanged meaning glances. Then, as it seemed, too, the butler shook his head, negating the thought, whatever it was, the two may have shared together.

"No, ma'am," said the man; "they seem to think it was one of the gang that's been breaking into places over by Blackhall way. It's their trick to steal a car, then haul away their swag in it."

The girl stirred restlessly.

"Very well. Take Mr. Blandon to his room," she directed. "As soon as you come down," she added, "try Boston again. I'll be in Mrs. Colquitt's room if you get the call."

The butler, as she spoke, glanced toward the stair. "Here is Mrs. Colquitt now," he said.

Blandon looked. At the head of the flight, revealed in the glow of a lamp hanging there, he got his first glimpse of the woman Norry Colquitt had married.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE DIARY OF A DUDE WRANGLER

(Continued from Page 25)

in sight. The two others, my companion's horse and the pack horse, had hardly moved ten feet from where we had left them. Now, it is the rarest thing in the world for a horse to leave the others. Besides, the day's trip had been a hard one, the feed was excellent, my horse had been hobbled; and finally, witness his terror when, unhampered, he had to climb up and down the mountain to the south. At all events he couldn't have been gone very long. I left my companion cooking supper and set off blithely up the trail we had made coming down.

After a while my blitheness vanished. The hobbled tracks led straight back to the mountain and up that slippery slope and down the other side. From the top I could see in the waning light the valley beyond and the slopes of the hills through which we had passed that morning. On the whole, an open country, in which any moving object would be visible. There was not a sign of the renegade; not a sign of life except, along a neighboring ridge, black against the glare of the sunset, the wolf. I am afraid I forgot my horse for a moment. But afterwards I remembered him and searched some more, and finally went back to camp in the darkness a soberer man. I had eight days of walking ahead of me over some of the roughest country in the Rocky Mountains. I did not love that horse when almost two weeks later I saw his gentle, honest face once more. I was sorry that his expertness with hobbles had prevented him from getting any noticeable hobble sores.

None the less, although it is humiliating to admit it—and is a fact usually concealed—the renegade and the outlaw are usually horses with more sense and character than their brothers; Toussaint Louvertures among horses, who, if they were men, would be leaders of an insurgent political party, or at least in Who's Who. A renegade is merely a horse that is courageous enough to think for himself and not be afraid of the dark or a lack of companionship; and an outlaw is a horse that knows that if he makes up his mind it is going to be hard to ride him it will be. It is lucky for mankind that both kinds of knowledge are rare in horse circles.

An Unpopular Horse

Some of the happiest hours I have ever spent, and some of the most profitable, philosophically speaking, have been spent on the top rail of a corral fence, the favorite sitting place of all Westerners if they have nothing else to do—and sometimes even when they have something else to do. I don't know which makes you the more homesick for the West when you are away from it—the thought of shadowy forests and cool water, or the recollection of warm dust and the top rail of a corral fence, or the shady side of a cabin or saddle shed, where, especially on Sunday afternoons, you sit with some chosen companions and roll cigarettes and converse at intervals.

My small daughter, without any prompting, remarked not long ago that she loved the smell of dust and the smell of leather. If she has been born with these final loves of the confirmed Westerner in her heart, I doubt if she ever gets the West out of her mind.

One of the best men I have ever met to sit on the top rail of a corral fence with is the author of The Virginian. He has a marvelous appreciation of the idiosyncrasies of animals, and he has a marvelous way with them too. I once saw him take a hawk—that wildest of wild things—that had a broken wing and within a day tame it so that it was content to perch upon his shoulder and eat from his hand. I am especially sorry he did not see a horse of ours named Luthy; he would have been interested in Luthy.

Luthy was the most unpopular horse in a corral I have ever seen—I should like to get to the bottom of this; I wonder if it is a question of smell—and he was almost equally unpopular with human beings. He was the first horse the doctor and I bought when we started our own establishment, and we named him after the cunning man who disposed of him by selling him to us. Subsequently we spent six years trying to get rid of him. He wasn't exactly the sort of horse you could kill for bear bait, for he was strong, despite his years, and not bad to ride, and a good pack horse, and he worked well in light harness; but he was the sort of horse you long passionately to sell at a fair profit to a neighbor.

He was the most hideous horse imaginable; a pinto horse with great irregular brown and white splotches all over him, and china-blue eyes that had no more expression in them than you see in the eyes of the modern young woman. A coarse black bang fell down between these eyes. When you were riding through timber and looked back at Luthy he resembled exactly one of the palfreys damsels were supposed to ride in fairy tales; and at night his china-blue eyes shone with a phosphorescent gleam. I have never known a horse to be so bitten at and kicked at and struck at in a corral.

He wasn't always popular with me, either, although I derived much secret amusement from him. He had two of the meanest tricks a horse can have—when you were driving him with other horses he would hang back until he got you within range of two extremely scientific heels, and when you were leading him he would wait until you came to a stream or arroyo and then just when you were in the worst possible position, ascending the opposite bank, he would sit down on his tail and refuse to budge an inch farther. Several times he nearly cut my hand in half, and once or twice he nearly pulled my own horse over backwards. Otherwise, he was gentle and willing, and, in the words of horsemen, a child could ride him.

No Sale

Years after we had first purchased him, the doctor, going over to the Arapahoe Reservation to buy some horses, took Luthy along because he had heard—and correctly—that Indians love pinto horses. One day the doctor passed an Indian policeman sitting on a fence and stopped to chat with him.

"Want to buy a horse?" said the doctor.

"What horse?" asked the Indian.

"This horse. Fine horse, but too lively for the dude business—bucks."

The Indian looked at the sky and then he looked at Luthy.

"That horse?" he said dreamily. "I raised that horse myself nineteen years ago and sold him over into your country. We used to call him Big Paint."

In my own string there is a little buckskin named Joe, with a black stripe down his back, that I ride more than any other. I bought him when he was four. He came originally from Nevada and has some desert blood, I think—that is, the blood of the wild horses who still roam some parts of the Southwest—and I have had him twelve years, so he is now sixteen years old. But he is as good as he ever was, and he has a trick of keeping himself marvelously fat and sleek.

There is a tradition in the West—how true it is I don't know—that a buckskin horse is stronger than his fellows; but at any rate it is true that the grass-fed Western horse does not burn out so quickly as his more pampered grain-fed cousin of the East. He develops more slowly and lives longer. If the East would feed its horses a little bit less and work them more, and if the West would feed its horses a little bit more and work them less, a happy medium would be reached. And if a horse would be broken not to buck, as the Easterner breaks him, and not to run away, as the Westerner breaks him, you would have a thoroughly competent animal. If the Westerner exercised as much care about his horse's back as he does about his mouth, and the Easterner exercised as much care about his horse's mouth as he does about his back, you would have fewer bucking horses and fewer stampeders. The Western horse never has a bit in his mouth until he is three or four years old. He is broken on a hackamore, and consequently has a mouth like velvet; the slightest touch of the bit stops him. Nothing more annoys a man used to Western horses than to get hold of the average hard-mouthed lunging Eastern horse; although, I dare say, nothing annoys an Easterner more than to get

(Continued on Page 128)

"The Nickel Lunch"

EVEN before Willie found them in the door pocket, everybody knew positively those Planters Salted Peanuts *were* included in the lunch because they are everybody's favorite, always.

Planters Peanuts are the most delectable morsels that ever made hunger a virtue. The biggest peanuts from the pick of the crop—roasted to a golden-brown that brings out all the wonderful flavor. Salted and packed so they keep crisp and fresh. So wholesome they are called "The Nickel Lunch."

Even though taken from the Planters can, and sold in the Planters jar, they are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the "Planters" name and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

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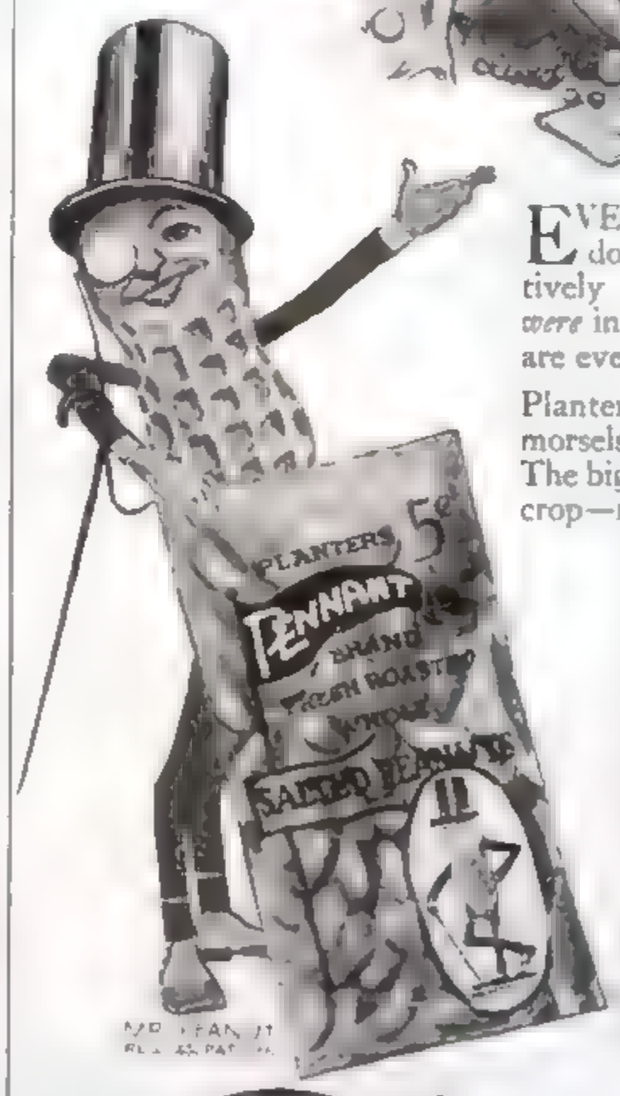

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PENNANT SALTED

PEANUTS

Your Finest Summer

awaits you in this wonderland

—a Thousand Things to Do and See

YOUR greatest vacation, both in pleasure and benefit, is still ahead of you unless you have already been in this summerland supreme.

For Southern California has everything to make your stay delightful. The summer climate is incomparable, best told in the forty-seven year records of the U. S. Weather Bureau (average mean temperatures in a central city of this district):

47 Junes.....66 deg.	47 Augusts..71 deg
47 Julys.....70 deg.	47 Sept's....69 deg

One beautiful day follows another—all tempt you to spend your waking hours out of doors. The nights are cool for sound sleep *under blankets*. It's the *rainless* season, too, so not an hour is wasted.

Sports of every kind are here to keep you active when you wish to be. And every sport is at its best.

Here are bridle paths of endless variety. They wind through meadows, into gorgeous canyons or up the sides of rugged mountains.

You hike from one peak to another and find on every hand views that hold you spellbound. Camp in a mountain wilderness. Sense the balm of its solitude.

The vast Pacific is close at hand. Spend days on the sandy beaches with an invigorating dip in the surf from time to time.

Many of the sportiest golf courses are here to test your skill. They have well-turfed fairways and grass tees and greens.

Here you may motor over 4,000 miles of paved boulevards to the many wonders of this land. No day is like another. Each is new and different. And each brings that complete change which refreshes tired nerves and bodies as nothing else can do.

Strange sights, rare beauties. Here's a vista through an orange grove of a snow-clad peak fifty miles away. There's a quaint Spanish mission, old and crumbling.

A desert like Sahara holds the unique foliage of the sandy waste. Gardens of rare blossoms are everywhere.

The magnificent Rim of the World and the amazing Ridge Route are here to hold you spellbound. The incomparable Yosemite is reached by a delightful motor trip or a few hours by train. A wilderness borders fertile orange groves. Famous hotels and colorful restaurants take you to "another land."

Come and see these wonders. You'll find in a single section of your own United States the beauties and rare sights that only three continents combined can duplicate.

Here's the change you need. Plan now for your finest summer.

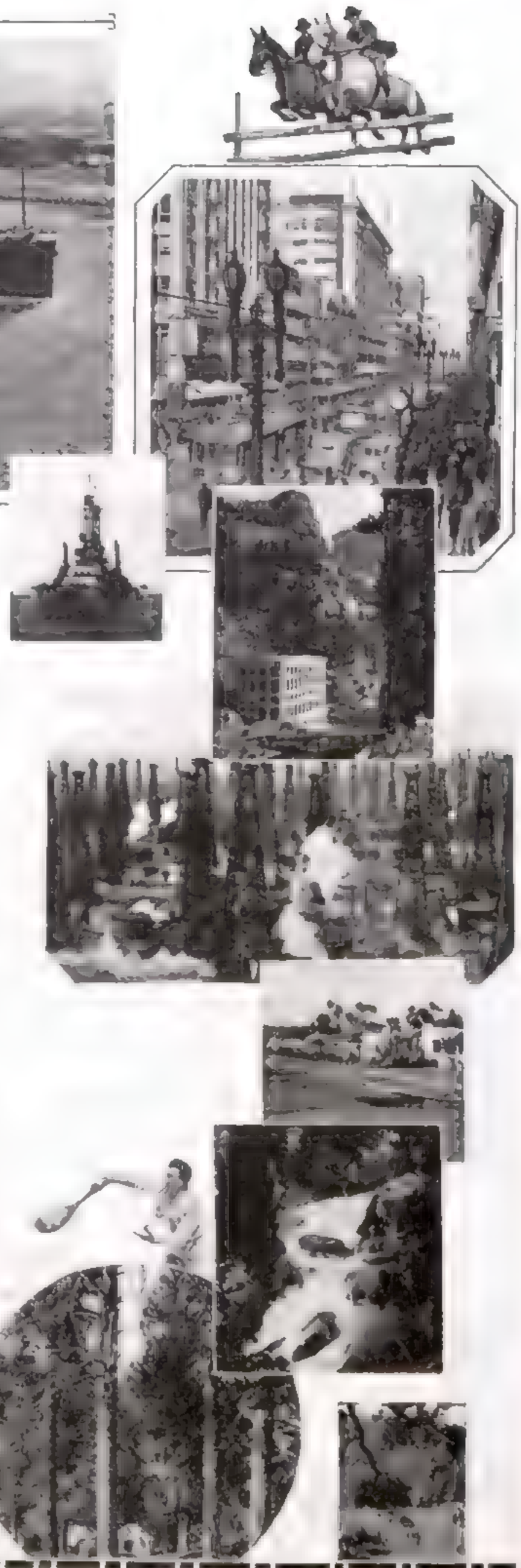
There are accommodations here to suit your purse. The special round trip summer railroad rates in effect May 22 are little more than the ordinary one way fare.

So you can come if you choose. Ask any railroad ticket agent, or send the coupon to us for information that space does not permit telling here.

Come. Rest. Relax. Enjoy each day to the full. Then you'll know what summer vacations can do for you. Then you'll understand why thousands come here each summer.

All-Year Club of Southern California

Mail Coupon Today



To Business Men

Another Important Interest Is the Industrial Growth

BUSINESS men will find here an amazing growth in business and industrial development. This section is going forward by great leaps and bounds, yet on a solid basis. Here's a future almost without limit.

That's an added interest. For your vacation here gives you the chance to study and investigate a development which is attracting the attention of the entire country.

We want business men to understand this growth. We want them to know why Southern California offers more to industries and investors than almost any other section in the United States.

There is the climate which greatly reduces heating and lighting bills. That means a real saving in manufacturing costs and the cost of buildings.

The climate also makes contented workers. They live out of doors—enjoy the year-round those pleasures which attract thousands each summer—thus they are happier, healthier and stronger than elsewhere. There is ample labor.

Trace on a map the great sources of raw materials—wool, cotton, iron, silk, etc.—and you'll see how fortunately Southern California is located in relation to enormous supplies of these commodities

Here also is the cheapest hydro-electric power in America. And millions of horse power are at our door ready for development as needed. Rates even lower than one cent per K.W.H. for large consumers.

Fuel is remarkably low in cost—natural gas for industrial use as low as 25 cents per thousand feet, fuel oil $1.25 a barrel.

Rich markets are nearby. The population of the Pacific Slope can buy and does buy. Then, too, this is the natural gateway to the Oriental and South American markets.

Every business man knows what immeasurable opportunities these are when marketing joins hands with a thorough understanding of these peoples.

A sea port which is developing with amazing strides is available for ocean commerce. Great transcontinental railroads make every market in the country easily reached. Southern California is the new gateway to Hawaii.

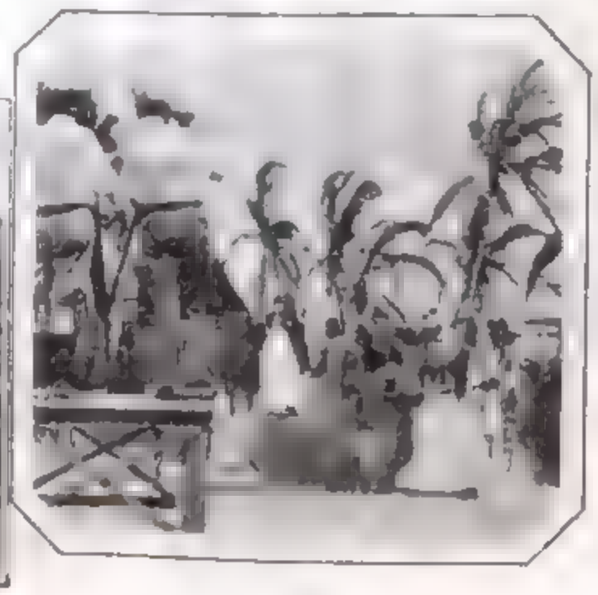
Southern California's industrial growth and industrial possibilities are among the many worth while things in this section. Transportation—rail and water—climate, power, markets, contented, ample labor—a brief survey of all these will make your summer more interesting.

See the opportunities for manufacturers and investors as you see the strange sights and rare beauties of this land.

Come *this summer*, so that you may know the joy of this splendid land and may see for yourself just what its opportunities are. Plan now your greatest vacation, truly an *investment*.

Send the coupon below and come this summer to Southern California!

All-Year Club of Southern California



All-Year Club of Southern California,
Dept. 1104, 2601 S. Figueroa St.,
Los Angeles, California

Please send me full information about the summer and year-round vacation possibilities in Southern California.

Name _____

Address _____

Why ask a bug to find and eat a Poison?

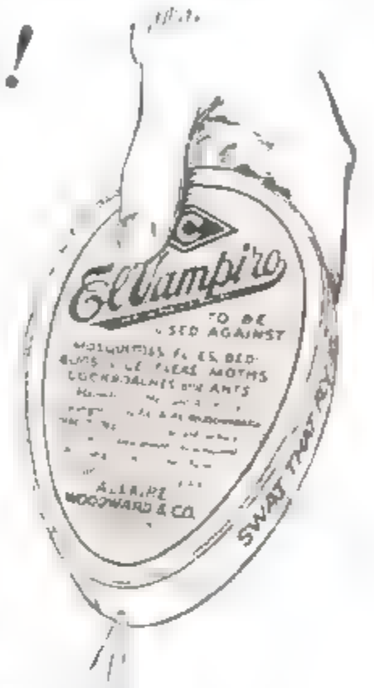
—*this way he simply breathes—and dies!*

Even the little bug with the high forehead might be a grandfather before he found your morsel of poisonous powders or liquids. Why wait? Why have the mess and danger, when all he needs to do is—breathe and turn ghost! Equipped as he is with a score of breathing pores—tiny doors—he takes one whiff of El Vampiro, and dies!

A few puffs of El Vampiro into the air, and all the flies in the room will kiss the world good-bye. A puff or two around beds and into the wall crevices, and the rest of the beggars will declare an endless holiday. And remember, the whiff that knocks out papa bug this minute, will be strong enough an hour from now to handle his posterity. The whole operation is clean, and no danger to child or pet.

Don't forget—El Vampiro—the symbol of eternity for all flies, bed bugs, roaches and moths. At the nearest store, in the YELLOW bellows box. (There's magic in the color!)

Kills flies, bed bugs, fleas, roaches, moths, mosquitoes, ants, plant and animal lice



10c

and 30c sizes, bellows box. Big sifter top can, $1.25.

El Vampiro

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

"the dying breath of flies and bugs"

Liquid-El Vampiro

If you prefer a liquid spray for flies, there's Liquid El Vampiro—as potent as the powder. No danger, no mess, but a quick death to every fly—and mosquitoes, too.

ALLAIRE, WOODWARD & CO.—*World's Largest Drug Millers*—PEORIA, ILLINOIS

(Continued from Page 125)

hold of a Western horse with a constant tendency to pitch.

Joe has always had a tendency to pitch if anything went wrong, and for twelve years we have fought our differences out along this line, he bucking me off every now and then and I sticking him about an equal number of times. But we love each other like brothers, and he has never, I am sure, had the slightest intention of hurting me. When he does manage to throw me he instantly stops and waits quietly until I get on again.

When I first bought him I found him so clever that I could not imagine why the man who had raised him had ever sold him. Then I threw a rope at something one day and made an evil throw, and found out. Joe has an objection to bad technic and does not hesitate to show his feelings. He isn't steady enough for a top cow pony. I have figured out a way of fooling him in the spring before he has been ridden—topped off. It used to be that if you held up his head to prevent him from bucking he would rear and balk, and if you let go his head to start him he would pitch; but now I take up his hackamore rope fairly short and turn him into a hill trail that leads directly up from the corrals. He makes a crow hop or two and there is a decided hump in his back; but he is too engrossed in climbing the hill to buck, and when he gets to the top he is too winded.

The Art of Being Bucked

You will gather from this I don't like to ride a bucking horse. I don't; and thank goodness I have now reached the age where I am not ashamed to say so. I think it is a most unpleasant experience—a cross between being hit over the head with a crowbar and being beaten in a lower part of your body with a poker, although, of course, the better you ride the less you feel these blows. But there is no romance in it for me. However, since you can't always keep off a bucking horse, I'll admit that, like a great many other things, the anticipation is far worse than the reality. Indeed, once the performance starts, there is a fierce sort of joy in trying to get the better of the mad thing between your legs; and it is not nearly so dangerous as it looks. As a matter of fact, you can wager fairly safely that no sport is in which men commonly partake. Neither war nor diving from heights to a greased board occupies many men's holidays. And riding bucking horses is even less risky than several other sports that could be mentioned. It is the rarest thing in the world to see a man hurt by a pitching horse unless he happens to get caught in the saddle or the horse falls on him.

All horsemen know the principle involved. The faster a horse is going the farther you are thrown from the source of danger and the more you hit the ground at an angle. Indeed, if you are anywhere around a bad horse the safest place to be is on his back. A man once told me that a long while ago he came upon a lonely white-bearded old rancher down in Nevada sitting on a horse in the middle of a corral. The old man had an obstinate look on his face, as had the horse.

"I'm right glad you've come," he said. "I've been on this here cayuse near to two hours and I'm tired. I can't get near th' fence so as to make a run for it, and if I git off he'll trample me under. Would you mind snubbing him?"

But to return to Joe. However careful he may have been of me physically during the past twelve years, he has at times been by no means so careful of my feelings. There have been occasions when he has wounded my dignity mortally. I remember one warm afternoon when he threw me off in the presence of about twenty-five of my dudes, mostly ladies, and when he threw me it was good and hard. About four times I reached for the saddle horn—"choking Susie," it is called in some parts of the West—and each time it got farther away from me. Once I saw it when it looked like an eagle in the dimness of Yellowstone Cañon.

After that I decided I might as well go, so the next time Joe was anywhere near the ground I rolled off and rolled right under a lot of other horses, where I lay watching the flickering heels until such time as I felt I could emerge with safety.

It hadn't really been Joe's fault; he thought I wanted him to buck, and he had a puzzled expression on his face when I climbed on again. The twenty-five dudes—mostly ladies—were lined up in a double row about ten feet apart, waiting on their horses to go somewhere, and a young cowpuncher was trying to catch a loose calf with a rope. He missed his throw and the rope hit Joe on the flank. I never did have a chance; I was half asleep in my saddle, leaning over to one side, and I never got straightened up; and to add to Joe's mistaken idea that I wanted him to buck, one of the twenty-five ladies got in my way—I mean our way—and jammed my right leg into Joe's side so that my spur raked him.

I shall never forget that girl. She was sitting on a small black horse directly in my path, her back to me, and as I thundered down on her she never even moved or turned around.

"For God's sake get out of the way!" I yelled and she slowly looked back with two dark, expressionless eyes.

The next minute we hit her. Whereupon she promptly reined in her horse as hard as she could. My right leg was brushed from the stirrup and caught under the skirt of her saddle, and as Joe went by I had a distinct impression that my tibia was being pulled out like a rubber band. When we finally did jar loose I had a torn ligament that lasted me several months. I shouldn't like to be with that girl in a fire; she is too calm.

I am not, as I say, sentimental about horses; I have never yet seen a man a horse liked as well as a nice bundle of hay. But on the other hand, if you have ridden one horse a lot and know all his little ways and he knows all yours, and if you have ridden many lonely and sometimes dark miles with him, after a while you begin to cherish an affection for him against your better sense. There's a sweet, warm, companionable feeling to the rippling muscles of his neck when you put your bare hand against them on a pitch-black deserted trail, almost, although not quite so much company as you get out of a dog in camp. And as for Joe, if you miss the trail in the dark and try to turn off it he will do his best to buck with you.

There's one thing about being with such short-lived things as horses and dogs that isn't pleasant. You understand what age is too soon. Here is Joe getting old—and he's only sixteen. You get too much an impression of the flight of time. A wise man should keep an elephant and always feel young.

Christian and Gentleman

And last summer I helped bury my setter, Shot. Good old Shot! Poor old pup! It seems only yesterday that he came to the ranch, a scrawny thin thing, quivering with excitement. Wyoming is a heavenly place for a scenting dog—the richest and sweetest and most uninterrupted smells; the cool smell of early morning and the warm smell of noon and the heavy cold smell of night; and then every now and then the thrilling wild smell of a coyote or a rabbit or a fox.

I shouldn't care for a heaven devoid of smells; and if it is full of smells, there must be, I should think, dogs to appreciate them. It would be a dull heaven at best without dogs and horses. And Shot—like most setters—was so infinitely more of a gentleman and Christian than most churchmen. I know that sounds sentimental, and it has been said before; but it is true. Always kind and simple and dignified this particular dog was, even when, in his youth, some of the more facetious put a bonnet on his head and tied the ribbons under his chin so that, with his silky ears, he looked like Mrs. Browning. One night he and I got caught out on top of the Continental Divide in the rain, and I tied my horse to a tree—giving her, poor beast, "post hay" for the night—and set fire to an old log and tried to get some sleep. Every half hour or so I would wake to find that Shot had pushed me away from the warmth, and then I would push him away and we would go to sleep again.

About mules I am noncommittal. I don't know much about them except that those who admire them seem to have for them a fiery devotion. I notice, however, that even these devotees are very respectful around their pets' heels and that they always have to blindfold them whenever they pack or saddle them. Personally I don't think I could get to love anything quite so calculating; I prefer more impulsiveness. I don't mind so much getting kicked in a moment of fear or sudden anger; but to be kicked on Friday for something I did the previous Monday seems to me unpleasantly

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$3.50—Attach it yourself

"C-R-E-A-K BANG!"—the most unpopular song in America and the most sung—by that most unmusical instrument, the screen door.

To some people the buzz of a fly or the hum of a mosquito is more welcome music than the racket screen doors make. You can stop this nuisance in your home for all time by putting your screen doors under the control of Corbin Screen Door Checks. Good hardware they are, like their big bronze brothers, Corbin Door Checks, that perform their door-closing service so faithfully in Grand Central, Pennsylvania and other railway stations; in hotels, office and public buildings; in factories, stores, schools, theatres; and in apartments and homes all over the United States.

The Corbin Door Check, in six capacities for different sized doors, is just about a perfect mechanism for closing and controlling doors. The Corbin Screen Door Check is one of the family—a proved mechanism that properly operates a properly hung screen door. Requires clearance of only 3 inches between screen and outside doors.

At the Corbin dealer's in your town, who will let you know it's Screen Door Week when the first fly is reported. Write us if you don't know who the local Corbin dealer is. Make your screen doors behave this summer.

Do it with Corbin Screen Door Checks.

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revengeful. As far as I am concerned, the average mule appears to be a good deal like the average socialist—he knows too much, but he doesn't know enough. If you could teach him a little bit more and make a man out of him, all well and good; but since you can't, I think he should behave more like an animal. However, a mule carries a pack beautifully and lightly, and he is tireless.

Down in New Mexico years ago I knew a lop-eared mule named Lily. She was very famous. In the near-by mountains there were some wild horses, and the method of catching them was to build a corral with a gate that opened inward, but wouldn't open out, and in the center of the corral to place some salt. About once or twice a week a wild horse would be found snared in this fashion. The method of bringing him or her down to the ranch five miles off the mountain side was to neck-yoke the unfortunate to Lily and turn Lily loose. Lily would bring her captive down off that mountain side in the most scientific manner!

The story goes that once a wild stallion tried to commit suicide by jumping off a cliff, and that Lily snubbed him around a tree as handily as a man could have done. And I myself saw her snub horses in front of the corral to which she was supposed to bring them. There was a large piñon about twenty feet out scarred with Lily's endeavors. When she struck the flat about five hundred yards above the ranch she would give her companions their heads and lope beside them, until, just when they were going at full speed, and hence were easy to unbalance, she would come to the tree and run to one side of it and let them run on the other, and sitting back on her heels and nearly breaking their necks, whirl them about and shoot them into the corral, where she would fall placidly to eating grass. If, in their astonishment and admiration, her victims tried to make friends with her, she would kick them.

The Omnivorous Burro

Lily was also famous as a dude mule. If any Eastern visitor came to the ranch who had a bad sense of direction and there was no time to entertain him properly, the owner would give him Lily and tell him, when he had ridden as far as he wanted, to drop the reins on Lily's neck and allow her to bring him home. But one time an unfortunate visitor chose a direction that placed a section of cactus and thick chaparral between him and the ranch house, and when he turned Lily loose, coming in a straight line, as she always did, she forced him to lie down on her back and stay there. They say that when he reached the ranch he had practically nothing on but scratches.

Concerning burros, the little ancestors of the mule, I have more to say; but I am not going to say it, because, even more than in the case with the mule, the Western world is divided into those who adore the burro and those who do not; and since those who adore the burro are frequently fierce old men who live much alone, I have no desire to antagonize them. I will say, however, that the burro is bad in mud or snow, for he bogs down at once, and will make no effort of his own; and I will say that if you try in a friendly manner to help him out, without using a pole, he is likely, having the jaws of an alligator, to bite your arm or leg off. And I will also say that one summer I thought it would be a good idea to have a burro train up at the ranch for short pack trips, but that I speedily abandoned the idea.

They are so easy to pack—burros. Yes, they are—except that when you first cinch them you have to cut them almost in half; and then half an hour later you have to do the same thing again; and then, half an hour after that, you find the cinches looser than ever. They have the most extraordinary stomachs of any animals I know. That means both inside and outside. They will eat anything. I have held a bunch of succulent grass up in one hand and a bundle of cigarette papers up in the other, and invariably the cigarette papers were chosen. I remember Dodge complaining bitterly once because some neighboring burros ate up half of a waltz called Love's Dream while his back was turned. Dodge plays the flute, and was in the habit of cooking his breakfast on a camp fire outside his ranch house on warm mornings and practicing flute playing at the same time. The burros would gather at the feast and he would feed them flapjacks. But once he went into the house, leaving a pile of music by the frying pan, and when he came back half the music was gone. I agreed with him that this showed a lack of honor.

This omnivorousness was what caused me to abandon burro trains, since, for two happy months, my train ate everything on the ranch that wasn't under lock and key. Once I took them up to a lake about five miles away and made camp and tied them for the night to some trees. One of the advantages of a burro train—you think it is an advantage until you know better—is that, if it isn't convenient, you don't have to feed it regularly. How those particular burros got loose I don't know. They must have unraveled the knots with their teeth; but at all events they returned to the ranch in the early morning and ate fifty pounds of newly arrived butter that the cook, knowing them to be off the ranch, had innocently left on the curbing of a well.

Another time the same train was taken on an expedition into the mountains to the east, and the guide and his party foolishly left the camp unguarded to climb a near-by hill. To be sure, they covered their supplies with all the tarpaulins and pack covers and tents they had, and weighted these with rocks; but when they reached the summit of the hill they looked down and saw all their burros holding a conclave around the canvas-covered heap, and when they got back to the camp the burros came out to meet them with their jaws white with flour and sticky with sirup. The camp was two days from the nearest source of supplies and there wasn't a thing left—not even coffee—except canned goods.

Dodge had two mules that could do more than untie knots with their teeth. They were fence jumpers, so he used to neck-yoke them together to keep them in his pasture. In the morning he would find them outside the fence. Perhaps you can figure that out; I can't. The only explanation is that they counted three and then jumped at the same time.

But then no one knows what a mule can do and what he can't. I am sure that this summer I saw one I was trying to head change his pace and footing like a football halfback as he dodged past me. A horse will hardly ever do that; a horse runs in a straight line, and if, when he tries to leave you, you can make a half circle and cut in ahead of him, he will usually give up in despair. But the motto of a mule seems to be never to abandon hope.

Coming to the cow and the bull and the steer—the most important animals in ranching—I find myself ashamed, after living so many years in the West, to discover what my fundamental attitude toward them is. I admire their financial value, but I have no real affection for them at all. And I was astonished at my indifference at the first—and only—bull fight I ever saw. I expected, like the proverbial American, to be outraged; I wasn't; I was merely bored. (There were no horses injured.) And it was an unpleasant bull fight at that, for it was early in the season and the matadors hadn't had enough fall practice. They were unable to kill their bulls with the sword and had to stab them to death with knives. But recollecting all the misery that bulls and cows and steers have dealt me in the past, I was by no means so sympathetic as I should have been. And yet I will admit that in all the world there is no finer sight than cattle grazing upon a thousand hills; no finer sight or one more thrilling; no sight that can cause a man more to sing, "My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips."

"Surely the mountains bring him forth food, where all the beasts of the field play.

"He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed and the fens.

"The shady trees cover him with their shadow; the willows of the brook compass him about."

Strange that the psalmists and prophets should have loved so much all the scents and sounds and green freshness of the world, and that there are no people so little interested in these things as their present-day descendants.

In the heart of the most civilized man there is a wildness thousands of years old that smolders and leaps into a little flame at the sight, far or near, of the tawny shapes his ancestors hunted. This is a fundamental thing, as inherent as the desire for survival or the love of women; and it is a sign that we have advanced somewhat, that we have bound this thing with definite laws and that there is an increasing number of hunters who please themselves more with the pursuit than with the actual slaughter; many even who avoid the actual slaughter except when it is necessary. Real blood lust is a rare thing—at least among Americans—and it is not pleasant to behold. Strange, but I have seen it most in small and somewhat deformed men. Possibly it furnishes them compensation and a sense of power they cannot have in any other way.

I know the answer to fanatical humaneness: and, unfortunately, as the world now is, it is a true enough answer. Men must eat meat, and unless the game population of a country is held down by hunting it will eventually overrun the country and be its own worst enemy. You cannot teach the moose or the elk or the deer the principles of intelligent race control, and if you wish to see the practical working out of Malthus' theory all you have to do is to fish an overstocked lake.

Once in the Canadian Northwest an Indian and myself came upon such a lake. The water boiled with the rising of the starved inhabitants to our flies—dreadful fish, with huge heads and staring eyes and bodies as thin as snakes. We caught them three at a time as fast as we could cast, and as a matter of charity we fished all day and built a pyre and burned our victims. Dynamite would have been better. And near my present ranch there is a lake where the same conditions obtain. It makes you shudder a little for the future of democracy—inclined to listen with toleration at least to those who would restrict birth.

The Pleasantest Hunting

Besides, even if they did not propagate so rapidly, manufactured death to a wild animal is usually pleasanter than natural death. A bullet is more merciful than Nature. The herd animal is always driven out to die; and if he be one of the Carnivora, is eaten by his companions. On the other hand, the solitary animal takes a long while at his agony. But even at that, nowadays I would prefer to leave the merciful bullet to someone else; and certainly in the album of my memories the pleasantest hunting pictures are not those when I made a good shot, but those when, along some ledge or in the grass, I have watched an unsuspecting creature, and having had my fill of watching, have gone about my business and let him go about his.

Man is by far so much the most dreaded animal in the forests, and by far so much the most deadly, that I for one feel always a trifle cowardly when I take advantage of these facts.

The man who has been living in the Far West has in the background of his mind a series of recollections concerning game upon which he can draw at will. Just three months ago I had to spend a night in Yellowstone Park after the season was over, and I could not sleep because of the bull elk that bugled all night about the huge deserted hotel—so close you could hear their snuffling and breathing and the tramping of their feet.

I remember once making camp after dusk in a little half-moon valley with great bare ridges, flanked with timber, rising from it. The dusk was of October and a heavy snowstorm had brought the elk down in thousands from their summer range. But the weather had turned warm again and had confused them, and they had stopped in the forest to the north of the little valley. By night they went south along the ridges to a salt lick and just before dawn they migrated back. Two or three stumbled over our tent ropes and woke us up, and all through the hours of blackness we heard them near at hand. At dawn, high above us, with the rising sun back of them touching with misty light their antlers into gold so that they looked like stags of Saint Hubertus, three great bulls took the air and watched us. A shining and most transcendental sight. After a while they moved off into the timber and the procession of returning elk began—hundreds of moving shapes in single file, the head of each one almost touching the white rump of the one preceding.

Later on in the morning, going north, I came upon a small band feeding in an open valley and stalked against the wind into their midst. I had no cover, but when they lifted their heads I "froze," and when they put them down again I crept forward. Finally I was within ten feet of the nearest cow. All the deer family have poor eyes—in fact, outside of the cat family and the hunting birds, there is no animal that has the sight man has. A sudden movement will alarm elk, but if you stand still and the wind is right, they do not know what you are. And as is the case with all wild animals, it is the

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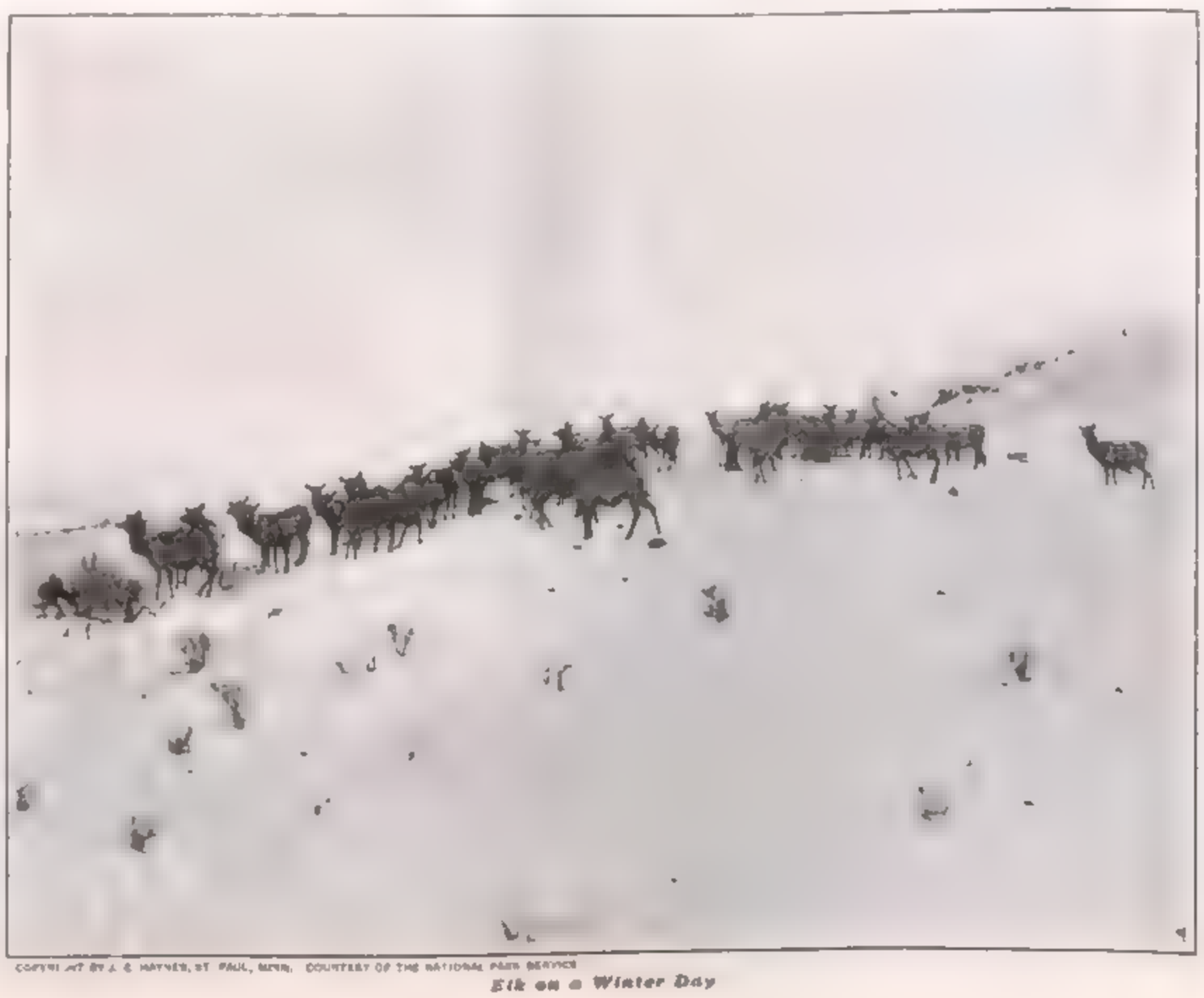

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Elk on a Winter Day

1300 Packers Compete for the Nation's Meat Business

IN ADDITION there are thousands of smaller concerns and individuals that conduct slaughtering establishments.

The competition for business is so keen that margins and profits have been reduced to figures lower than obtained in any comparable industry, while efficiency and economy have been developed to a point which makes the packing industry noteworthy.

There are no patent rights, franchises or other restrictions in the packing business to prevent anyone who wishes from entering it. Therefore, many do.

The farmer, as a consequence, has wide latitude as to where and to whom he may sell his live stock. In each of the large live stock markets there are always scores of buyers who will bid competitively for all the live stock he ships there. Or he may sell through one of the numerous smaller, local outlets.

Similarly, in every community of consequence each of the many retail dealers has a choice between various sources of supply. There are always several packers competing for his trade—not to mention the considerable quantity of dressed meat sent to market from nearby farms or supplied by local abattoirs.

By selecting the quality, grades and kinds of meat his customers want, handling them at the lowest possible margin and keeping fresh supplies constantly available, the retail merchant performs a valuable service for his community.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Different packers' prices on similar grades of meat are remarkably alike. This is inevitable under sharp competition. As economists point out, competition which is theoretically perfect would eliminate *all* differences in price.

There is no packer today who dominates the industry. The largest does only about 15% of the nation's meat business. Satisfactory competition will always prevail where the supply of raw material—live stock—is beyond control, where there are no natural or artificial bars to anyone entering the business and where the perishable nature of the product makes indefinite holding of it impossible.

What is the question about the packing business, or Armour and Company, that you would like answered? It is an industry that affects the public. Armour and Company is willing and desirous that everyone should know the truth. Won't you write us?

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Plumb Special Saw Files last longer and do better work. Extra length saves strokes, insures accurate filing. The three sizes do the work of all the taper saw files made. 5½", 20c; 7", 25c; 8", 30c.

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YOU can keep a razor-like edge on your Plumb Hatchet. It is forged from Plumb Special Steel, tempered in the Plumb way—hard for service, tough for wear. The blade is tapered to cut both fast and true. It holds its fine, keen cutting edge..

And the head stays tight!

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The black head stays tight on the red handle of Plumb Hatchets, Axes and Hammers, because every one has the Plumb Patent Take-up Wedge—a wonderful invention. With a turn of the screw, this wedge takes up the slack when the wood shrinks or the head works loose.

Just try the "feel," the heft, the hang, of Plumb tools. Do as good mechanics do—judge them for yourself and realize why "They're Worth More." Plumb Hammers, Hatchets, Files and Axes are now on display at good hardware stores near you.

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PLUMB TAKE-UP WEDGE
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Patented Aug. 15, 1922. The cone shape of wedge expands handle against all sides of eye all the way in & screw threads prevent wedge from flying out.
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A TURN OF THE SCREW TIGHTENS THE HANDLE
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"The Mountain that was God"

Rainier! Seeing the sunrise touch with fire that lofty crest, or watching the storm clouds roll about its mighty cone, small wonder that the Indian here exclaimed upon a godlike majesty. No man but shares that feeling when first he sees this sovereign peak. The great mountain is America's noblest spire, the capstone of scenic Puget Sound, the center of a vast and varied public playground that every citizen should know. The only railroad that reaches Ashford —the gateway of Rainier National Park—is the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. Electrified across the approaching ranges, it carries you there in that comfort and safety that have made the "Milwaukee" known as the most progressive railroad in the world.

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The only line owning and operating its own sleeping cars between Chicago and Seattle-Tacoma

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To the very foot of Mt. Rainier the big yellow all-steel trains of the "Milwaukee" are drawn by electric power

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females who do the watching and give the alarm. There is sardonic amusement to be found in the attitude of the males, especially if you happen to be a male yourself—they are so thoroughly preoccupied with their own beauty and importance. Death steals upon them while vanity is making of them easy victims.

I crossed a ridge on my way back to camp that was at the head of a lake lying at the base of the Tetons. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and already the great square mass of rock, twelve thousand feet high and more, to the south and the right hand of me was throwing its purple shadow out over the forests. Away off to northeast was another lake, shimmering and molten. Below the ridge a moraine came down and amongst the heaped-up bowlders a stream trickled, and here and there were clumps of willows and alders. And then I caught sight of a movement in the underbrush and fell flat upon the face of a granite ledge and peered below me. Three moose—two cows and a young bull—were feeding in the alders.

If the elk is the most stately and beautiful of Western animals, the moose is the most symbolic. There is something about its darkness, its gigantic uncouthness, that seems to sum up all the histories of forests since the world began. The elk, warm and golden, is a creature of sunlight and open spaces fringed with aspens; but the moose takes you back to hidden moss and the damp boles of gigantic trees.

My young bull left his companions and came down the moraine until he was directly beneath me. He had, I think, to begin with, the thought of a little food and a little sleep and a little rolling in nice hot dust—a pleasant interlude for a young bachelor recently caught in the chains of wedlock. But the leading characteristic of most wild animals—of all, possibly, except the grave and wise mountain sheep—is a lack of consecutiveness. Even the beaver works half the time without using his head. It is a poor compliment to say to a man that he works like a beaver, although a great many do. This young moose could decide upon nothing. He would start to dig his bed and then a tender willow shoot would attract his attention and he would reach out his great overhanging lip to grasp it. Perhaps it was just beyond his reach, but it never seemed to occur to him to move. He would strain the muscles of his neck until his eyes bulged. More often than not, he would forget the first morsel in the sight of another.

Finally he decided—it could not have been I, for I was hidden and the wind was not blowing from me—that mysterious enemies were near. Perhaps he was merely practicing the rôle of being a male. At all events, he obliterated with care all his tracks and, arching his neck, challenged the world. There being no response, he dug his bed again and prepared once more for the long-delayed nap. I barked like a coyote. Now that he had a real enemy, the young bull was no longer suspicious—he was alert and angry.

The Hardy Moose

He struggled to his feet and looked about him. He hadn't the faintest idea where I was and I don't think he even knew to what species I belonged. I barked again, and he pleaded with me to show myself and do battle, pawing up the earth and throwing it back of him, and lowering his horns threateningly to all points of the compass. He couldn't understand my reluctance. I barked a third time. Very reluctantly, but overcome with the mystery of the situation, he turned about and walked slowly off, stopping from time to time to look back of him. At length he broke into a trot, the bowlders of the moraine bothering him not in the least.

I have seen moose trotting in the winter—it is a swinging trot so fast that it outdistances the gallop of a horse—through snow that no other animal could even walk through. They are, indeed, fitted for survival. They have no competitors in that direction except the bear. Their only serious enemy is man.

A moose will live close to a settlement—he is not afraid of man; in fact, although harmless, as all American wild animals are if not molested, he will fight a man quicker than most. It is not safe to dispute trails with him. Leave him alone and he will multiply and take care of himself. In the winter he yards up with several companions and lives contentedly upon willows and bark and the grass he can dig to with his sharp hoofs. But man can destroy him in no time; he is even easier to shoot than an elk.

When I first went into my country there were not many moose about, although the country to the west in Idaho had been, until it was cleaned out, a great moose country. In the past ten years the moose, entirely protected from hunting, have increased mightily; but now they stand an excellent chance of annihilation. For the past two years the state has sold a limited number of licenses, and there are not yet enough moose to warrant any shooting whatsoever. They should have been given at least five years more.

Last summer I rode from the headwaters of the Yellowstone to the headwaters of the Lamar, down the Yellowstone and back. This is the greatest moose country in our vicinity, and in all those eight days I saw only thirty moose; and of those only four were bulls, and I could see only five cows with calves. Such observations are not scientific; they are by no means accurate—a cow seen at a distance may very well have a hidden calf with her; but I for one was convinced none the less that the penny wise were at work again and that the females of the moose family were being too rapidly widowed.

Singing to the Swans

Wild swans are the most mysterious and beautiful of birds. Like the rattlesnake, their marital faithfulness is touching and a lesson to humanity. It is more than ordinary brutality to shoot one of a pair, for you leave a survivor who will never remate. Last summer a rumor reached us that two of these stately and dazzling birds—a fairy prince and princess spellbound—had settled in a lake to the northeast. I did not believe this rumor until I saw with my own eyes, for wild swans are rare in our country and a lack of knowledge of them may confuse them with pelican; but one dusk I came to the lake through a gap in the hills and saw the bride and bridegroom floating in the still, many-colored waters—translucent spots of whiteness in waters the color of the flamingo's breast and the color of the wings of the oriole.

I think they must have chosen the lake deliberately, for it is a lake that looks like a primitive Italian background, with round hills where saints could have set up chapels, and clumps of spruce and fir that resemble cypresses.

When we turned our horses loose the swans, hearing the bells, stopped in their occult, imperceptible swimming and craned their necks and floated near to the shore. The bells, tinkling and huddled, seemed to enchant them.

Until darkness blotted them out we could see them swimming to and fro, and at sunrise they were still there.

In the saffron twilight of a gathering thunderstorm the following afternoon, my wife and myself poled an ancient raft we had found across the lake. I was whistling and singing, and the swans, hearing a new sound, consulted together and followed us. They make no move without turning their heads and staring questioningly at each other; and in the end it is the woman, I think, as always, who decides. When we came near to the other shore we stopped poling and began to fish. The swans lost interest, so I had to sing to them again. They came closer and circled about us. I sang Lohengrin and they apparently appreciated the compliment.

The storm was drawing nearer. The afternoon grew impeccably quiet. And then there came a great splash to the right and left of us and we saw the heads of two beavers swimming. I cannot make understandable how panic—pantheistic and essential—the hour was. It was like the Wind in the Willows. We seemed caught up in a spell of the forests, and of water and of hills, and of the emptiness before storm, when, instead of creatures dreaded and fled from, we spoke a universal language and our intrinsic innocence was understood. . . .

A passion for bears is an idiosyncrasy. I confess to it. The brown and black members of the family are the most amusing denizens of the forests, and their gray kinsmen, the grizzlies, the most thrilling. When you are in the presence of a grizzly you know that at last you are in the breathless presence of the wilderness.

Last summer we came upon four of these silver-coated monsters—a mother and three yearlings—high up in a mountain meadow on a divide between two creeks called Gravel and Wolverine. I am told that probably two of these yearlings had been kidnaped, as grizzly mothers have a way of fighting off other grizzly mothers and stealing their cubs. I do not know how true this is; but I do know that triplets are rare in grizzly circles, or even a single offspring, for grizzlies propagate sparsely and are so unsocial that they even mate with difficulty.

As we came out of the timber—we had a pack train of twelve horses with us, and had been riding all afternoon through the fog and shadows of a rain—the old mother rose to her hind legs and lifted her great arms above her head. It was a warning, and we stopped where we were. Satisfied that we meant no harm, she dropped to her feet and, her children after her, disappeared with grotesque incredible speed.

My wife spoke unfavorably of bears. They were frightening and cross.

"But they do no more than you would," I objected, "if seven bears and the queer things they ride came suddenly out of the woods upon you and your young gamboling in solitude."

Her face, as she visualized this picture, became as fierce as the face of the old grizzly must have been. Motherhood is exclusive in its tenderness. Not for nothing have the warlike nations symbolized themselves in the maternal figures of Germania and Britannia and Columbia.

Three weeks before, I had heard from a park ranger the most amusing bear story—and there are countless amusing ones—I think I have ever heard. The ranger was stationed one autumn, after Yellowstone Park was closed, at the Lake Hotel. A small black bear was making himself particularly objectionable; he was stealing food and entering the kitchen when nobody was about, and leaving it in confusion. The ranger, fairly new at the time to bears, decided to drive the marauder out of the country. He started his pursuit early one morning, firing his revolver over the bear's head and throwing rocks at him. All that day and the next he chased his unwilling quarry; and the bear, as all bears do, kept himself just out of range, and when his tormentor rested, rested also in the sun and looked back mournfully and scratched himself. At the end of two days the ranger and the bear had traveled about thirty miles and the ranger was tired. The next morning he went home. The bear was nowhere in sight; but as the hotel was reached the ranger looked around, and there was the bear just behind him.

Chronic Runaways

Back of Old Faithful Inn they have a tank that holds the water supply. This has had to be protected by a heavy grating because the bears come from all over the park to use the sloping sides as sliding boards and the water as a swimming pool. They never grow tired of the sport.

Dodge, my friend who admires mules, once figured in a dramatic bear incident. His mules had a habit of running away, but they did no harm. They would run for a while and then stop and eat grass as though nothing had happened. Dodge had started in the direction of Cody, driving his mules attached to a covered wagon with the top down; but on the road he fell in with another Harvard graduate named Jones, and both were so delighted by the encounter that Dodge changed his original purpose and persuaded Jones to return and view the beauties of the Tetons. Jones was one of the most hairless men I have ever seen; a round-faced, bald young man, with huge spectacles. He never spoke, but about his lips hovered a perpetual vague smile as if he was amused by the echoes of a joke he had heard years before. On the return journey Dodge and Jones met a man with a bear cub and they bought the cub for ten dollars.

That is the prologue; the drama in one act and the epilogue occurred a week later.

Leading down to the ranch where I was then staying was a dugway, and at the foot of this dugway were several log buildings. One warm August afternoon a terrific hubbub broke out on the other side of the hill into which the dugway was cut, and over the hill, in a cloud of dust, with a creaking of chains and a rattle of wheels, came Dodge and Jones and the bear—Dodge's mules running away. Jones, sitting in the back of

(Continued on Page 137)

Old Christ Church, Philadelphia, has had a Copper roof 175 years without a repair, not even a coat of paint.

Copper
the Old Standby

George and Martha Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Betsy Ross, and others dear to the heart of America, worshipped under the present Copper roof of Old Christ Church.

This historic Copper roof, now 175 years in service and still in good condition, has never required a single repair. It hasn't had even a coat of paint—you do not have to paint Copper.

Were one to compute what this means in money saving, both in upkeep and replacements, it would be found that the Copper roof has paid for itself many times over.

Just as metal is the logical roofing material—so Copper is the logical roofing metal.

There are many other roofing materials—some of them very good. But the architect who would assure permanence for his creation and the owner who would be certain to avoid costly upkeep and renewals, *both insist upon the old standby, Copper.*

This elbow was consumed by rust in less than two years. Do not accept a substitute for Copper. Buy Copper because Copper does not rust at all.

Copper alone of all roofing materials combines strength with lightness of weight, beauty with permanence, fire-resistance with rust-protection; and, in its natural green coloring, imparts a permanent beauty.

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Kampkook No. 7; an ideal tourists' stove. Similar to the No. 4 without back shelf. Price in U. S. $9.00.

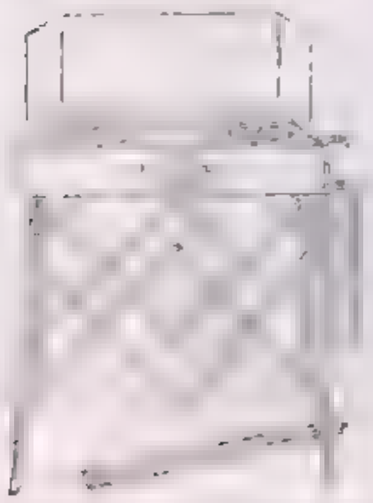
Kampkook No. 4 (in circle). America's finest camp stove. Has large cooking surface and back shelf. Price in U. S. $11.00.

Home Kitchen Conveniences for Out-of-Door Chefs!

IT'S ALL INSIDE

Packs like a suit case with everything inside. No projections to break, no detached parts to lose.

The ring type burner, an exclusive Kampkook feature, gives a uniform spread of flame. No scorching in the center



Folding Kampkook stand brings cooking surface to kitchen table height. Packs inside Kampkook when not in use. Two sizes, $2.25 and $2.50 in the U. S.

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Kampkook as a traveling companion is chockful of helpfulness. Set up and burning in jig time, its capacity for turning out steaming, tasty meals is limited only by the appetite.

Makes its own gas from common gasoline, the same grade you use in your car; no despairing search for dry wood. The steady, hot blue flame is easily regulated to any size desired, hotter than your kitchen range if you wish, assuring quick thorough cooking, broiling or frying. No oppressive smoke, no soot, no danger from flying sparks. An adjustable folding wind shield makes the Kampkook weather proof.

To forego the pleasure of these out-o' door banquets is to deprive yourself of much comfort and pleasure. Make your motor camping and picnic trips really enjoyable—take a Kampkook with you.

Four equally efficient models to accommodate large or small parties at $7.50 to $15.00 in the U. S. Sold by leading dealers in sporting goods everywhere. Look for the name AMERICAN KAMPKOOK.

Kampkook No. 3. The most popular size, more in use than all others combined. Large capacity in small space. Price in U. S. $7.50.

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AMERICAN KAMPKOOK

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

USED BY MORE THAN A HALF MILLION CAMPERS

(Continued from Page 135)

the wagon, seemed utterly undisturbed; he was viewing the country with his usual absent-minded smile. But the bear was more temperamental. Halfway down the dugway, being restrained only by a log chain that was fastened to nothing, he leaped upon Dodge's back and, reaching around, began to claw at that frantic driver's eyes. Jones never even turned his head.

Since it looked as if the whole entanglement was going straight through the log buildings, the few spectators withdrew to a discreet distance. But as usual the mules stopped long before danger was reached and, breathing heavily, looked about them with a proud and amused expression. Dodge, red with anger, dropped his reins, without a word threw the bear over his head, and made a flying dive on top of the squirming mass of fur. Locked in each other's arms, the two rolled down the slope. It was a question whether the bear was scratching Dodge more than Dodge was bruising the bear, or the other way around.

The epilogue occurred that night. Dodge and Jones had made a little camp and I went down to see them. They were drinking soup out of tomato cans, and the bear, tied to a tree, was winding and unwinding himself on his chain. Whenever he had unwound himself as far as he could go, Dodge would put down his tomato can and, arising solemnly, would go over and smack his pet in the face. All the time the bear whined mournfully.

It is not a very sensible citizen of a Far Western state, nor a very imaginative one, who refuses to give thought to his game. Pennsylvania and New York and Europe for centuries have proved conclusively that game is merely an added asset to a country, an additional source of meat supply and revenue, manna dropped from heaven. It is an old-fashioned idea, thoroughly unbusinesslike, that game cannot exist in the neighborhood of settlement. And it is more than an old-fashioned idea—it is sheer ignorance—to believe that there is something shameful about game because its presence presupposes that a country is still uncivilized. Nothing could be further from the truth, and it is the older states—simply because they are more civilized—that have realized first the untruth of such nonsense.

A community that allows its game to be destroyed is like a man who has ten dollars in one pocket and so forgets that he has five in another. This condition of mind is a sign of unaccustomed wealth and is nothing of which to be proud.

And make no mistake, the whole question of conservation in America is again standing at a crisis. Two decades ago it stood at another crisis, when it was first introduced as a national policy. Then the conservationists won; but once more the forces of destruction are gathering, and the conservationist is finding himself with his back to the wall preparing to fight a further knock-down-and-drag-out battle. Moreover, in the curious way the radicals of one generation have of becoming the reactionaries of another, some of the very forces and governmental agencies that led the original fight for conservation are now, unwittingly, times having changed and the idea of conservation being amplified, leading the forces of destruction.

The Real Game Problem

I have come near to saying that the problem of game is a fairly simple one. It is, intrinsically, but actually it is complicated, as are all problems in which a number of men are involved. It is not the game that makes the problem, nor the increasing settlement—in most game countries an extremely sparse settlement, after all—but the way the human mind reacts toward the question. If tomorrow the politician should become intelligent and disinterested, the game conservationist open-minded and the government expert practically informed, the question of game in the Far West would be settled forever. Intrinsically the problem is so simple that it can be written as a syllogism.

Profitable things are worth preserving; game is profitable. That game has been proved profitable—and, incidentally, spiritually necessary as well, for the health of the nation—only the ignoramus will deny; therefore it is worth while preserving game.

Or again, it has been found that all investments require, to be made successful, some expenditure of time and money; game is an investment; therefore it requires some expenditure of time and money.

A few Far Western states have already managed to get rid of their game, but not the majority; and my own state of Wyoming is singularly fortunate in the fact that it was settled last and had by far the greatest supply of wild life to begin with. In view of the increasing intelligence on such matters, it is even possible that Wyoming may awaken in time to prevent itself from being in the position of some of its neighbors who—having lost their game twenty years or so ago—are now buying back at great expense, realizing its value, what they had originally for nothing.

In order to preserve game perpetually two things are necessary—an adequate game-warden service and, where certain animals are concerned, an adequate winter range. For most game animals only the former is needed. On the whole, the majority of states have fairly good game laws at present; so it is not so much a question of passing new laws as it is a question of enforcing those already in the code. Nor is summer range a factor; certainly not in the Far West. There will be sufficient summer range for centuries to come—perhaps forever.

The first thing to do, however, is to see what animals can be preserved and what cannot, and what those that can be preserved require.

Game That Should be Preserved

Elk, moose, deer, mountain sheep and goat, bear, fish and all manner of birds can be preserved; buffalo and antelope, mountain lions and coyotes and wolves cannot. The first two of the second category can only be preserved in national parks, while the last three, romantic as they are in certain aspects, are rightly classed as vermin. Buffalo and settlement, however scattered the settlement may be, do not get along well together. A buffalo herd will go through any fence except one especially constructed at great cost; while as to antelope, charming creatures that they are, they are none the less fools and need especial guardians; also a warm country in winter. The winter is particularly fatal to them. They will not learn to take care of themselves in countries—mountain countries and timbered countries—where there is natural protection. They court destruction.

Mountain lions, wolves and coyotes are beasts of prey; and even if the cattle and sheep men were not to be considered, a choice would have to be made between them and other species of game. They are, for instance, the worst enemies the deer have.

Possibly the same charges can be made against the grizzly bear, but they must be made carefully. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the grizzly. At the worst, he is an extremely rare animal, and it is only the killers of the race, easily identified, that do much harm.

The species that can be preserved give absurdly little trouble and an immense return on the investment made. Grant to elk, moose, deer, sheep, goat, bear, the smaller game and fish only half a chance and they will increase and grow fat.

Sheep need only this—an adequate game-warden service and freedom from their tame brethren, from whom they contract diseases.

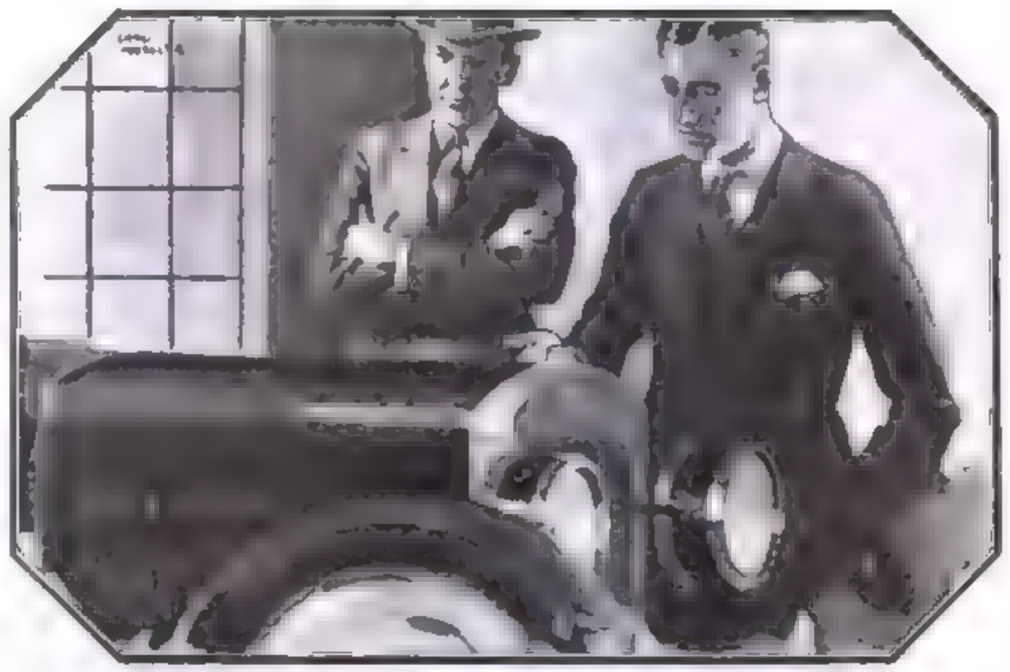
Goats need even less; they demand merely an adequate game-warden service.

Bear need an adequate game-warden service and a campaign of education that will show them to be not vermin but one of the finest and most profitable game animals a country can possess.

Deer will take care of themselves if their enemies, the wolves, coyotes and mountain lions, are kept down.

As I have pointed out, you cannot annihilate moose unless you do so yourself.

The elk present a more difficult problem; but not such a very difficult problem if handled, as the problem never has been handled, with knowledge and common sense. Elk are the only one of the animals mentioned who need to any extent a winter range; and this at once presents a dilemma, because winter ranges, being for the most part in valleys, are as a rule taken up by ranches. Elk are like cattle; during the summer months they range the high country, but with the approach of cold weather they drift in huge bands to the winter feed grounds to which they are accustomed. They are not by tradition natives of the



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mountains—in fact very little game is. Elk are plains animals and in adaptability stand between the moose and the antelope.

The history of the elk in my country epitomizes nicely the whole situation. When my valley was first explored in the early years of the nineteenth century there were no elk found there. Ten years ago there was a herd estimated at twenty thousand individuals—the greatest herd in the world; today, due to winter loss and one terrific slaughter in Montana when the great herds summering in Yellowstone Park broke and stampeded before an early storm, there are probably not more than eight thousand, if that many, of this magnificent herd left. Now the herd is slowly building up again; but it is a question, after such catastrophes, whether it can maintain its own unless wisdom is exercised speedily.

When the elk come down before the snow some of them winter on bare sidehills and do well; but the only range sufficiently large to accommodate them in any great numbers consists of the meadows of natural hay and the swamp lands surrounding the local town where, owing to the conformation of the hills and the warm water, the snow never lies heavily. This has been their winter range ever since they entered the country. Unfortunately for them, however, it was also the first land settled by the pioneers.

There came a time when the elk, seeking their accustomed feed ground, found nothing but fences. This, of course, was an impossible situation, and the Federal and state governments have bought back some of the land and raise hay upon it to feed the elk. And, curiously enough, this winter feeding does not make of the elk tame creatures, as was at first predicted. The same elk that during the winter will let men come close to them, a day after the winter breaks are as wild as they ever were. They seem to understand the situation perfectly. But neither the state nor the Federal government has done enough. With the expenditure of a sum of money that would be to them nothing at all, and which the elk would rapidly repay, the elk situation could be put immediately upon a permanent and satisfactory basis.

All the land that was originally the winter feed grounds of the elk—only a few thousand acres, after all—should be bought back; an adequate game-warden service should be instituted—I don't mean as to individuals; the present individuals are first-class, but there are not enough of them—and the whole valley should be turned into a game preserve. There should be no shooting there at all. Possibly later, Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion that the elk herd should be handled as cattle are handled—that is, that annually the weak members should be culled out and a certain number of others culled out as well, the latter to be used as a profitable source of revenue and meat supply—might also be put into effect.

A Common-Sense Plan

If such a course was adopted everyone, including the hunter of big game, would be well served. The state and Federal governments would make money, the inhabitants of the country would make money, the constant expense and worry of game trials would be eliminated, the conservationist would be satisfied, and the hunter of big game and the local hunter for meat would find that the preserve suggested would supply them with more game than they ever thought possible, for of course a great deal of hunting country would be left on all sides and the valley would act as a perpetual reservoir. Perhaps even antelope could be induced to roam in the valley again. The question of range for the cattlemen, frequently injected into the discussion by the ignorant or the malicious, is beside the point. The elk occupy no summer range the cattleman uses or ever will be allowed to use.

It seems strange, considering what the history of the valley is, and what it actually is today, that the state and Federal governments refuse to do what is simple and intelligent. If the valley were the ordinary mountain valley there would be less to be said; but it is not the ordinary mountain valley—it is a unique country, using that abused word advisedly; unique scenically, as I have already pointed out, and unique where game is concerned. It is the last refuge of the big game of America; the last stronghold. Here the game has gathered. Here is an opportunity, if taken in time, to make the greatest natural-history museum on the hoof in the world, as well as the greatest source of big-game hunting; a museum that would attract thousands of visitors; and, bringing the subject down to one of financial returns, and this must be done if we are to remain sensible, a museum that would pour immense revenues into the country where it was situated.

But there is nothing more disheartening than to try to talk straightforwardness to a politician or toleration to a fanatic or common sense to a doctrinaire. Sometimes one wonders if the mistaken enthusiasm of friends is not more fatal than the cynical indifference of enemies.

It is the essence of reform to make a gesture and desire the fruits of the gesture to be accomplished immediately. But since humanity is not made that way, the reformer becomes enraged and calls people names.

There is not a Western game country the inhabitants of which have not repeatedly been called game hogs, poachers, tush hunters, horse thieves and cattle thieves. My country, being a famous game country, has suffered more than most. Are you puzzled that its citizens are slightly resentful? Even if they were what they have been called, it would be foolish to approach them with such epithets on your lips; but they are, as a matter of fact, most emphatically not. There is no community in America that has a higher level of intelligence. The people are a picked lot and on the whole the best friends the local game has. Again and again, without hope of recompense, at great personal loss and inconvenience, they have fed the elk when the Government and the state bungled their jobs. They have driven notorious tush hunters out of the country. Any serious killing of elk for their teeth is nowadays impossible.

Half-Baked Humaneness

And these statements are easily proved. And here is a simple truth that no man who has ever been a game warden thinks for a moment of contradicting: Game cannot survive a decade in a country whose inhabitants are hostile to it. Not all the laws in the world or the best of game-warden services can save it. The fact that game still survives in great quantities in Western Wyoming is the only proof needed that my neighbors and myself are not, except in rare instances, game hogs, poachers and tush hunters. It is only a wonder to me that citizens of Far Western states, confused by inept jurisdiction, puzzled by indifference, insulted continually, actually injured at times by the mishandled game, continue to think as clearly on the subject as they do.

Not long ago I picked up the magazine of a humane society and saw a long article dwelling upon the horrors of roping; the number of cattle killed and maimed. And coming across the same magazine another time, I saw an earnest editorial denouncing the brutality of the rodeos that have been held in New York during the last two years. "The poor horses"—I am quoting almost exactly—"were made to run and jump against their will." This is an example of how the reformer's mind works.

Now what in the name of common sense are you to do with such people? Cattle handling is one of the oldest professions in the world; they handled cattle in Judea; and do you think for one instant, even if the cattleman was a brute, he would have been for thousands of years a fool? Each steer and cow means a large sum of money to him. Have you ever seen anybody but an idiot deliberately throw money away? As to the poor horses made to run and buck, I should find infinite pleasure in seeing the writer of such sentiments climb to the hurricane deck of a bronco. Old Steamboat, one of the most famous horses in the West, was a lady's saddle horse most of the year; but when you took him into an arena and blindfolded him he knew just what was expected of him.

Scattered throughout the West in lonely cabins are a number of old men who possess more knowledge of game and what should be done with it than is contained in most game societies and government bureaus. It is a pity that all those whose fundamental desires are the same cannot come together and meet upon a ground of mutual advice and toleration.

And meanwhile the game continues to die.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Burt. The next will appear in an early issue.

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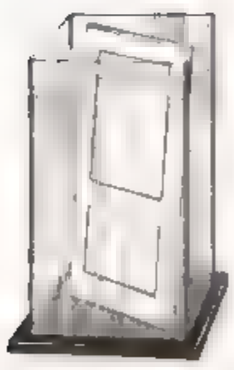

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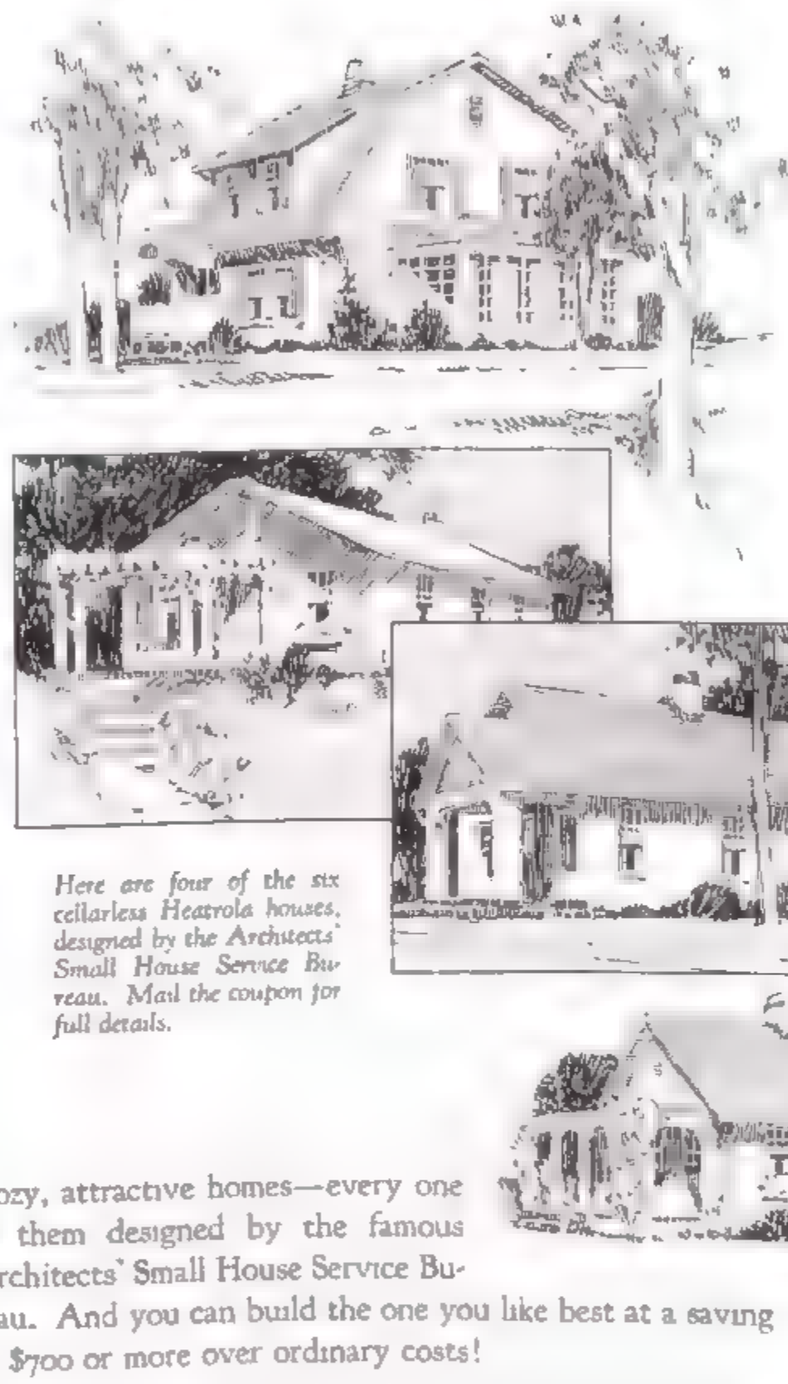

Here are four of the six cellarless Heatrola houses, designed by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau. Mail the coupon for full details.

This photograph of a recent installation shows how beautiful the Heatrola appears against a simple brick wall facing.

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Yet the Heatrola is as economical as it is healthful. It burns any kind of coal—also wood, and uses no more than a stove. And if you should ever move, you can take your Heatrola with you.

Beautiful grained mahogany finish

You will be delighted, too, with Heatrola's appearance. With its vitreous enamel finish, smooth as glass and everlasting, it is a handsome piece of furniture. And it is so easy to keep clean. No polishing or blacking—simply dust it off with a cloth.

Ask your dealer about these plans

The plans for six cellarless houses, prepared by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, are on display at your Heatrola dealer's. The ordinary cost of these plans is $5 per room, but The Estate Stove Company, maker of the Heatrola, has arranged to absorb part of the cost of each set of plans, making them available to you at much less than the usual price. Ask your dealer to show you these plans. Or mail the coupon for free booklet describing the houses and telling how you can build one at a saving of $700.

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Cellarless house plan approved by experts and adopted by thousands

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Let's see what the plan really means—how it affects those qualities which you seek in the home you build: beauty, durability, comfort, and economy in construction.

"An air of comfort"

The houses at the left, designed by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, show how attractive cellarless homes can be. As Ernest Flagg says in his book, "Small Houses," "a low building hugging tight, as it were, to Mother Earth, almost always has about it an air of comfort and a suggestion of shelter which a taller one . . . . cannot possess in the same degree."

Then durability. While the absence of a basement has no effect, either way, upon the strength of a house, it does protect the life of your home by greatly lessening the fire danger. As any insurance man will tell you, most fires originate in the basement.

"Most sanitary"

People once thought that a house must have a cellar to be comfortable and healthful. But as Mr. Flagg points out, "a damp, cold cellar makes a house cold and damp. A house properly built without a cellar . . . is dry and warm."

Saves $700!

Finally, there's economy, and here the advantage of the cellarless house plan is greatest of all. Mr. Flagg calls the basement the largest single item in small house construction costs and says that it frequently represents as much as 20 per cent of the total cost of the house. Actually, cellarless houses have been built at a saving of 15 per cent and more. Approximately $700 may be saved on a $4500 house—a saving which may relieve you of the burden of a second mortgage, or enable you to build in a better location, or even permit you to build a better home than you had originally planned.

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Of course, you are asking how your cellarless home shall be heated. You want furnace comfort—you can have it without a basement! You can save time and steps and money—and have a cozily heated home besides. Read the story at the left, of the Heatrola and the homes you can build at a $700 saving. Or mail the coupon for complete details on this modern plan for economical small house construction.

Send for this free booklet

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Hamilton, Ohio

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It pays—to own a

HAYNES

A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

(Continued from Page 36)

Henry was out of conceit with himself. Seeing in Mary an unexpected target for his woes, he greeted her enthusiastically.

"Hullo! You look very different this morning," he exclaimed; then, with appreciation of the cause, "Gracious! You've bobbed your hair!"

"I have."

"What ever made you do it?"

"I was tired of pins," she replied gravely.

"Restraints?"

"Yes. Why shouldn't my hair have a little freedom?"

"Why, indeed? It certainly becomes you." He made a picture frame with his hands and peered at her through it. "You know there's something very strong and sweet about your face. If I were a real painter I'd like to catch you in that mood with the scarlet flower and the sunlight streaming through the trees."

"Catch me?"

"Paint you."

"Oh."

"Curious thing, a man's development—the changes in him. I've always been an art lover, always looked at Nature in terms of art. It's only lately I've acquired appreciation for the unpainted picture—if you understand me."

"I think I do."

"And the odd thing is it gives me just as much satisfaction as getting rich quick gave me in the old days."

Mary smiled encouragingly. It was one of the nicest things she had ever heard him say.

"It's a tremendous asset, you know"—he added—"tremendous—to be able to carry in one's head a sense of pictures. Free pictures, too, that you can shut your eyes and look at with your memory. I tell you the walls of my mind are as crowded with pictures as the Royal Academy used to be before the new hanging committee had a go at it."

Mary laughed. She knew nothing of the old congestion or of the new selection at the R. A., but she understood what Henry was driving at.

"There was a time," he said, "when I resented the National Gallery being free, and that anyone could walk in out of the street without paying a cent and find themselves before those great masterpieces. That resentment's gone, because I've come to see that the beautiful things in life are free."

"Of course they are."

"These sketches I paint mean nothing. They're no more than tributes to a new state of mind. Look at this horrible daub I've made this morning."

"If it's so bad, why not tear it up?"

"My word!" he exclaimed admiringly. "That's an idea. But it takes courage to destroy."

"But you have courage."

He tore the thick paper into small squares and scattered them.

"By George, I feel better for that," said he, and looked at her with great curiosity. "It would never have occurred to me to tear it up, and yet how simple. S'pose we could apply the same action to other mistakes one commits. Phew! That's a notion! Terrific! But then, of course, we would want an overseer, someone to point out where the rubbish lay."

"The bugle's gone," said Mary. "We shall be late for dinner."

"Half a jiffy."

He bundled his sketching materials into a knapsack and slung it across his shoulder. They started off briskly.

"You must have had a very plain life, Mary."

"And haven't you?"

"Mine's been twopence colored." He hesitated and plucked up his courage. "What's your intention if we find the treasure?"

"I shall travel—travel everywhere—keep on going about."

"H'm—not a bad idea; but in a round world the further you go the nearer it brings you home."

"'Home,'" said Mary, "is a word that hadn't much meaning for me."

It shocked the traditions of his race to hear her say that; it hurt him for her sake. Of all the peoples of this earth, a Jew is most faithful to the home idea.

"And supposing we don't find a treasure."

"I shall have found it in memories," she answered. "What you said about pictures on the walls of your mind—well, in that way."

"It's good to think we've something in common, but I can't bear the thought of you being a companion again—at least ——"

"Yes?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just an idea I had—an alternative. P'r'aps you'd let me talk it over with you one day."

"Of course."

"It may be best to wait and see what turns up, especially if you've set your mind on traveling."

"I don't think it's quite that. Only, if it's possible, I want to escape knowing from day to day just what's going to happen. I want to spend my life within reach of a surprise or two; something that has to be faced—difficulties."

"Ye-es," murmured Henry. "The notion I had in my mind might supply those requirements perhaps."

And that was all he said about it—fearful, maybe, that Mary might cause him to tear up a sketch plan which outlined her future as well as his.

They walked slowly, thoughtfully, sharing that silence which is composed of too many words for utterance. The soft green carpet of growing things smothered the sound of their footsteps. In the distance sounded the notes of a bugle—the summons to the midday meal—but they did not quicken their pace. Then through a narrow aisle of trees they saw Tommy, his sleeves rolled up, digging furiously in the ground. Tommy was always digging. His belief was unshakable, his energy boundless. It was a case of ambition spurred on by necessity. Any rock was a Needle Rock to Tommy Gates. Sometimes he would take a twig in his hands and try to divine the treasure, wrest the secret of its hiding place out of the warm earth by sheer concentration. Henry nodded in the direction of the boy.

"A lovely enthusiasm," he said.

By common consent they stopped to watch. Tommy straightened his back and jerked the sweat out of his eyes. Then from close by a shot rang out. They heard Tommy exclaim "Oh!" He rocked on his heels then as though tired of standing, sprawled on the ground and lay there very still, with his face buried in the grass.

Neither Mary nor Henry moved. They stood like dead things in the silly postures of surprise. Another figure had appeared now—suddenly—unexpectedly. A man, tall, lithe and with something animal in his tread. Sullivan! He trailed a rifle in his hand, from the muzzle of which issued a tiny curl of smoke. He moved to where the body lay and turned it over with his foot. Across Tommy's white forehead was a purple stain. Sullivan looked at it for a long, long while. He seemed hypnotized. His face was ashy white and he was clicking a dry tongue. His eyes were ghastly. With a quick movement he clapped a hand over his mouth and his shoulders heaved up and down spasmodically. He was fighting against an impulse to be sick. It was horrible. The rifle slipped from his grasp and he leaned his head against a tree. Then, like a figure in a farce, the dead body on the ground came to sudden life. It sat bolt upright and exclaimed "Oh—oh!" And the man who was trying not to be sick screamed something unintelligible and made a dive for his rifle, and Mary Ottery walked forward and began to shoot.

"Look out!" cried Henry.

But she did not heed his warning. The little mother-o'-pearl automatic was streaming lead at Sullivan at an ever diminishing range. Mary had one eye closed and was taking trouble with her aim.

At every shot she muttered, "He deserves it! He must die!"

Edward Sullivan had got his rifle and was tugging at the breech bolt. Like a lunatic, Henry was trying to unship his sketching materials and get at his own pistol.

"He must die!" said Mary, and fired the last round.

There was a loud squeal, a curse, and Edward Sullivan, leaping in the air like a Russian dancer—leaping and brandishing the rifle above his head—fled away in the direction of the camp.

Mary stood clicking the empty pistol and wondering why it made no sound.

Altogether a queer business. No one seemed to know what to say or do next.

Henry held out his hand.

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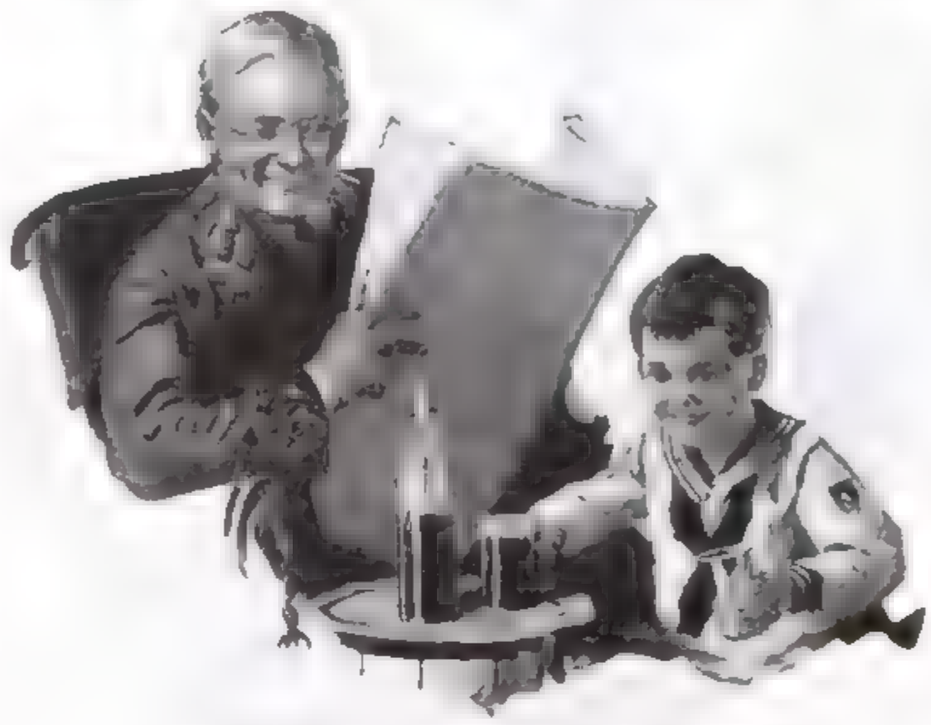

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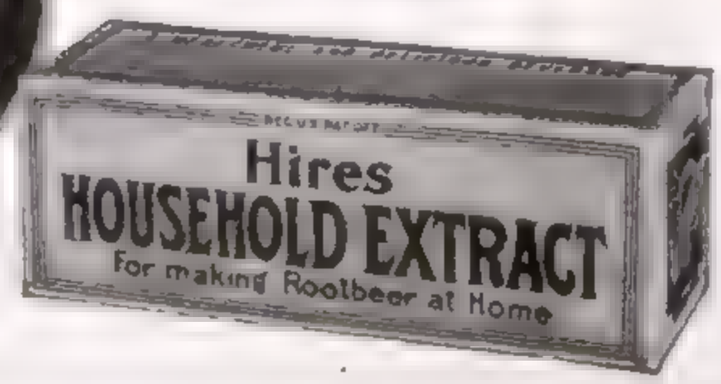

"Hadn't you better give that to me?" he said.

Mary shook her head blankly. She would not part with the pistol.

"I didn't kill him," she said, and sat down to cry in a lost sort of way.

Over and over again Tommy was repeating, "I was standing there, and then —— What did happen? What did happen? I'm bleeding! Look, look! I'm bleeding! What did happen?"

They could hear Edward Sullivan go roaring through the wood.

XLIII

THE camp was in an uproar when Tommy, supported by Mary and Henry, came stumbling through the gap in the palisade. Tommy was still a bit stunned, stupid from the bullet which had scored his forehead.

"If he hadn't just that moment tossed the sweat out of his eyes, he'd have been a goner," said Henry. He repeated it several times, sandwiched between details of the affair and the amazing conduct of Mary.

"He'd have been a goner—and I couldn't get my gun out. That Sullivan! Must have believed Tommy had found the treasure. Mad, he was—then sick—and Mary walking toward him, shooting—shooting—like an executioner—I never saw such a thing. Marvelous. Hit him too! Squeal? I can hear him now!"

Mary said nothing. She just sat there biting a finger nail and eying a jug of water within reach of her hand but too remote for her energy. Vaguely she was wondering why she had never been taught to shoot.

Olive was busy with a bandage—walking round and round Tommy as he might have been a Maypole.

Then Vernon, scarlet from a burst of running, brought to camp by the crackle of distant shots, out of breath, bright eyed and with nostrils distended at the smell of danger.

And the story was told all over again for his benefit—this time by several voices instead of one.

Suddenly he interrupted to ask, "Where's Averil?"

She was not of the company.

"Ran out when the shots were fired"—from Lydia.

Then Henry—"He came toward the camp, squealing like a mad thing—great bounds."

Vernon caught William's eye.

"Just you," he said.

They stopped long enough to collect rifles—that was all.

"Which way?"

Someone pointed. Side by side they raced out of the camp. A quarter of a mile away they stopped.

"Call her name."

William's mighty voice raised distant echoes. They listened, and very clearly from somewhere down by the beach came the words, "Don't follow me!"

The two men looked at each other dismayed.

"Don't follow me!"

"Why not?"

A long silence, then another voice: "I told you to wait till I was lonely." Followed something that sounded like a laugh—obscenely inspired.

"Come on!" said Vernon, and broke for the beach.

As they broke through the fringe of vegetation and coconut palms a bullet pecked up the sand at their feet. Vernon jerked William back into shelter as a second whined past, head high.

"Steady, you fool! No good facing that!"

William's face was black with anger. It was the first time he had been shot over and it took him that way. The war to him had been a distant affair of rumbling guns, muted by the buzzing of a telegraph instrument.

"But he's shooting at us—at me!"

A couple more bullets worried their way through the screen of bushes which protected the two men from view. Vernon lay down, and moving the tall grasses peered out.

Sullivan was sitting on a rock two hundred yards away, gripping Averil's shoulders with his knees. It was obvious he was using her as a shield. From the straightness of her pose it seemed that her feet and wrists must be tied. Vernon knew it was impossible with safety to risk a shot, especially with a rifle with which he was unfamiliar. They must wait developments. At the moment Sullivan held all the winning cards. There was not long to wait, for presently Sullivan rose, bringing Averil up with him in a single movement. Stooping, he slung her across his shoulder, and keeping near to the sea walked off briskly.

"Now's our chance!" gasped William.

Vernon shook his head.

"With a hundred yards of sand to cover before we can reach him—not an earthly. He'd bag the pair of us before we'd covered ten paces. Keep low and follow; something'll happen before long."

He was right. Quite a variety of things happened. Sullivan capered, for instance insanely—and once he stopped to put Averil down and kiss her before throwing her over his shoulder again.

Hearing Vernon groan, William felt he had been given the greatest confidence one man might share with another.

"Tell you what," he whispered. "Let me race on and come out ahead of him. That way you might get a shot while he's leveling up at me."

Vernon shook his head.

"Thanks, no. My responsibility goes deep enough without that. We'll stick together."

For a full mile the slow pursuit proceeded, punctuated every now and then with little halts. Edward Sullivan appeared to be in no hurry. A change had come over him, and save for occasional capers he mouched along like a man with nothing else to do but kill time. He was too far off for the expression of his face to be visible, but once William drew Vernon's attention to a spreading purple stain on the left shoulder of his shirt.

"Miss Ottery's bullet!"

William Carpenter clung to the polite prefixes even in moments of stress.

Vernon hardly seemed to notice. He could not understand why Averil was so passive, so inert. Never once had she shown the least rebellion. It was impossible for him to have solved that subtle problem, for he had not seen Sullivan's eyes at close range and marked the demented animal light that burned in them. She told him afterward it was not fear that gripped her, but a self-protective canniness, an inspiration that by her very passivity he would lose consciousness of her.

"He carried me as if I were a sack," she said, "and I don't think he even knew what he carried."

Mary's bullet, those weeks of solitude, disappointment, and that queer twist in his nature had dulled his realization of facts—and even his sense of touch. He was marching along oblivious of everything but a vague obsession of vengeance and a kind of protective strategy by which he kept a stretch of open sand between himself and a possible assault. It is doubtful whether he had any fixed idea what he intended to do next.

"All through that dreadful walk I am certain he was quite mad," she said. "Even his kisses were utterly without meaning, as if he were kissing me under compulsion."

Sometimes he talked to himself very loudly, bawling out words about hidden treasure and the map reference which had been given for finding it.

"I've been done—done!" he roared. Then, "Not yet, old friend."

And great cracks of laughter.

Quite mad!

After that another change seemed to come over him; his actions lost all appearance of purpose. Once he started to sing a snatch of song from an old musical comedy:

"I feel so lonely, lonely;
I want someone to love me only;
Some little dear little miss
To squeeze and kiss ——"

He broke off for lack of memory and screamed out like an angry child.

"This blasted shoulder! It hurts—hurts!"

They came to a spot where the margin of the sea and the fringe of palms narrowed funnelwise, and presently pursuer and pursued were moving side by side, separated by barely twenty paces. A little farther on a native canoe lay upon the sand, the incoming waves swilling gently against its prow. Sullivan looked sideways at the white, flitting shapes that moved beneath the palms.

"Go away!" he shouted. "Off you go! Don't want you!" Then to Averil, "Tell 'em to go away."

Obediently she called, "Go away!"

No notice was taken.

(Continued on Page 145)

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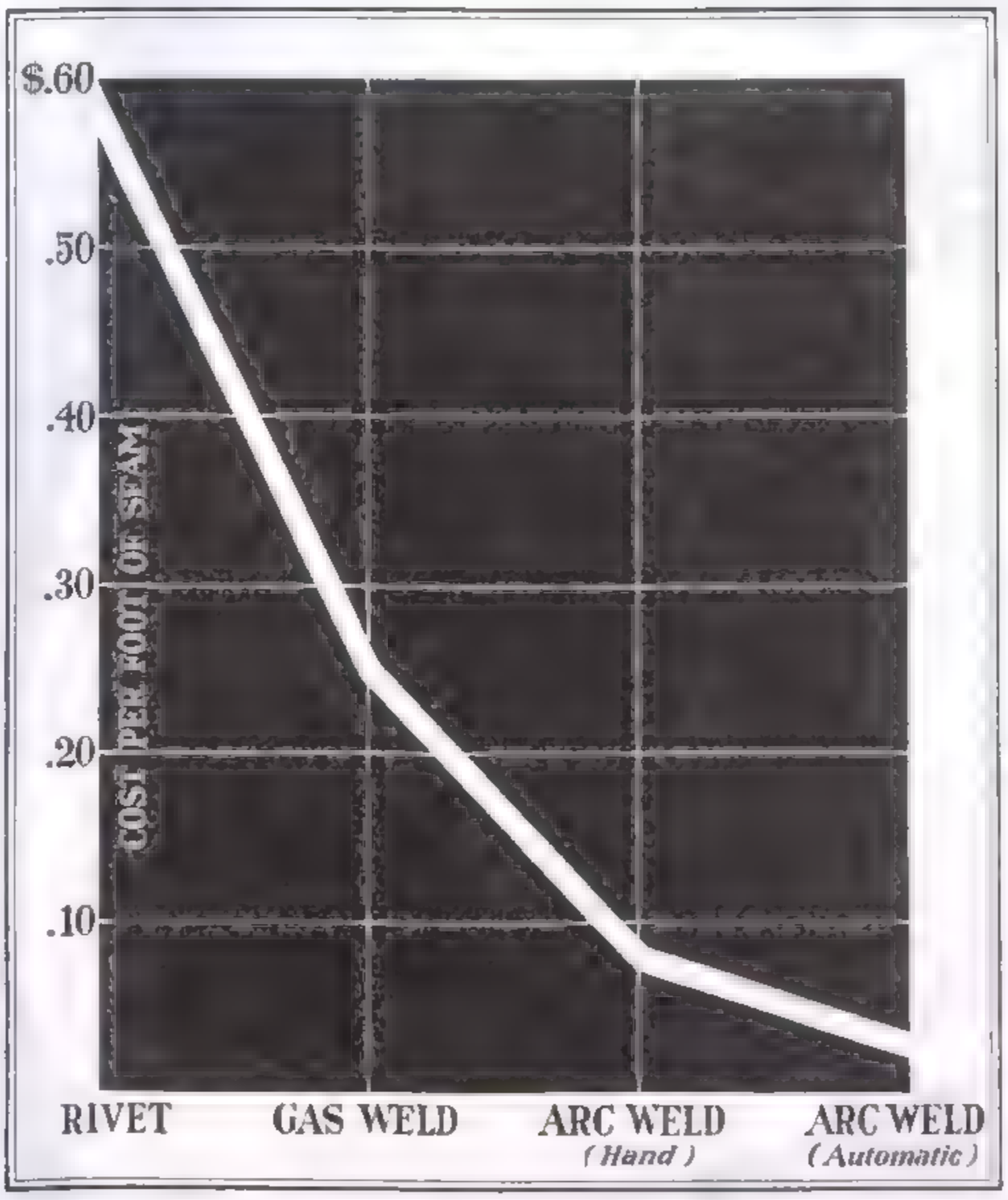

Actual Reduction in Cost on Steel Tanks

The above chart shows the actual reduction in cost of making steel tanks

Note that the cost of the seam has been cut from 59 cents per foot by riveting to a little over 3 cents per foot by arc welding. The latter figure is for the Lincoln Automatic Arc Welder

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Iron Clad Hosiery

(Continued from Page 142)

Sullivan went on a little and stopped. They could see his face now, wrinkled in puzzled lines. The sun was beating down on his bare head, for he had lost his hat back in the clearing where Mary had fired at him.

"Don't they hear? Why won't they go away?"

There was a quality of tears in his voice, an almost pathetic impotence.

"The man's crazy!" gasped William.

Then Sullivan put Averil on the ground beside him, an arm round her waist, and said, "I don't know what your name is, but you look a very nice girl. I feel so lonely. Would you like to sit on this canoe for a bit? Do you know, I feel very lonely. Can't you walk? Look, your feet are tied up. I'll lift you then."

The watchers could hear Averil reply, "Thank you." They saw Sullivan gently lift and seat her on the gunwale of the canoe beside him. The rifle was resting across his knees. His expression was blank and amiable.

"I've killed a lot of people today," he said. "Such a lot—quite a heap."

"Have you?" came softly.

"Oh, yes; yes, rather. I wonder why. But never mind."

"Leave your rifle behind that tree," Vernon whispered to William. "Go on, man, don't ask questions."

Unarmed, he walked out into the sunlight, approached the canoe and said in an easy tone, "Hullo, Sullivan."

There was a moment of terrible risk as a wave of half recognition came and went. Sullivan raised his rifle, put it down again and peered.

"Hullo," Vernon repeated.

Sullivan seemed to be struggling with something, but could not be sure what it was—politeness—vengeance. Everything seemed to be jolly. At last he decided.

"Half a second. Yes, of course—met you out huntin' years ago. Winslowe, isn't it? How's things?"

Afterward Averil confessed she was more ashamed of herself for fainting at that moment than for anything else in life. It was an instance of relief being harder to bear than danger.

William Carpenter, obedient to an eyebrow order from Vernon, caught her as she fell and carried her into the shelter of the palms. Vernon did not move a muscle. Sullivan was smiling now and nodding his head in the direction William had taken.

"That fellow's got a way with the girls."

In the same language Vernon replied, "Altogether too fresh." Then, "Been shooting? Nice rifle."

He put out his hand and took it. There was no opposition. With a few sharp movements he emptied the magazine and dropped the cartridges in his pocket. Sullivan encouraged him.

"Dangerous, rifles," he said; "very dangerous."

"And now," said Vernon briskly, "what about getting back to camp? Dare say you could do with a spot."

It was the word "camp," with its echo of the last talk they had together, which brought Sullivan to his senses—remaddened him—what you will. The deadening effects of sun and solitude melted like a mist, and with a sudden snarl realization came rushing back. It all happened too quickly for Vernon to protect himself. He was dulled, off his guard by the easiness of success. Sullivan kicked him smashingly on the shin and before he had recovered from the black-and-starry agony of it the blade of a canoe paddle sent him spinning half senseless to the sand.

When, a moment later, dazed and stupid, he raised himself on an elbow, things were happening in many directions. Sullivan had seized the canoe and was pushing it out to sea. Averil was running toward him, William Carpenter was rushing from palm to palm seeking the one where they had left their rifles.

Failing to find them, he came bounding across the sand in pursuit of Sullivan. Vernon picked up Sullivan's rifle and snapped it uselessly.

Then Averil cried out, "You can't shoot a madman!"

The canoe was afloat by now with Sullivan aboard. Leaning over the stern he struck out at William's head and the hand which had closed on the gunwale. William fell back, splashing and cursing. With a few quick strokes of the paddle the tiny craft shot out into deeper water.

"Come back!" cried Vernon. "Come back!"

Soaking, and scarlet of countenance from water, rage and mortification, William Carpenter came splashing up the shore. A dark fin appeared upon the surface, went sailing round the canoe and beneath it.

"Give me that rifle," said William.

"You can't," said Averil. "It would be too horrible."

The black fin reappeared ahead of the canoe, piloting it out of the bay.

Sullivan was shrieking vile epithets and working the paddle furiously. The watchers on the beach stood motionless. The canoe grew smaller and smaller.

Half a mile from the shore the track of a current, curling like a snake toward the horizon, grayed the water's surface. Presently the canoe was drawn into the current and possessed by it.

They saw Sullivan, a tiny toy figure, battling to force it shoreward. The effort was useless. The canoe merely spun round and round and was drawn farther and farther away, until at last it vanished over the rim of the sea.

"It would have been too horrible to shoot a madman," said Averil in a dry voice; "and yet ——"

She shuddered. She was thinking of alternatives.

"Come," said Vernon gently.

"I say," whispered William, "wouldn't you two like to walk back together?"

"Thanks, old man," said Vernon, but he shook his head.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

Continued from Page 4

Our campaign practices and the campaign requirements of party committees would do much harm in this respect if the public were not aware that fulsome praise of party candidates and prominent officials is purely conventional—a mere form of politeness, like "Good morning" or "How well you look." Still, the custom of delivering apostrophes to those in exalted positions or to heads of party tickets, regardless of the merits or deserts of the persons thus verbally exalted, cannot be justified on any sensible or moral ground, and ought to be abandoned.

The practice in high schools and colleges of appointing debating teams to support or oppose propositions regardless of what the debaters believe, is questionable—indeed, bad, I think. It merely teaches intellectual dexterity while inducing moral indifference. Might it not be better to let students study the subject and select the side they believe to be right and sound? Is it not risky to ignore the ethical?

I would even carry this idea into the practice of the law. Of course it is hard to answer Lord Brougham's argument for the contrary—that every man is entitled to his day in court, has a right to be heard, and that the lawyer is only his mouthpiece. Perhaps the syllogism of that great English advocate cannot be overthrown as a matter of sheer logic. None the less, all things considered, is it not better for an attorney to tell a client frankly that he is in the wrong, and refuse to take his case if he insists upon litigation? At least I found that such a course worked well.

Being absolutely certain—and your heart and conscience will tell you—that you really have something to say to the public and that you must, positively must, tell your fellow citizens of the faith that is in you and the reasons therefor, next in order comes preparation. This is vital.

First, last and above all else, the public speaker is a teacher. The man or woman who presumes to talk to an audience should know more about the subject discussed than anybody and everybody in that audience. Otherwise, why speak at all? How dismal an uninformed speech! When coupled with sincerity, how pitiable! And how poisonous! For that very ingenuousness often causes the hearers to believe, for the time being, that the speaker knows what he is talking about.

When Ignorance is Dangerous

Sincere ignorance is dangerous, until the public learns that the speaker is not well posted. All of us know of persons who are fervently honest and really eloquent so far as word arrangement and pleasing delivery go, but who have ceased to carry great weight with the public because, obviously, they have not broadly and deeply studied the subjects under public discussion. But until the people realize how uninformed and untrustworthy such persons are, they can do much harm.

Sometimes ignorance is very funny when displayed in a public address. In the early '90's there flourished in a certain county of our land a lawyer who all agreed was a "powerful pleader" before juries. Also he was the outstanding stump speaker for his party—as a rabble rouser nobody could equal him. Attacking the presidential candidate of the opposing party but wanting to be perfectly fair, he exclaimed, "Fur be it from me, feller citizuns, to pluck a feather from his brow or a laurel from his shoulder!"

In 1896 I heard the same kind of speaker when making an impassioned appeal for free silver, give this example of the virtues of that fiscal policy: "Take France!"—pronounced with a flat *a*—"France! That beautiful island of the sea!" (Great applause.) Even now in political campaigns we sometimes hear statements no less inaccurate and foolish.

But this aside, the speaker must master his subject. That means that all facts must be collected, arranged, studied, digested—not only data on one side but material on the other side and on every side, all of it. And be sure they are facts, not mere assumptions or unproved assertions. Take nothing for granted.

Therefore check up and reverify every item. This means painstaking research, to be sure, but what of it? Are you not proposing to inform, instruct and advise your fellow citizens? Are you not setting yourself up as a teacher and counselor of the public?

Having assembled and marshaled the facts of any problem, think out for yourself the solution those facts compel. Thus your speech will have originality and personal force—it will be vital and compelling. There will be you in it. Then write out your ideas as clearly and logically as you can.

Until this point in your preparation is reached, do not read what others have written or said on the same thesis. If you do, it is likely that you will adopt their thought—indeed, this is almost certain unless you are blessed with an uncommonly strong, inquiring and independent mind, or cursed with an exceptionally stubborn, obstinate and contentious mind.

But after the processes mentioned, nothing can be more helpful than to read everything on the subject that you can get hold of. Indeed, such comprehensive reading is invaluable. It is the best way to correct errors.

Also, of course, you must know what are the arguments of those who do not agree with you. Besides, you may find that you are wholly wrong; in fact you may learn that what you have believed to be a new idea that will compose all troubles and save the world, was exploded a thousand years before the time of Abraham.

Clearness and Conciseness

The speech must now be rewritten—and then done over again, the oftener the better. The purpose of rewriting is to remove obscurities and ambiguities—in short, to make every statement logical and clear. It is said that throughout his life Lincoln would rewrite many times any proposition about which he was thinking, in order to reduce the statement of that proposition to its simplest terms.

And condense, condense, condense. It is surprising how much can be cut out which at first seems to be indispensable. These superfluities add nothing to the argument and merely confuse the hearer. Bear in mind and apply to public speaking the meaning of the great Von Moltke's final instructions to his officers at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War: "Remember, gentlemen, that any order which can be misunderstood, will be misunderstood."

In order to be lucid study words—make that your hobby. You will find such study as engaging as it is useful. Though an old book and one dealing with a comparatively few words, Crabb's Synonymes is invaluable, because of the little essays about words, which essays are as charming as they are accurate.

Other volumes in the same line will also be helpful.

The point to such research is to learn the exact shadings of the meaning of words, to the end of making yourself understood. As everybody knows, many disputes arise from disagreements over the definition of terms employed in business contracts, political platforms, sectarian creeds and the language of official personages. Also ample knowledge of words does not increase, but decreases the vocabulary used by the public speaker, because words are thus well chosen and only for their effectiveness.

The final item of preparation is the submission of the finished manuscript to several friends for criticism and suggestion. Ask them to point out errors in statement of fact and weaknesses in reasoning. These critics should be of varied occupations and interests—an up-to-date business man, a labor leader or any informed workingman, a local politician, a well-posted woman, a high-school student, a sound scholar. Their comment is invaluable. Moreover, in this way are secured the views of a cross section of the general public.

At last comes the ultimate revision, tightening loose bolts, strengthening feeble places in argument, reënforcing statements of fact, making clearer points which some critic thinks obscure, and the like. Preparation thus finished, put aside your manuscript and make your speech.

Do not try to commit it to memory, unless it is to be delivered on a very important occasion and it is vital that the speech shall be reported accurately.

Some persons have a curious faculty for remembering the written word, and it is

easier for them to do so than to speak extemporaneously. It is said that Roscoe Conkling could repeat his manuscript verbatim after having read it but once or twice; and Emory A. Storrs was able, so it is reported, to reproduce a speech just as he had written it without reading it over again. But such letter-perfect delivery is possible only to those of abnormal memories. Moreover, it is not desirable—it makes the speech rigid, whereas it ought to be flexible.

The commanding reason for such thorough preparation is that the speaker shall become the master of his subject. Indeed, he should be able to answer almost any question that a hearer may ask him. It is, in fact, a good plan for the speaker early in his address to request anybody in the audience to rise and ask questions about matters not clear to the inquirer, provided the information is sought at the time the speaker is discussing that particular subject.

The answer should be given clearly and in good temper, and the questioner asked, in turn, whether he is satisfied. Have no fear that partisan opponents or contentious persons will make trick queries or impertinent interruptions for the purpose of confusing or embarrassing the speaker; that seldom happens, and when it does, the audience instantly detects it and takes care of the situation.

There is nothing finer than the sense of fair play which animates an American audience when it feels that a speaker is sincere and informed and trying only to help the hearers to right conclusions. So keep in good humor, let nothing irritate you, depend upon the instinct, justice and appreciation of your hearers.

Targets for Eloquence

The extensive preparation described is, of course, not necessary when you are already well informed on the subject to be discussed. Take a lawyer who has made a specialty of some particular branch of his profession, or a business man who knows his line from top to bottom, or a scientist with broad and exact information, or a preacher who keeps abreast of the times—such men have been preparing all their lives to speak informingly. Yet even they need to freshen themselves somewhat before undertaking to instruct their fellow citizens.

The speech well in hand as to facts and argument, the manuscript out of mind—after all, the manuscript is only one stage in the process of producing the speech—the speaker takes the platform. Here comes the next rule, which, indeed, must be followed from first to last; but which can be stated more effectively at this point, perhaps, rather than earlier in the article.

Make every sentence so plain that the dullest or most uninformed person in the audience cannot fail to understand the meaning of what is said. Have constantly in mind Von Moltke's dictum that whatever can be misunderstood will be misunderstood. So use the simplest words that can express your thought, and put them in such order that they do express your thought.

It is a good practice to pick out the least intelligent looking person in the audience and strive to make that person interested in your argument. This can be done only by lucid statement of fact and clear reasoning. An even better method is, center your talk on some small boy or girl present with parents.

Say to yourself—say out loud to your audience, if you like—that you will try to be so plain that the child will understand and remember your explanation of the question discussed and after the meeting be able to tell what you have said.

This means, of course, that big or uncommon words must be avoided. Beware of adjectives—they are dangerous stimulants, to be used sparingly and with caution. Refrain from what is called rhetoric. Shun the ornate. Never try to be eloquent. Eloquence is the natural product of full knowledge, simple statement, deep feeling and ripe occasion—it comes spontaneously and is not to be manufactured, like a hat or a shovel.

Too much emphasis cannot be put upon this rule of clearness, since if you are not understood or are misunderstood the purpose of the speech has failed; better not to have spoken at all. And, of course, you cannot expect others to get your meaning if you are not sure of it yourself. This takes us back to preparation, the completeness of which is basic.

But in the effort to be clear and plain, do not try to talk down to your audience. That is fatal. The loftiest theme can be treated best in simplest terms. Take, for example, the Sermon on the Mount or, indeed, any of the teachings of Jesus, who, considered exclusively from the human point of view, was the supreme master of the art of public address.

Or take Paul's speech to the Athenians on Mars' Hill, the finest example of oratory ever delivered by mortal man; or, not far below Paul's masterpiece, that of Lincoln at Gettysburg.

All these sermons and speeches were exalted, yet all of them were in the language of the common people.

So pitch your speech on the highest plane. The heart and mind of the humblest man yearn for better and nobler things, and the mass instinct and intellect tend upward.

After a notable success at a big meeting in one of our great cities the speaker was asked whether he made that kind of speech to country gatherings.

"I try to make a better one," he answered.

"But are you not afraid you will talk over the heads of your audience?"

"No," said he. "I have spoken at crossroads, in barns and blacksmith shops, and never yet have I faced an American audience that I felt that I could talk up to—that is, the audience always has impressed me as really wanting something higher and finer than I am able to give them."

To the supreme end of being understood, stick to the subject. Do not go off on side issues. Digression is perilous. It distracts attention, which is hard to recover and sometimes never is recovered. Side remarks may be diverting, but are obstacles in the current of the argument.

Unless you are naturally witty and have a gift for story-telling, do not try to be funny or to tell an anecdote. Few things are more distressing and even painful than such attempts at humor by one who cannot carry it off well. Even those who have that entertaining faculty should employ it rarely and with discretion.

Misplaced Humor

Long ago in a state in the Mississippi Valley a leading lawyer was also our Republican "keynoter" at the beginning of campaigns. He was very able, loved statistics and was a master of logic. His one defect was that he had no more humor than a stone. To remedy this, friends urged that he tell some funny stories. He grumbled, but agreed at last. However, he knew no such stories. So we collected several for him.

Then came the big meeting where, during his speech, he was to tell them. It was held in the courthouse yard of a county seat. It was an old-fashioned political rally, and the paramount issue was the tariff. Thousands attended, nearly all farmers. Our hero poured figures and argument upon his audience for an hour or two, forgetting entirely his stories. At last a friend pulled his coattails and reminded him of his neglected humor.

"Oh, yes," said he; and turning to the crowd, remarked with a grimace meant to be a pleasant smile, but more expressive of disgust, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will tell you some funny stories which my friends have collected for me."

And he told them; for half an hour he told them, one after another. Not a laugh from the assembled multitude, not a smile. It was ghastly.

Having finished, he laid down his notes—he could not remember the stories without notes—and, with a sigh of relief, said: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I'll go on with my argument. As I was saying when I had to stop and tell those darned stories ——" The audience, with open mouths, wondered what it had all been about. Thereafter nobody ever made mention to that great lawyer of the circumstance or asked him to tell a story or make a joke.

The late Jonathan P. Dolliver, a most captivating speaker and powerful debater, was so prolific in genuine fun that he kept vigilant watch over himself in this regard; only a very few of the enchanting drolleries that bubbled from him in private conversation ever got into his public utterances. These few are famous, such, for example, as his one-line description of the ineptitude

COMER COATS

FOR rainy days, for windy days—whether bound on business or pleasure—motoring, walking or riding—a Comer Coat fits every occasion.

Fashioned in becoming styles, from a splendid selection of fabrics, they are waterproof, wind-proof, and always appropriate wherever worn—*one Comer Coat serving the purpose of three ordinary coats.*

Comer Coats are not sold in stores—but through Comer Representatives who call at the home and display styles and fabrics. The coat is then shipped from the factory direct to the wearer by parcel post. This advanced plan of selling enables us to offer a remarkable choice of materials and styles at attractive prices.

Comer Coats can be ordered for men, women, and children, each garment being guaranteed for style, quality and fit.

When a Comer Representative calls it will pay you to inspect the fabrics, models and workmanship. Watch for him. He is a man worth knowing.

We have opportunities in our organization for more men like him. Read the following.

Do you want $200 a week?

Right now, today, I offer you an opportunity to be your own boss—to work just as many hours a day as you please—to start when you want to and quit when you want to—*and earn $200 a week.*

These Are Facts

Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you about W. S. Cooper, of Ohio, who was making only $3 a day. He accepted my offer. I gave him the same chance I am offering you. Now he makes as high as $700 a month and works only about five hours a day.

You can do every bit as well as he did. If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet, of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned $243. Inside of six months he was making between $600 and $1,200 a month.

J. R. Head, of Kansas, lives in a small town of 631 population. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer. At this new work he has made as high as $69.50 in one day.

W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him $2 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make $9,000 a year.

Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it? Do you want to earn $40 a day?

W. S. Cooper

A Clean, High-grade Dignified Business

Have you ever heard of Comer All-Weather Coats? They are advertised in all the leading magazines. A good-looking, stylish coat that's good for summer or winter—that keeps out wind, rain or snow, a coat that everybody should have, made of fine materials for men, women and children, and sells for less than the price of an ordinary coat.

Now, Comer Coats are not sold in stores. All our orders come through our own representatives. Within the next few months we will pay representatives more than three hundred thousand dollars for sending us orders.

And now I'm offering you the chance to become our representative in your territory and get *your* share of that three hundred thousand dollars. All you do is to take orders. We do the rest. We deliver. We collect and you get your money the same day you take the order.

You can see how simple it is. We furnish you with a complete outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. *If you only send us four average orders a day, which you can easily get, you will make $100 a week.*

Maybe You Are Worth $1,000 A Month

Well, here is your chance to find out, for this is the same proposition that enabled George Garon to make a clear profit of $40 in his first day's work—the same proposition that gave R. W. Kreiger $20 net profit in a half hour. It is the same opportunity that gave A. B. Spencer $625 cash for one month's spare time.

If you mail the coupon at the bottom of this ad I will show you the easiest, quickest, simplest plan for making money that you ever heard of. If you are interested in a chance to earn $200 a week and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to my proposition, write your name down below, cut out the coupon and mail it to me at once. You take no risk, and this may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to earn more money than you ever thought possible.

Find Out NOW!

Remember, it doesn't cost you a penny. You don't agree to anything and you will have a chance to go right out and make big money. Do it. Don't wait. Get full details. *Mail the coupon now.*

C. E. Comer, The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. B-612, Dayton, Ohio

Mail It Now

The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. B-612, Dayton, Ohio

Please tell me how I can make $200 a week as your representative. Send me complete details of your offer without any obligation to me whatsoever.

Name____

Address____

(Print or write plainly)

Glover's
BRIGHTON - CARLSBAD
Sleepingwear

This is Easy — in Glover's Pajamas!

Other special Brighton-Carlsbad pajamas-for-a-purpose—all with side-tie— include

Traveler's
Thrift
Week End

Write for "The Nightie Book" describing them

You can even do setting-up exercises in Glover's Brighton-Carlsbads—they are so roomy and comfortable. And they are amazingly good-looking—as skillfully tailored as your finest apparel.

Take the athletic young men in the picture—wearing Glover's

Bachelor's Pal
On or off in a jiffy. No buttons to lose.

Dormitory Special
Semi-belted, peppy enough for the midnight frolic.

Like the "Week-end," "Traveler's," and "Thrift" Specials also, these pajamas-for-a-purpose have novel side-ties (instead of the binding drawstring) and other exclusive comfort-kinks. They're generously roomy in cut, easy-fitting, as finely tailored as your outer clothes! So with all the many styles in Glover's Brighton-Carlsbads.

Treat yourself, today, to real comfort and economy in nightwear—ask for Glover's at your favorite store. If they can't supply you, send us $3.75 for a trial suit of "Bachelor's Pal" (in white broadcloth—$4.50 in colored charmeuse) or $4.00 for the "Dormitory Special." Sizes A, B, C, D. *Guaranteed to please!*

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
Dept. 3, Dubuque, Iowa

Pajamas of Glover quality in styles and fabrics for every taste, **$2.25 to $18**
Nightshirts equally fine—nainsook, muslin, poongee, sizes 15 to 20 **$1.50 to $3.**
(Sizes for boys, also.)

Children's Sleepers
[illegible] a child's [illegible] Cambric, crepe pajama check, nainsook. Ages, 1 to 10 **$1 to $3.**

Equally as fine as these sleeping garments are **Glover Soft Collar Shirts.** Marvelous tailoring and perfect fit distinguish them. A wide selection of handsome fabrics. Ask your dealer or write us.

Glover's BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

of an opponent—"like a man emptying a barrel of coal ashes in a high wind."

But able public men who could crack jokes effectively and tell amusing stories delightfully, and who gave rein to their disposition, have ruined their reputations for statesmanship by thus acquiring reputations as wits and humorists. S. S. Cox, of New York—Sunset Cox, as he was called—is a notable example; in later life this uncommonly capable statesman bewailed his facility as a fun maker and said that it had checked his political progress, which undoubtedly was the case.

Lincoln was prudent in the extreme in this regard; notwithstanding his gift of humor and his skill in story telling, you will find scarcely a trace of them in his debates with Douglas, and not the faintest gleam in his Cooper Union speech or other historic addresses.

It is related of Oliver P. Morton, who had a remarkable aptitude for remark and narration that would send audiences into gales of laughter, that after he had thus afforted a political state convention he told his friends in despair that he feared he had ruined his future, but that if he could live down that funny speech he never would tell another story or perpetrate another witticism in a public address as long as he lived. And he never did.

After all, such things are admissions by the speaker that he cannot hold his audience by facts and reason, but must rest and amuse them by the comic and grotesque.

When a story must be told, make it brief, not over one minute at the very outside.

And, unless you cannot control your enjoyment of yourself, do not laugh or chuckle over your own jokes; to do so is as if you should stop and clap your hands at what you think one of your eloquent passages.

This does not mean that you should be stolid and dry as dust. Quite the contrary. In oratory as in conversation, dullness is one of the unpardonable sins. It is not necessary to be heavy in order to be informed. So let your remarks be bright and pointed. In fact the audience wants nothing of the speaker so much as that he shall get to the point. We remember the advice of a veteran on the platform to an aspiring young orator: "If you don't strike oil in two minutes, stop boring."

Fairness in Debate

Above all things, keep unction out of your speech. Indulge in no holier-than-thou appeals. Pleas for "righteousness" have so often been made by mountebanks that all of us have come to suspect the users of such verbal sanctimoniousness. You can take many risks, but you cannot hazard doubt of your good faith.

Of even greater importance, if possible, than the rule of clearness and simplicity is that of fairness. The speaker must be so just that his strongest opponent will admit that he is fair. State the other side as well as its ablest advocate could present it, and then give your reasons against it.

Then tell what you stand for, and advance the facts and reasons in support of your position. What you are trying to do, and all you ought to do, is to instruct those who have not mastered the subject as you have done and to convince them that your opponents are wrong and you are right.

So never misrepresent your opponent; even the exigencies of politics do not justify falsehood. Make your statement of his position so just and unbiased that even he will concede your fairness.

Personalities have no place in the speech of a gentleman—and always you must be that, a matter I shall say more about when I consider the rules of delivery. So avoid personalities—at best they are cheap, and, besides, the use of them gives your audience the impression that you are prejudiced. When that happens you have lost an asset.

For the same reason denounce only when there is real and blazing cause for such scourging, which seldom is the case. Abuse and vituperation are indefensible except in rare instances. Also they are the most dangerous weapons in the arsenal of oratory, poisoned daggers which usually wound and infect those who wield them.

For the most part your attitude should be that of kindliness—not an assumed kindliness, which is mere hypocrisy, but genuine kindliness that flows from a friendly heart. After all, most people mean well, and you ought to feel toward them and speak to them accordingly.

Strong, good and able public men of a certain temperament frequently impair their usefulness by assuming that all who do not agree with them are scoundrels. Their souls have soured and, with malice toward all and charity for none, vilification of opponents becomes habitual. But see what an error it is, even as a matter of art! Do we not instinctively turn away from the suspicious, vindictive person of ill-feeling and bitter speech?

All this does not mean that the public speaker shall be a flabby sentimentalist, uttering milk-and-water platitudes. Far from it. Be practical, be pointed, let your blade be bright and have a keen edge—only do not dull and stain it with animosity. Even so, I would rather hear a speech with some acid in it than one so pious and unnaturally good that it is not human; such talk always makes me feel that lukewarm diluted treacle is being poured over me.

Sometimes, to be sure, though not often, denunciation is needed. When it is needed, strike and spare not. Call a spade a spade, and name names. But let the fire of your assault be made hotter by regret and reluctance that facts and the public interest compel your burning words—only do not say that you are sorry that you must so speak, for your audience will see it if you really feel it.

Rules of Delivery

Not long ago a man of discernment told me that the radio will destroy public speaking; for, said he, "We listened in the other night and heard the speeches at a great banquet. They were on taxation; and they sounded very thin—few points, little argument, facts rare, words numerous." But does not that prove that the radio will help restore oratory, since the public will demand facts and reasons, well and briefly stated, will tolerate only real eloquence and will reject in disgust banal sentiment and wordy emptiness?

The after-dinner speech is now recognized as a branch of oratory; but, generally speaking, it is, rather, a form of entertainment.

At such times we tolerate and even enjoy "flights of eloquence" and humorous burlesques which would not impress us on important occasions. Still, even in banquet oratory, all is not trifling, and a speaker with a message may, perhaps, without offense to hearers or disadvantage to himself or herself, heed the rules herein stated. Some after-dinner speeches that have found places in literature have been the result of just such processes.

Of course the highest of rostrums for the uttering of noblest truths is the pulpit. Since, as a rule, preachers have given their lives to study, they need only to keep up to date in science, theology, philosophy and general literature to write sermons rich in wisdom and human helpfulness. Indeed most of them do—the best public addresses of the last fifty years and today were and are made by preachers. Take, for example, Beecher, Simpson, Lorimer, Brooks, and others of only slightly lesser stature. Where most preachers are deficient is in delivery. Fine sermons are often ruined by Bible thumping, machine-gun utterance and other offensivenesses.

Let us now examine this question of delivery. It is barely second in importance to the matter of the address, since it must be spoken well and agreeably in order to reach and impress the hearers, or even to be understood by them.

The rules of delivery may be indexed thus:

Speak quietly and naturally.
Be serene, never pompous.
Enunciate distinctly.
Control emotion, never get excited.
Dress well, neither negligently nor with ostentation.
Suppress the craving for applause.
Stop when you are through.

To enlarge upon these briefly:

To begin with, stand still, at least for a while. It is better not to move about at all, but if you cannot remain in the same place during your address, do so until the audience gets used to you and until you have shown your composure, your mastery of yourself.

Speak slowly, especially when beginning, but only slowly enough to make your words understood. This does not mean to drag out your syllables—that is painful to your hearers. I have listened to speakers who separated words so much that only by close attention could the connection between them be realized.

(Continued on Page 151)

Tone sunlight as you tone and soften lamp light!

By Helen Richmond

I WAS having tea at a friend's house recently, when one of her neighbors dropped in. "What *have* you done to this room?" the caller exclaimed as she looked admiringly about her. "The furnishings are just the same as you had when I was here last, aren't they?"

"It's the lighting that makes the difference," my friend replied. "I've learned how to tone daylight with soft tinted window shades to blend with my color scheme. It's just like toning artificial light with pretty lamp shades."

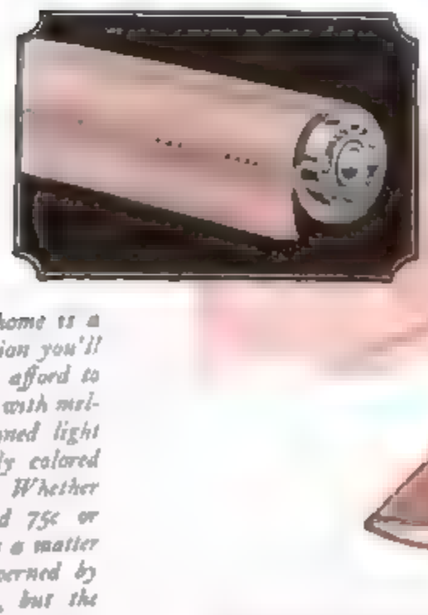
Can't you almost *feel* how soft, toned sunlight transforms the appearance of a room? Instead of rigid, colorless glare, there flows from the windows lovely soft light which literally transfigures everything it touches. An intangible sense of richness and luxury descends upon even the simplest and most plainly furnished room.

Of course it's almost impossible to secure such effects unless you take pains to buy window shades in soft, harmonious colors. Most remarkable of all, these effects are neither difficult nor expensive to attain. You can transform an entire room even though you leave the draperies and furnishings just as they are this minute.

No matter how lovely the furnishings of a room their full values can never be realized in the daytime unless the sunlight is properly toned and mellowed. And where furniture has suffered from use, there's nothing like a touch of toned sunlight to soften and render less obtrusive the scars of wear.

Chamois—No. 2
Egyptian Sand—No. 3
[illegible]—No. 3
Circassian Brown—No. 4
Etruscan Ivory—No. 20
Plaza Gray—No. 4

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes



Whether your home is a cottage or a mansion you'll find that you can afford to increase its charm with mellow softness of toned light through beautifully colored window shades. Whether you finally spend 75c or $3.00 per shade is a matter which will be governed by your own budget, but the quality and satisfaction they give, regardless of price, depend entirely upon whether or not you insist upon Columbia Window Shades and Rollers.

Elsie Sloan Farley's new book, "Beautiful Windows," is really helping hundreds of women to make their homes more beautiful. Here is a sample of the kind of letters they write: *"Please send me another copy of 'Beautiful Windows.' I received a copy some months ago, but lost it and simply cannot do without it."* (Signed) *Mrs. W. W.* You, too, will appreciate the twenty beautiful decoration schemes, all of which are illustrated. Send 10c for your copy to *Columbia Mills, Inc.*, 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

Some colors great decorators advise

BEFORE selecting window shades to bring new beauty to your home, consider carefully the quality of light you want them to tone. At windows receiving the cold, barren northern light, colors like Chamois, Shantung, or Circassian Brown should be chosen. They infuse the light with tones which are lustrous and alive. You are entranced by new and subtle beauties in your decorations.

Then there are those windows where the sunlight is too strong. Cooler colors like Plaza Gray, Etruscan Ivory, or Egyptian Sand convert this almost blinding light into mellow inspiriting radiance utterly free from glare. Never again will you be satisfied to exclude the sunshine or, on the other hand, to endure its full glare.

To enable you to obtain harmony in the color scheme of the exterior of your home, ask your dealer to show you the *Columbia Two-tone* Shades (a different color on each side). Thus you can have the outerside of your shades uniform, while varying the colors on the innerside according to the different needs of your several rooms.

Columbia WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

GUARANTEED

When you send your suit to a Valeteria it not only is pressed—it is shaped. The illustration, for instance, shows how the collar is pressed and shaped on a special collar press. The shoulders, front and back of coat, and the trousers (or skirt) are similarly pressed each part on a special press that shapes the garment—just as was done when it was made.

Valeteria....*a new word in the language*

A new service for well-groomed people

Valeteria—formed by adding the letters *e-r-i-a* to the word *valet*, and meaning valet service—or, more specifically, a pressing service that *shapes* your clothes.

A new word and a new service, yet not new—without realizing it, perhaps, you have actually been benefiting by this service for years.

Before that suit you are now wearing left the hands of the maker, it was pressed—but not in the way one ordinarily thinks of clothes being pressed. Actually, it was shaped.

The collar was specially pressed and shaped on a collar press; the shoulders on a shoulder press; the coat on forming presses (two of them); and the trousers on a trouser press—or, in the case of skirts, on a skirt press.

And the more famous the label, the greater the likelihood that the garment was finished by this specialized method which combines *shaping* with the pressing.

That is why your clothes looked so well and fitted so perfectly when first you put them on; why they possessed that style and smartness which made you proud to wear them.

It is this service which your clothes received when they were tailored that is brought to you by Valeteria—the specialized pressing which formerly was received by your clothes but once in their lifetime, is now available every day. Under the name of Valeteria, the presses used by the maker of your clothing have been combined in a compact and easily operable unit, and are now at your service right there in your own neighborhood. You'll recognize these shops by the name Valeteria upon the window, and by the superior service which they offer—a service which not only smooths your clothes, but which also shapes them, restoring their original lines and style.

The cost of this service is slightly higher than the ordinary—but your apparel doesn't require pressing so often; it keeps its shape longer. Coats, overcoats, suits, skirts—all respond equally to this better service.

Phone your neighborhood Valeteria. If there should not, as yet, be a Valeteria in your block, telephone your local dry cleaner and he will see that you are served. Also, write for our booklet—"Restoring Style to Clothes." Address the United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A clean suit lasts longer!

A shirt is worn for a day or two, becomes a bit soiled about the cuffs—and you cast it off for laundering. But have you ever paused to appreciate that outer apparel becomes similarly soiled—even though the grit and grime are invisible? Clothes should be cleaned oftener for reasons of economy as well as of sanitation. Dust and dirt weaken the fabric—regular cleanings add to the garment's life—a cleaning every two or three months, as your tailor will tell you, is necessary for best service. When you call your dry cleaner for Valeteria service, ask him, also, to give your clothes a cleaning. It will add much to their life and looks.

Look for the shop with the sign— **Valeteria**

THE BETTER WAY OF PRESSING THAT *SHAPES* YOUR CLOTHES

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(Continued from Page 148)

On the other hand, refrain from rapid speaking. When words tumble over one another the meaning of sentences is lost in a jumble of articulation. Your purpose is to make yourself understood; remember all the time that ruling idea.

Let your first words be conversational, quite as if you were talking to a friend. Indeed, the whole speech should be made in that tone and manner, unless genuine feeling compels you to speak more loudly and with greater physical force. But keep a stiff bit on that same emotion—yield to it when you feel you must, but never let it get the upper hand of you.

The speech is supposed to be an intellectual performance, not a physical feat. You are a teacher, not an acrobat; an artist, not a dervish.

Elbert Hubbard, when a boy of twelve, heard Wendell Phillips, and thus describes him and his manner of speaking: "One man arose and spoke. He lifted his hands, raised his voice, stamped his foot, and I thought he was a very great man. He was just introducing the Real Speaker.

"Then the Real Speaker walked slowly down to the front of the stage and stood very still. And everybody was also quiet. . . . Phillips just stood there and told us about" the lost arts; "he stood still with one hand behind him or resting on his hip or at his side, and the other hand motioned a little—that was all. We expected every minute that he would burst out and make a speech, but he did not—he just talked . . . and I understood it all.

"I remember the presence and attitude of the man as though it were but yesterday. The calm courage, deliberation, beauty and strength of the speaker—his knowledge, his gentleness, his friendliness! I had heard many sermons, and some had terrified me. This time I had expected to be thrilled too. . . . And here it was all just quiet joy—I understood it all. I was pleased with myself; and being pleased with myself I was pleased with the speaker. He was the biggest and best man I had ever seen—the first real man."

There is your model. No prancing about, no striding to and fro like a caged and angry lion, no stamping of foot or pounding with fist or shaking the same at high heaven, no tossing of arms as if in agony or rage, no shouting or bellowing nor yet tremolo tones and whispering; above all, no grimacing or facial contortions.

Don'ts for Young Orators

Merely be quiet and at ease, and talk like a human being—a friendly person conversing with friends, a kindly but intelligent teacher telling with clearness and force what you have to say. But though cordial, do not be familiar with your audience. Nothing is more offensive to sensible men and women than the "folksy-folk" manner and bearing of a speaker; they know that such things are assumed for a purpose and are not genuine.

From first to last, face your main audience. Never turn about and address the chairman of the meeting, for example. When you do, the great body of your hearers lose your point, and sometimes become restless and irritated. Keep control of those in front of you, which can be done only by looking them in the eye all the time and speaking to them directly.

It is not necessary to shout in order to be heard. Perfect enunciation will carry your words farther than all the roaring and straining of vocal cords you can do, will carry them. Pronounce every word distinctly and separately; do not slur them or run them together. Do not let your voice fall to nothingness at the end of a sentence, since this usually results in the audience not hearing the last word and thus losing the meaning of the sentence.

Words and sentences should be spoken neatly, not snapped off nor even clipped, mind you, but neatly and with precision. The whole purpose is to make yourself heard and understood. Speaking in an ordinary conversational tone, Wendell Phillips could reach thousands. So could Ingersoll. Yet both had gentle voices. Correct enunciation solves the problem of how to make oneself heard at long distances.

Shakspere said the best thing about delivery that ever has been said by anybody, just as he said the best things on most subjects of permanent importance. Hamlet's instruction to the players he had employed, is, of course, familiar to us all; but it fits in so well here that I venture to reproduce it:

"Speak the speech . . . trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it . . . I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand . . . but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and—as I may say—whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious . . . fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings. . . .

"Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. . . . Overdone . . . though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve."

By being the master of your subject and of yourself, be the master of your audience. But that dominance cannot be yours if you are uncertain and ill-prepared. Dignity and power come from full knowledge, deep thought and sure faith, as well as from personality. No wonder that the common people heard Jesus gladly, "for He taught them as one having authority."

Matters of Appearance

Speak your speech; do not read it. To read it proves either that you have not mastered your subject or that you cannot remember your manuscript, or both. The English are far ahead of us in this respect; a sad statement, but true. Even presidential speeches when read are tiresome. Much better talk by radio; time and expense of hearers would be saved thereby. Also those who listen in would not be bored.

Be careful of your appearance. That is the highest compliment you can pay to your audience. Let everything about you be neat and attractive. Dress well. See that collar and shirt are fresh, shoes polished, hair trimmed—in short, look to every detail of your grooming. The reason is that the first impression which the audience gets of the speaker should be an agreeable one.

The idea is the same as that which forbids the use of uncouth or florid language or the making of digressions or the doing of anything which will interfere with getting the message to the mind and heart of the hearer. In like manner, the appearance of the speaker should be such as not to distract attention from what he says.

Speakers of the first class always have taken much pains in this matter. I have made mention of the correct and pleasing attire of Ingersoll when delivering a public address. If possible that of Wendell Phillips was even more agreeable. Webster came near carrying the matter of dress and personal appearance to the extreme; fortunately he stopped just short of it. But William Pinckney, the foremost lawyer of his time, did not; he overdressed, which is well-nigh more offensive than negligence of attire. Roscoe Conkling wore clothes so striking as to be noted and cause remark—the very thing to be avoided.

I have known more speakers of rare aptitude spoiled by the desire for applause and efforts to win it than by any other error. So avoid such things. Of course all of us like and want appreciation, and the applause of an audience is sweet; but it is intoxicating, too, and in that alluring fact is the danger.

For example, a speaker who measures his success by handclapping and cheers, wants to arouse such demonstrations as soon as he can and as often as possible. So, early in his speech, he makes some extreme or "catchy" assertion which his heated partisans or personal followers promptly applaud. This stimulates him and, to get and give another thrill, he soon says something still more extravagant which brings louder acclaim.

Thus, by action and reaction between speaker and audience, both get into a state of mind altogether unworthy and well-nigh unintelligent. Nobody is benefited, nobody instructed, nobody convinced. To be sure, partisans are pleased, but the speaker had them on his side already; the open-minded, however, are disgusted, perhaps offended, and it is they who should have been won over.

Of course applause there must be, the more of it the better; but it must come naturally and spontaneously, as the result of well-made, convincing argument and appropriate, heartfelt appeal, and never in partisan response to exaggerations worked in for the purpose of getting such outbursts.

Have no uneasiness that applause will not come; it will come if it is deserved, and no other kind is worth having. Clever marshaling of facts, clear and simple reasoning done with compactness and brevity, climaxes of logic in the form of genuine appeal—such phases of speech making never fail to produce hearty approval by an audience and even by hearers who at first were inclined to disagree with the speaker's point of view.

Although a vague way of putting it, perhaps, counsel as to delivery can best be summed up by saying that the bearing, words and tones of the speaker should be those of a gentleman—that mingling of consideration for others, self-respect, kindliness and dignity. Though impossible of exact description there is nothing which an audience senses so quickly as this spiritual and intellectual quality of a speaker or the lack of it.

And now the final rule, and of all rules the hardest to observe: Stop when you are through. Often the favorable effect on an audience of a really good speech is impaired by the speaker going on and on after he has made his case. Some speakers appear unable to make an end; as William M. Evarts said of his long sentences, "They lack terminal facilities."

The Speeches That Endure

So the audience is tired out, becomes bored, and the points already scored by the speaker are dulled by the masses of verbiage thereafter flung at his hearers.

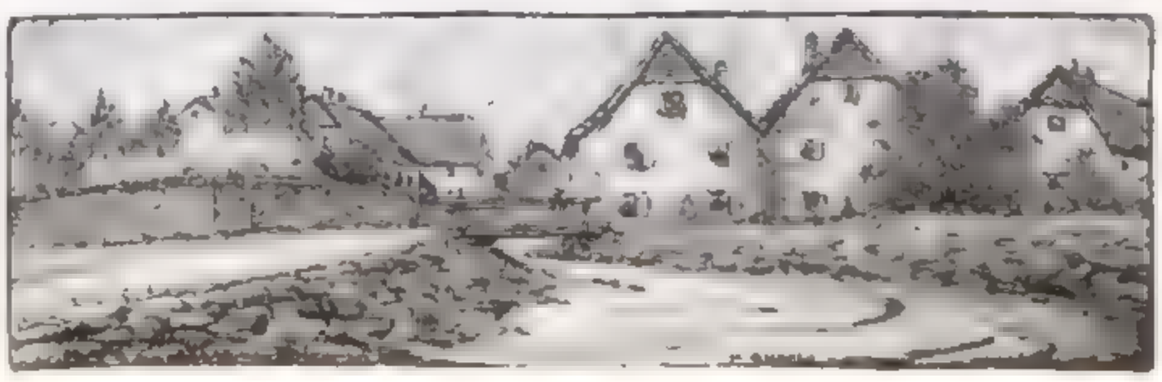
To keep a speech within reasonable length but one subject should be treated. The campaign requirement of dealing with every current question as well as with the achievements or deficiencies of an administration and laudation of candidates makes impossible adequate discussion of anything except by taking an intolerable length of time.

All enduring speeches have been comparatively short. None of the sermons of Jesus could, by any possibility, have occupied three-quarters of an hour, and most of them must have been less than half as long. It is curious how perfectly His familiar talks fit the modern scientific theory of the university lecture.

During the seventeenth century the university custom became general of limiting lectures to one hour. More than two hundred years ago professors in German universities, for purely practical reasons, shortened the lecture to forty-five minutes.

Within the last thirty-five years it was demonstrated that this limit is a scientific one, for Dr. Leo Bürgerstein, of Vienna, proved that, except under extraordinary circumstances, attention begins to lag after three-quarters of an hour—this even with the young, fresh, eager minds of students. With miscellaneous audiences the risk of speaking for a longer time is, of course, much greater. Remember also that it is hard for any but an uncommonly vigorous and retentive intellect to grasp more than a very few ideas at one time.

So be as brief as you are simple, as plain as you are fair, and, content with a good job well done, stop when you are through.



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FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY • • • DETROIT

FEWER AND BETTER, OR NONE

Continued from Page 9

desk the following literary ruby, signed "from Citizen of the Unitet States":

To Mr. Charly Curon
Imigration Comissnor
of Ellis Island N. Y.

So I Read in the newspapers thut you ar from Congresman Johansons grup as against the Imigration and your advers to clos the American dors for Imigration. So you Should know thut next year 1925 Will Be a demecratic Presi dent in the White house and he Will nok aut your hed from the Imigration office he Will apoint a liberal man as Imigration Comisioner in Ellis Island and you Should Remember if the Imigration law Will Be pasd So like you want So all the republican canndiats for offices from the President and down Wil be defidet By next election

from Citizen of the Unitet States.

Well, I wonder. There are grizzled old statesmen who never have felt quite so sure about political futures as does my anonymous friend who prays for someone to "nok aut" my "hed." But what a determined fellow he is! Dear me! And all that literary effort just on account of my poor "hed." If he only knew it, the commonest thing in the world is for someone to "nok aut" my "hed"—they do it every day. In fact the one outstanding feature of my job is to be "damned if I do, and damned if I don't," in fine, full chorus, from early morn to dewy eve. That goes with the island—sort of D.D. degree, of the Ellis Island variety.

There is something in that "grup" idea, though. It all depends upon which "grup" you're in. Perhaps the Americans in America have become only a "grup" after all.

And, by the way, there is another sweet toy in my desk, besides that nice little knife. It is a brand-new, shiny revolver, all nickel and black enamel and—no, it is not loaded! You see? Anyhow, I'm pointing it toward the ceiling—no danger at all! But the funny part of it is that it is not a real revolver—just the best toy imitation of one you ever saw in your life; perfectly solid, the whole thing, with a trigger that doesn't pull, a chamber that doesn't load and a barrel that doesn't go off. There, now, look at it for yourself!

Further Restrictions Needed

The other night one of my guards looked at it for himself, but that time it rested against the guard's stomach, in the dim light of a dark stairway in a New York tenement, and the hand that held it there belonged to an erring alien whom the guard had called for, to take to Ellis Island for deportation. When the two of them unwrapped themselves from each other's necks, at the foot of the stairs, the guard had the toy revolver. But for a moment his mind had been far from toys. That toy revolver showed an excellent sense of humor, it seems to me. For we're a "free country"—anything goes—let us not forget that.

All of which is purely by the way and by the bye. We were talking of the fitness of foreigners to vote in America five years after they step off Ellis Island. We could change the requisite period for naturalization from five years to ten, or even fifteen or twenty years. I am for ten years, to start with, until we see how it works. That seems to me little enough time for a new member of the American family to take for getting ready to vote.

But we can do still better by limiting further the number of immigrants who come here every year. That is what Congress is now proposing to do, and I hope it will do it. Our gates have stood open to the immigrants of the world for many years. Now it is time to close them a bit. We have too much in our country of foreign colonies, foreign papers, foreign points of view and foreign loves and foreign hates, inherited from the history of other continents. We need a breathing spell and a rest, and we need time for the foreigners now here to become more like the rest of America, before we renew the granting of the privilege of admission to this country to the hordes who would come if they could. No nation can bear its part effectively in the future of the world if it is discordant, disunited, divided against itself within its own borders. We are dangerously near to that today. We shall do better if we become more homogeneous than we are at present.

Yet the one thing we have not tried to do is to keep this country of ours homogeneous and American, and the best thing we can do to that end is to decrease this immigration invasion and take account of stock for a while. I say this as a citizen, and also as an administrative officer who sees the immigrants go by at Ellis Island every day. And while I say it as an American, I say it also for the sake of the immigrant himself. As trade follows the flag, the immigrant follows the job. That is why he comes to us today. It does not follow that always and indefinitely there will be enough jobs to go around.

But, deeper than that, I believe that our country has a mission in the world; that our strength and our form of government have survived and grown for a reason; and I am sure that America can do far more good to suffering peoples in other parts of the world by becoming stronger in her own unity than by handing out so many thousand jobs to individual incoming immigrants.

United, we may bear a strong and helpful hand in the march of the world's events; but disunited and discordant, we shall be left impotent for the weak thing we shall have become.

Why the 1890 Basis

So I am for measuring our immigration by the 1890 method, because it brings fewer immigrants than by the 1910 method. Also, I am for the 1890 method instead of the 1910 method because the latter measures only a very recent immigration, and is wholly false as a cross section of the American population as it actually is today. If you can show me a more accurate measure than that of 1890, or a more restrictive measure, I shall be for that. Like to like! That is a good rule. Let each annual installment of immigrants contain the same proportions of European national stocks as form the whole composite American stock today—and we can make a good guess at that. Let the percentages be alike, so that every year we take in—in kind, whatever the number be—a human miniature, mirror, replica of what we are already, at this moment, according to our various original stocks. There is no discrimination in that. It is fair to all. It is also fair to the United States.

In point of fact, the present 1910 measure is so rankly discriminatory against the older Northwestern European immigration and so grossly partial to the newer Southeastern European immigration that its proponents have had to resort to an old political trick to get anywhere at all in its defense. They have simply set about hollering first and loudest by decrying the 1890 basis as discriminatory, whereas it is their own 1910 basis that does the discriminating. And this foreign propaganda has gone far!

For instance, there is probably not more than 3 per cent of Italian stock in the whole American make-up today. The 1890 basis would allow a little less than 3 per cent of each annual immigration installment to come from Italy. But the 1910 basis would let nearly 12 per cent come from Italy, at the expense of nationals of Northwestern European countries which are, by just so much, deprived of their own proper percentages. Is that fair? It is much the same with Russia, Poland, Turkey and many another nation. Naturally it is those very nationalities that raise a discrimination hue and cry against any change that reduces their present unfair advantage. The 1910 measure perpetuates the discrimination. The 1890 measure stops it.

The latest little swish of this foreign propaganda came along in this morning's paper this very morning. I have just put the paper down. A New York lawyer has been in Washington urging that we open the gate wide for more immigrants. As he waxed eloquent he suddenly dragged me in, out of a clear sky, as one who is opposed to immigration, and then went on to score me, not for that but for inefficiency at Ellis Island! Now I don't mind being scored; it is always more fun than to be lauded. Nor am I the least loath to say that we need a better plant, a larger and better-paid force, and a new law, free of the mistakes in the present statute, before we can run Ellis Island right. But that was not the reason for the scoring. The reason is that I am opposed to immigration, and that I have dared to say so, despite the power of foreign propaganda. Very well then, I say so again. Now score away to your heart's content!

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As a matter of fact, I am not baldly and simply opposed to immigration, any more than I am opposed to the sun or the moon. That is just a misleading lawyer's generality. But I am very much opposed to the amount and kind of immigration that is now coming in, and my opposition is based on actual day-to-day observation of the immigrants themselves. It is not only their evident unfitness for early citizenship and their propensity for pauper labor and populous slums that give me pause. It is the fact that we are receiving European desirables in small quantities and European undesirables in large quantities.

Take it by occupation. Where are the farm hands, servants, artisans and pioneers of other years? They used to come in the thousands, and by whole families, in the Castle Garden days; and they came to settle, and stay and produce. Now they come in driblets, singly, without their families, and most often they are birds of passage, flitting to and fro across the ocean without settlement of any kind. Above all, they are no more than a handful in our whole immigration. It was not long ago that a man who had for many years been a farmer, looked over a roomful of two hundred and twenty men at Ellis Island. He said that just two of them were fit to be farm hands. One of the two turned out to be a gypsy, with a long criminal record.

The few farm hands who do come will soon change their outdoor jobs for easier work in the cities, where they may live in foreign colonies composed of their own compatriots. Take any three farm laborers, so described on a ship's manifest at Ellis Island, and look them up a year after they have been in America—two of them will be in the city! There is little light in immigration statistics. Those figures are taken at Ellis Island, at the gate. But next day? Paff! They are worth no more than an election forecast the day after election.

Nowadays the occupation of the immigrant is more likely to be that of the peddler, pushcart vender, petty merchant or some similarly parasitic portion of our economic scheme. Surely we have enough of that kind already! There are laborers among the mass, to be sure; but in numbers they rank little higher than the farm hands and the cooks. And all this we see and know, at Ellis Island, because we see and know the immigrants.

The Magic Key

Take, again, the intelligence, honesty and cleanliness of the average immigrant of today. Those who have served at Ellis Island for thirty years and more will tell you that he is below his predecessor of a generation ago—far below, by all three counts.

As to intelligence, we have a literacy test. It ought to be called a kindergarten test. When you have subtracted all the numerous exemptions, the remaining immigrants are required to read a text from the Bible, not in English, but in any language they choose. It may be Swedish, Yiddish, Dutch or Finnish—any language goes. If the Bible text is not at hand, the interpreter writes on a slip of paper, "Give your hat to your wife," or some such simple command. If the husband, upon reading the improvised text, hands over his hat to his wife, he has passed the American intelligence test. He is admitted. He may or may not get back his hat. But he is on his way. And never a word need he know how to write; just to read—a few words in a language of his own. That is the law.

A little while ago an Irish lad just over from Dublin found it impossible to pass this intelligence test. The inspector was patient. Text after text was tried, but still the Irish lad looked blank at "blessed are the meek," or held onto his hat, or failed to raise his right hand, or to walk to the door. He was hopelessly illiterate. Then the inspector spied a golden key flashing from the lad's watch chain. The body of the key was square, and, sure enough, a closer look revealed the Greek letters Phi Beta Kappa inscribed on the square field. The inspector turned to me.

"Do you see that?" he said.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "It's a Phi Beta Kappa key—means a high-stand man in a university."

The inspector turned to the lad.

"Where did you get that key?" he asked.

"Oh, a friend gave it to me," came the answer. "He told me it was a good thing to wear when you examined me—said it would get me in anywhere."

"But don't you know what it means?"

"Oh, it means good luck, I guess. It's a nice key."

Yes, he had to go back, key and all. And at that, he may have more intelligence of a sort than many another who takes a chance on handing over a hat. The literacy test is a fearsome thing.

When it comes to honesty, we find some strange developments. There was that German who thought he had been robbed of a towel at Ellis Island. His experience of life had left him with no illusions. He wrote me the following letter:

Honorable Commissioner: Please come over here immediately. A towel was stolen from me. The party that took it from me wouldn't return it. This towel is the property of my family. One of the 2 towels that I brought along with me from abroad. Same with some other things were stolen from my trunk. Please come over immediately so I may get back what was taken from me. The watchmen do not understand me as I speak German only. This towel has two narrow blue stripes at each end. I swear by God that same is my property. I ask for an investigation. This towel cost me 9 50 mk. in Germany.

Every day in the year some alien steals from some other alien—or tries to—at Ellis Island. In this case, as in many others, the superintendent recovered the towel and returned it, still possessed of its blue stripes, to its owner.

All Sorts and Conditions

Then there is that matter of cleanliness. That is really difficult. They just don't know what it means, many of them. Bedbugs in the baggage are reasonably frequent. Cooties on the alien were also, until I began sending aliens so accompanied back to the ships to be cleaned up before they could come through Ellis Island. Then it became a paying matter to scrap the cooties before entering America instead of possibly afterward. The experiment culminated in a moonlit scene abaft the Statue of Liberty, of one able-bodied alien, with one known cootie attached, sitting alone in the stern of a twenty-five-dollar tugboat on his way back to the ship to be parted from his partner. Twenty-five dollars a cootie is no fun for steamships. Since then we have had no cooties at Ellis Island.

But the most engaging incident of our efforts for cleanliness is the ceremony that marks an approach to the bathtub, for a bathtub is a great big brash thing, white and copious, and conducive to respect. There were four Syrian women who were missed one morning. The matron called, searched, then as a last resort made for the battery of bathtubs that usually yawn in vain for immigrants. In the nearest tub, their shoes and stockings off, standing huddled together in a foot of water, were the four Syrian women—all in the same tub—awaiting in solemn silence the mystic moment when they might be considered bathed. Yes, that was devotion, and self-imposed Americanization and a lot of other things. But every month we have to fumigate every dormitory at Ellis Island.

It would be easy enough to muster from memory more stories of individual immigrants. In fact I have still a couple of them to uncork before we are through. But before we go further, there is this to be said: In a quarter of a million human beings—be they immigrants, saints or devils—there will be a hundred different character snapshots to illustrate each human trait, good or bad. Intelligence or ignorance, honesty or dishonesty, cleanliness or dirtiness, capacity for self-government or incapacity for it, moral fiber or immoral laxity—they will all be present or accounted for, each by a strange tale, at Ellis Island. There never was such a human kaleidoscope in all the world, never such an isle of impromptu intimacies. And it is only fair to say that there are stories of unselfishness, of devotion, of faith—aye, even of heroism—in these little plain tales of the immigrants such as epitomize life at its best and finest.

Of course, there are good immigrants coming in—that goes without saying—and some of them are better in a breath than some scions of ancient American forbears ever will be in a thousand years. But the average today—from the standpoint of immigrants soon to become voting Americans—is distinctly low. We are not getting Europe's best, nor even a happy medium between those most fit for admission to the American family and those least fit. On the contrary, we are getting a cross section that is definitely below the medium, an average

(Continued on Page 157)

Marked ~ Bauer & Black

If it is marked Bauer & Black it is sterile and upon utter sterility life itself may depend

WHEN your doctor treats even a minor injury observe how careful he is. Infection is guarded against. Only sterile dressings are safe and he insists upon their use.

To physicians and surgeons throughout the world the name Bauer & Black has bespoken protection and safety for thirty years. That is the result of extreme processes—of co-workers who are educated to that thoroughness which makes for highest attainment.

For safety's sake, look for the name Bauer & Black. And remember that the druggist who supplies you with products bearing that name is doing his best to serve you well.

Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze

Gauze used directly on wounds must be sterile. Bauer & Black Gauze is sterilized before and after having been sealed in the package. Used by leading surgeons, doctors and hospitals. An important first aid accessory.
Put up in one, five and twenty-five yard packages.

Bauer & Black Sterile Bandages

Bauer & Black Gauze Bandages are sterilized before and after having been wrapped. Home-made bandages may harbor infection.
Widths from one to four inches; length, ten yards.

Sterilized after wrapping

Bauer & Black Absorbent Cotton, Bauer & Black Bandages and Gauze—and all dressings that come in contact with a wound—are not only sterilized *repeatedly* in the making; they are sterilized to the innermost fiber *after* wrapping.

Illustrated is one of the Bauer & Black sterilizers. The final process, after wrapping, is to place our dressings in it. There we create a vacuum. Then force in live steam under pressure. The super-heated steam (250° F.) penetrates the heart of every package for 60 minutes, and every germ is killed

We prove this repeatedly by taking out fiber from the center, which we place in a culture medium, and keep for days in an incubator. Thus we know every fiber is utterly sterile—and always. For every package comes to you sealed against germs and contamination.

Bauer & Black Sterile Absorbent Cotton

Twenty-one processes are used in making Bauer & Black Absorbent Cotton. It is sterilized before and after having been sealed in the package. Absorbs twenty times its weight in moisture. Used by leading hospitals, surgeons, physicians, and by women universally in the home.
Six sizes, from half ounce to one pound.

Bauer & Black Adhesive Plaster

Has exceptional clinging qualities. Will not irritate the most delicate skin. Used in leading clinics and hospitals.
In one to three inch widths and from one to ten yards long.

Be as careful as your doctor

Remember, the cleanest cloth, not having been scientifically sterilized, often is laden with germs that cause infection.

Always be prepared to meet emergencies by having Bauer & Black sterile first aid helps at hand. So trifling is the cost that it is unwise to be without the protection and safety they afford.

First Aid Book—Free

Obtain a copy of the Bauer & Black illustrated First Aid Book—127 pages—which tells you what to do before the doctor comes. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, for a free copy. If you live in Canada, address Bauer & Black, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Your druggist will supply you with products marked Bauer & Black

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BAUER & BLACK · *Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products* · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · TORONTO

To be the Prized Possession of the Few

IN ANY art there is produced, once in a long while, a piece of superlative excellence.

Always limited in number, these works quickly become the priceless possessions of a few persons, enhancing in value from year to year. Thus they bring to their owners an increasing pleasure, compounded of the merit of the work itself, and of the universal admiration which it excites.

Among those who know and love fine watches it is believed that the Gruen Fiftieth Anniversary Watch is such a work.

A few of these watches will go to horological museums, here and abroad, to mark an epoch in the production of instruments of precision.

A few will pass into the hands of private collectors, to take their place among historic watches.

A few more will be available for appreciative individuals, who have the desire to own or to give the very acme of modern timepieces.

▰ ▰ ▰

HOW the Gruen Fiftieth Anniversary Watch came to be is no less interesting than what it is.

Back of it is that which has been back of every great work of art and science—a youth's dream, and a life devoted without ceasing to its realization.

Years ago, young Fred Gruen was sent abroad by his father, to learn the watchmaker's craft in the horological institutes.

In that atmosphere of fine watchmaking traditions, with young Gruen's inherited instincts, there flamed into being an ideal to bring to life again the old guild spirit that had made his ancestors and those of the men around him the master craftsmen of their age.

To bring together a group of men with an inheritance like his own, inspired with his ideal, and to give to America a modern Gruen Watchmakers Guild that would carry "the art and mystery of watchmaking" to new achievements in a new land.

▰ ▰ ▰

THE result of this young watchmaker's ideal is now a part of the history of watchmaking, and is widely known.

The production of the Gruen VeriThin—the first practical and accurate thin watch—changed the entire nation's conception of what a man's pocket timepiece should be, and created a demand which for twenty-one years has always exceeded the supply.

Turning his attention after this to the making of watches more beautiful, which the slender grace of the VeriThin made possible, Gruen rapidly made watches works of art as well as instruments of utility, and profoundly influenced the whole development in the enrichment of watches which we see today.

Then followed in rapid succession the development of the smaller and more beautiful ladies' wrist watch so popular today; new and ever better watch values in a variety of models such as the Louis XIV, the Pentagon (the first scientific improvement in the design of watch cases), and the recent Ultra-VeriThin.

And to crown them all, now, the Gruen Fiftieth Anniversary Watch movement, a surpassing and historic achievement.

▰ ▰ ▰

TO commemorate the Gruen Guild's fifty years of watchmaking history, and to stand for all time as a supreme expression of his ideals, Mr. Gruen marshaled all the resources of the Gruen Guild to create for this year the finest watch movement that money and skill can produce.

Planned and produced under his personal direction over a period of three years, the Fiftieth Anniversary Watch is announced as the achievement of that purpose.

There are, Mr. Gruen believes, but very few men in all the world capable of the fine craftsmanship called for in finishing some of its parts.

The movement, a triumph of precision, has plates entirely of solid gold, richly engraved in the old guild manner, and is jeweled with 23 rubies and diamonds.

The Gruen Pentagon case, in solid white or green gold, is a work of art in itself, and was selected as the official case for the Anniversary Watch movement because of its scientifically correct shape. "It won't tip over in the pocket."

If desired, the movement may be had in cases of other styles and shapes; or, at an additional cost, in platinum or with diamond decoration.

The watch is boxed for presentation in an exquisite, complete jewelry case.

The price, in solid gold case, Pentagon or other styles, is $500.00.

Only a very limited number of these watches have been made and no more will ever be produced. Mr. Gruen desires them to go solely into appreciative hands, and they will be shown only by appointment and reservation. Address

Fred G. Gruen, President

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD

Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio

Engaged in the art of watch manufacturing since 1874

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that is alarmingly unadapted to the traditions, institutions and self-governing privileges of the United States of America. And the more we let in, the lower goes the average.

That is the conviction of the American men and women who do our Government's work at Ellis Island—and if there be an angle or kink of the immigrant that those splendid five hundred civil service Americans do not know, you will have to take a spyglass to find it.

Now, right here, someone is sure to say, "But how about that? Are they so good, that Ellis Island force? We hear a lot of queer stories about Ellis Island."

Yes, we do. We hear a lot of stories—mostly sob stories, as the saying goes. Some of them are true. They are those that relate to the unintended cruelties that abound in the present law, that have to do with a plant that sorely needs improvement, that tell of the sickness and death that spare no place from their visits—not even Ellis Island.

Foreign Propaganda

But there are more of those stories that are untrue. Some of the untruths are mere exaggerations due to the mental depression that always accompanies involuntary detention. A goodly share of the falsifying, however, is deliberate foreign propaganda aimed at breaking down America's present policy of restricting immigration. Those interests commonly refer to Ellis Island as a hell hole, and this well-roasted nook of our American Government is now a synonym for brimstone in every part of the world. They have so successfully cooked us that in the United States itself a common comment is, "Ellis Island? Oh, abolish it! Let 'em all in! You never can restrict immigration any more than you can halt the tides. You've tried and failed—now open the gate!"

Yes, we have come to a pretty pass when foreign propaganda carries as far as that, in America. But that is just where we are today. When you add the kicks that come from some Americans every time we let in any foreigner at all, you begin to realize the truth of the old adage that running Ellis Island is more like a tight rope than a job. It is, indeed, a very small island to cause such a very big fuss.

One especially curious feature of these foreign falsehoods is the fact that many of them emanate from foreigners who do their best to get into the United States, and are all smiles and good will until for good cause they are excluded and sent back to where they came from. For instance, there was an Englishman. My first word of him came after he had been deported. When he stepped ashore at Southampton, on his way back to London, where he lives, he let go a roast on Ellis Island that made all the other roasts look like a lot of little tuppenny white candles against the aurora borealis. Everything we did was "brutal," "inhuman" and all else that is bad, even down to the fact that we gave him a special spoon for his ice cream in addition to the other spoons we had provided. He seemed to resent particularly the complexity of being burdened with the extra spoon. Of course, his story was printed in the English papers, forthwith cabled back here to the American papers, and then by easy stages wafted on its way beyond the seven seas and to the uttermost parts of the earth. The last clipping of it came from an inquiring American in Bombay.

Now, this is why we deported this Englishman: He had worked in the American consulate in London. There he had stolen seven pounds. When he was caught, he admitted the theft and he was discharged. The money was repaid and the American consul general forbore prosecution. Then he decided to come to America. Our consulate warned him that he would be excluded, but he replied that he was coming anyhow. At Ellis Island he again admitted the theft, under oath. Our immigration law bars "persons who have been convicted of or admit having committed a felony or other crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude." So we deported him because he was a self-confessed thief. But his story about Ellis Island was a roast that rang round the world.

Let me repeat that we get all kinds at Ellis Island, good and bad, civilized and savage, from innocent babes to seasoned cutthroats. Here they converge, from every clime and corner of the globe, "from Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand"; from cloister and desert, city and jungle; in every colorful costume that ever an artist could wish for, in every quaint predicament that a Dickens could hope to depict—a thousand and one nights' tales of the strangest little oft-repeated Odysseys the world has ever known. And we do handle them the best we can—kindly, carefully and justly. We give our best. There is not a shadow of bias or prejudice, for or against any creed, race or nationality on the face of the earth—not at Ellis Island. Our job is to administer the law, and that is what we do. There is plenty enough of trouble in that alone, without conjuring over creeds and colors and such matters. Once the stranger is at our gate he is admitted or detained on his merits alone, as outlined in the law of the land. And if naught else be said, it is only simple justice to the Ellis Island force to say that on this island reigns kindness to all. That much I know—and there is need of it.

A Warm-Hearted Spot

Never in my life have I seen such a series of unexpected, unforeseeable and sometimes insoluble human problems as come with these immigrants. No law devised by man can ever eradicate all the problems, all the hardships. They will continue to come as sure as the sun rises, these little troubles of the poor in spirit, that clutch at your sympathies in a way that no one can withstand. Time after time an employe who I had thought was so hard-boiled that he never could be touched, has come to me about a case, and the look in his eyes—or hers—has suddenly shown me that once again my estimate of character was wrong. Now that we are all better acquainted, I know that these American men and women will stick to the law—yes, they will hew to the line as they sort the good from the bad, let the criticisms fall where they may—but all the time there will be that instinctive and discerning kindness that is absolutely essential in handling human beings. That is the spirit of Ellis Island—the hardest-hammered, warmest-hearted spot in the world.

To say that control of immigration—both as to quality and quantity—must primarily be laid down in the law is to repeat the obvious. To say that you—every one of you and all of you—are now making that law, through your chosen agents in the Congress of the United States, is to tell you again what cannot be told too often. It is your law, your Congress, your country. It is your children who will gain or lose by what you do about it. It is your responsibility. Have your senators and congressmen heard from you?

The other day a titled Russian woman of the old régime came out of a ship's steerage from Constantinople and over to Ellis Island, to wait here until it could be determined whether she were exempt from the quota. That is the way they sometimes come nowadays—the profiteers by first cabin, the patriots in the steerage—since the war turned the world topsy-turvy. This woman, accustomed to luxury, but waiting cheerfully, with the gameness of a thoroughbred, became known at once by the educated black cat she brought with her—Christian name, Peter the Great, surname unpronounceable. No trained dog ever had anything on Peter the Great. He could beg, speak, roll over, play dead—a blue-ribbon cat by common acclaim. But this feline *fidus Achates* was more than a mere trick cat. He accumulated Ellis Island mice in the most methodical and melodious fashion ever witnessed here.

Assimilating America

And thereby hangs a tale—of the cats I shall have here some day! For the moment the old-timers on the island have deterred me. They say that once upon a time a dozen New York cats were brought here to clean up the mice. The mice were cleaned up, but in a trice there were more cats on Ellis Island than ever there had been mice. To the old-timers it looked like several hundred cats, and it took them a year of incessant effort to make the island catless. So my ambition is balked. By other means we keep those mice very well within bounds, but I have still a hankering for a half dozen two-fisted New York cats that have known what it is to starve. I believe they would make an Ellis Island mouse a creature of mere memory—if I could trust them in other matters.

But to get back to Peter from Russia. A philosophical immigrant, spying him in the act of marching proudly by with his third mouse for the day, was moved to muse on the Americanization of Peter. Already at least twenty American mice has passed the portals of Peter's potent jaws. That was speedy assimilation.

"But there is something wrong about it," pursued the philosopher. "Ah, yes—now I have it. It is Peter who is assimilating America instead of America assimilating Peter. That is the other way around from what you Americans desire, is it not?"

Perhaps it is. I wonder. It may be a question, not of whether we wish to limit immigration, but whether we are still able to. Is that it?

In his message to Congress a few months ago, President Coolidge had this to say:

> American institutions rest solely on good citizenship. They were created by people who had a background of self-government. New arrivals should be limited to our capacity to absorb them into the ranks of good citizenship. America must be kept American. For this purpose, it is necessary to continue a policy of restricted immigration.

"America must be kept American." Is that too much to hope for?

Are You a Hose Borrower?

Though your good neighbor smiles and says you're welcome, you feel like a beggar each time you ask.

Own your own hose and water your garden as often as you please. The better crop will be worth more than the best hose money can buy—which is a kink-proof ELECTRIC.

It pays to buy this double-life hose, even at a trifle higher cost. Cheaper hose gives out in half the time. No other hose is as durable.

ELECTRIC GARDEN HOSE

It cannot kink

ELECTRIC Hose is made with a live rubber lining, covered with a double jacket of stout braided cords, with rubber between the jackets. The ribbed outer covering is of new, elastic, tough Ceylon rubber.

Other hose may *look* like ELECTRIC—but will not *wear* like it.

Your hardware dealer can sell you ELECTRIC from stock—or easily procure it.

ELECTRIC HOSE & RUBBER COMPANY

Wilmington, Del.

As large a stream of water is delivered from the nozzle of a hose as a hose. It throws the stream farther! This hose is lighter as well as cheaper, and being lighter it does not wear out so quickly when dragged over rough cement or cinders.

USE 5/8-inch HOSE

THE BAWBY EPHALUNT, PUBLICIST

(Continued from Page 11)

law says the twelfth of May's winter—then, by jolly, I take it all back!"

Mr. McEwen swallowed repeatedly.

"Floyd, you're so cussed lazy I'm astonished you don't get up two o'clock every mornin', so's to have that much more time to loaf!"

"Pa, if I clerked when I'm s'posed to be crippled up with a game leg, I'd of perjured my Goliath contrack. The pharmacy ain't none of my to-do, up to next October."

"Floyd, we're still gunnin' for that Sov'reign Chain Drug Stores agency, ain't we? And if Amidon's was to get it instead of us, he'd wax us to a fare-you-well. He'd undersell us a dime in the dollar. We got to take steps to sew up all the custom we can, just in case. So I need you."

The Bawby Ephalunt shook his sapient head.

"On an even-Stephen partnership deal, pa, you can't need me! Only half of you can need me. And I'm the other half; and I don't. And Amidon's won't never land that Sov'reign agency; he's too behind the times. It's us or nobody."

There was nothing more to be said, but Mr. McEwen's expression suggested that at the next primaries he might cast an independent ballot for Herod.

"Oh, pa, when you're downtown, stop in the lib'ary and draw me a book out, will you?"

"Well, if I did, what would it be on?"

The Bawby Ephalunt stretched himself elaborately.

"Oh, somethin' meaty. Politics; or—hist'ry; or—etiquette. Ayop, that's the ticket—etiquette. Draw me one out on that."

His father produced a painstaking snort.

"Only one? Godfrey, but you do flatter you, don't you? I'll lug back all they got."

On Sunday there arrived a genuine old sod soaker, but Floyd's progenitors, having a relish for salvation, sloshed away to divine service, leaving him to digest his precious compendium of culture, with a couple of dozen ginger cookies on the side. Sing hey, then, for Helen Claypool, to insure whose sterling opinion he now took out an accident policy in social æsthetics. Chapter I—Speech.

The art of conversation, he discovered, was simply to talk well, in a pleasing fashion, and with a modulated voice, upon interesting subjects. "Why, shucks!" said the Bawby Ephalunt surprisedly. "That's what I always done!" He read further; it appeared that if you wanted to horn in among the people who were really high up you had to boycott all colloquialisms and mannerisms. The Bawby Ephalunt grinned complacently. "There's another place I got 'em Indianized," he said to himself. "I ain't got neither of them two outs about me, or Heck's a pup!"

In order not to pass up any hot tips, however, he waded conscientiously through the chapter until his parents returned, bringing with them the Reverend Hickey and Miss Vance. Mamie would never dim the luster of Aphrodite, or even of Lillian Russell, but she meant well, and was one of the best-dispositioned girls in Huntsboro. The Reverend Hickey was exactly what he sounds like.

"Now, Mr. and Mrs. McEwen, you shoo!" commanded Miss Vance playfully. "We know perfectly well it's mealtime, and we're going to scamper right along in just two shakes. But you shoo!—and Floyd can tell you about it, after."

The Reverend Hickey gave out his resonant pulpit cough and hitched close to the invalid. The latter regarded him suspiciously.

"Floyd, our purpose is to enlist your cooperation with us in our various plans to raise a substantial fund this summer for foreign missions. Indeed, we are here to extend you a most cordial invitation to serve on the central committee, and to take charge of the publicity and—er—and of all other forms of advertising. We trust that you will not disappoint us."

By an extremely visible effort Floyd mastered his deep chagrin.

"Reveren' Hickey," he said ruefully, "I'd be tickled to death; but the long and short of it is, this flat tire ain't gonna retain me here only about three weeks to a month. It's raw luck, Reveren' Hickey, because I certainly would of been charmed to take holt and made things hum, but ——"

"But that's perfectly slick!" cried Miss Vance, with blighting enthusiasm. "Because the very first affair we're giving is a kermis in Masonic Hall, three weeks from Sat'day! And the kermis is what we wanted you for the most! So it jibes perfectly!"

The Bawby Ephalunt conveyed her a lurid lingering glare, for he saw that he was buffaloed. He tried desperately to conjure up another alibi, but in the garden of his genius nothing sprouted but weeds. Consequently he was obliged to discard from weakness.

For Answer She Gave Him a Long Pink Bill. At the Top of It Was a Very Conservative Announcement

"Kermis?" he demanded feebly. "Why, that's the germy stuff you drink for your nerves, ain't it?"

"Why, no! It's a kind of an indoor fair, with booths and all."

The Reverend Hickey stood up.

"We will consider it as settled then. There is a meeting of the committee at the parsonage, Floyd, each afternoon at five—punctually. If necessary I will arrange for you to be brought thither in an automobile. Thank you, my dear young friend. Come, Mamie; I fear that we are overstaying ourselves."

"Yes, and you done it before you so much as got here!" said the Bawby Ephalunt viciously to himself as he smirked them out, and soaped his hair down for dinner.

"Piece more pie, Floyd? . . . No? . . . Why, what's got into you? You can't shoe horses on that little!"

"Did I say no, ma? . . . Honest? . . . I guess I was woozy. Cut me a good big hunk."

Ordinarily when he was attacked by love the Bawby Ephalunt became either astronomical or second tenor, but this was a totally different type of seizure, because Helen was a totally different type of girl. Radiant with soft ethereal warmth, she was yet as mysterious as a haunted villa. For example, she told Floyd to his face that he was her Endymion; but when her Endymion reached for her she threatened to scream for mamma. This, she explained, wasn't because she was made of marble, but because familiarities were such awfully bad form. So far from snuggling, she wouldn't even hold hands—that wasn't done either unless you were betrothed—but at the same time, she wrote a poem to him, and got it printed, anonymously, in the Scimitar. Previously, to be sure, he had been mugged, interviewed and cartooned, and for the metropolitan journals, at that; but no one else had ever dedicated a seething lyric to him, especially just after bawling him out for not tipping his hat. Small wonder, then, that he was so clogged with sentiment that he could neither warble nor take the polar coördinates.

The Bawby Ephalunt sighed discreetly. What could his mother possibly know of love? Not a single darn thing. He verified this by taking a good slant at his father. No; ma had plenty of other traits, but romance had evidently been omitted from her formula. How could she ever appreciate, then, that this infernal gang of foreign missionaries, who he wasn't even acquainted with, was going to filch an hour of undiluted heaven from him every afternoon?

And yet, why shudder at the deficiencies of fortune? Instead of being yellow, why not get a grip on himself, and be a man about it? Resolute in action, he was mild in method.

To the general public her poem, signed "Sappho," was merely a squib to fill up space under a large ad of Diddlebock's Stomach Bitters, but to Floyd it was a cutlet from Helen's immortal soul. He read it through six times, seated, and then he limped over and read it to himself in the mirror, with appropriate gestures.

I fear not life,
Yet life is but a dream;
Mist, sorrow, strife—
Or so at least 'twould seem.
Prison and dungeon, girt by iron bands,
Grateful to me, though, because somebody understands.

I fear not death,
And when my time shall come,
I shall draw one last breath
And say: "His will be done."
But e'en, in taking leave of all this scene of woe,
My spirit shall remain with his, that I esteemed so.

He stood for a moment, incrusted with pleasing melancholy. Of all the tribes which trod the surface of the earth he was the only individual who was hep to the identity of the author. She was so sensitive, not to say squeamish, that she hadn't even told her own family that she was addicted to verse. But she had told Floyd. And she had added that according to the best authorities, poetry was about the only way a spinster could betray her innermost surgings without being a shameless hussy. Petting was barred; but poetry was permissible.

"Young feller," said Floyd-in-the-mass to Floyd-in-the-mirror—"young feller, maybe she's rabid on etiquette, but, by jolly, she's all-wool!"

And then, since it was five o'clock, he stumped over to the parsonage.

The committee pounced upon him. Outside of the regular stereotyped booths—candy and fancy-work and pop corn and fortune telling and the grab bag, and so on—wasn't there some notion he'd picked up, while he was journeying hither and yon, that would just be amusing?

"Why, sure," said the Bawby Ephalunt. "When I was down to Waco, Texas, I see a great stunt. It was the Royal Ring-tailed Gyasticutus, and it was into a dark tent, and when you got in there it wasn't only a angleworm on a kitchen table. And all the folks that got fooled hustled right off to get somebody else to bite, and then josh 'em. How's that?"

Everyone laughed, except the Reverend Hickey.

"But, Floyd, wouldn't it savor slightly of charlatanism?"

"Not a scrap," Floyd assured him. "You wouldn't even know it was around. Ayop, that's just what we'll do. We'll have us a Royal Ring-tailed Gyasticutus, ten cents a peek. But we got to have us a painted sign up that looks like a boy-constructor."

When he went home he found himself under precision fire from his father.

"If you're so skittish you can crutch it around to these religious gatherin's," said Mr. McEwen indignantly, "and if it's a fact what your ma tells me, you're takin' supper with the Claypools tomorrer night, then, by Godfrey, you're spry enough to draw sody!"

"Pa," said the Bawby Ephalunt patiently, "winters I clerk; summers I ain't only a pitcher and a partner." And he opened his library book at Chapter 5: Dinners. "Pa, what was Claypool's line, anyhow, before he got rich?"

"Well, if I knew I'd tell you as quick's I would anybody. I asked him, once, and he said retail. I asked him what kind of retail, and he said trade-marked articles. I asked him what kind of trade-marked articles, and he said package goods. Sounds

(Continued on Page 163

In thousands of offices

Four business reasons for this business floor

If [illegible] Nairn Linoleum in the home [illegible] room, or several other rooms of your home, you should write for our free booklet "The Floor of Enduring Beauty."

BUSINESS men everywhere now realize that ugly, noisy, unyielding floors mean jangled nerves and reduced efficiency. In thousands of offices Nairn Linoleum has added beauty, quiet and comfort at surprisingly low cost. It has added a surprisingly large increase in office efficiency and morale. There are four sound reasons why you should floor *your* offices with Nairn Linoleum.

Quiet—With Nairn Linoleum the clack-clack of hard heels ceases People move silently about their tasks. And with the quiet comes nerve relaxation that allows greater concentration on the business in hand.

Efficiency—This welcome quiet and increased comfort under foot help everyone to do more and better work.

Appearance—A Nairn Linoleum floor contributes practical beauty to your office. The subdued colors of battleship and plain linoleum and cork carpet, or the more distinctive inlaid patterns provide an artistic floor to harmonize with any taste or surroundings.

Economy—The first cost of Nairn Linoleum is low. The cost per year is less than nominal. For in spite of the strenuous wear an office floor gets, your floor of Nairn Linoleum will last ten, twenty, even thirty years, depending upon the care you take of it and upon conditions in your office

Write us fully about your floor needs. We will make suggestions and send a "quality sample" of Nairn Linoleum with a lithographed pattern showing actual size and coloring. You can then see in advance how effective a Nairn Linoleum floor will be

THE NAIRN LINOLEUM COMPANY
150 Belgrove Drive, Kearny, New Jersey
W. & J. SLOANE, Wholesale: *Sole Selling Agents* New York San Francisco

This Three Thistle trade mark is on the back of every yard of

NAIRN LINOLEUM

Straight Tile Inlaids—Clean cut inlaid tile patterns in marbleized inlaid

Dutch Tiles and Mosaics—The mottled colors merge softly to produce softened outlines

Marbles—A rich two-tone, all-over effect

Granites and Moresque Inlaids—Popular all-over mottled effects

Battleship Linoleum—Heavy weight plain linoleum—made to meet U S Gov't specifications. In five colors

Plain Linoleum—Lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum In six colors

Cork Carpet—An extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring

Printed Linoleum—Inlaid effects and floral designs printed on plain or granite linoleum. Has a tough, glossy surface

Linoleum Rugs—Linoleum printed in handsome rug designs

Pro-Lino—Attractive patterns printed on a felt base

NAIRN Linoleum

The Magnetic banishes Spring

Spring housecleaning is on the way, but thousands of happy women already have abolished this dreaded task with the MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER. This "new way" cleans the home from top to bottom every day or every week, banishing semi-annual cleaning upheavals forever.

The MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER makes life more cheerful for mother, father and the kiddies. No more ruffled tempers, no more straining with heavy furniture, no more lugging of rugs and stepladders in an exhausting, old-fashioned effort to banish dirt with out-of-date and inefficient cleaning devices.

Women of America gave the MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER instantaneous and widespread recognition. It is not "just another vacuum

Approved—Tested—Endorsed!

The MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER has been approved, tested and endorsed for housecleaning efficiency, health protection, labor saving, durability, safety and construction by the following nationally-known testing stations, engineers, domestic economists, health authorities and housekeeping editors:

Good Housekeeping Institute, New York City.
Priscilla Proving Plant, Boston, Mass.
The Tribune Institute, New York City.
Household Efficiency Department, Today's Housewife, New York City.
Underwriters' Laboratories of the National Board of Fire Underwriters.
Bacteriological Tests by Health Departments of many principal cities.
Elizabeth Macdonald, Housekeeping Editor.
Suzanne Brett, of American Motherhood.
Annie M. Griffen, Housekeeping Editor.
Florence Austin Chase, Domestic Economist.
Prof. Gordon Wilkes of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Staff Engineer of Modern Priscilla.

And many others of equal prominence throughout the land.

MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER

MAG ELECTRIC

Housecleaner cleaning forever

sweeper," but a completely-equipped *Housecleaner* with 36 new and distinctive features which enable it to rid the entire home of germ-laden dust and dirt. Its instantly-applied Housecleaning Tools are "different," and perform dozens of distinct housecleaning tasks heretofore neglected.

The MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER cleans carpets, rugs and bare floors thoroughly, harmlessly and easily. Yet this is only an incident in its hundreds of added and different daily uses, covering every conceivable housecleaning operation. This is why the MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER, through its daily or weekly use, eliminates entirely the dreaded, old-fashioned Spring and Fall housecleaning program.

Cleans the House from Top to Bottom

The patented Magnetic Rocking Brush is only one of many exclusive features. It is guaranteed to be absolutely *self-cleaning*. It requires no adjustment or attention, and will give a generous lifetime of service. This remarkable improvement permits the MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER to remove, thoroughly and harmlessly, thread, lint, hair, sewing-room litter, dust, dirt and embedded grit from all types of rugs and carpets by a dustless process.

Hardwood floors and linoleum are cleaned with equal efficiency. A specially-designed housecleaning tool cleans stair carpets easily.

Upholstered furniture, heavy drapes, tapestries and portieres are renovated each week or every day. Sheer window curtains and light hangings are kept dustless, with a consequent saving of premature laundry bills.

Clothes are dustlessly cleaned indoors, both during and between seasons, and protected against the ravages of moths.

Pictures, moldings, door tops, chandeliers, plate rails and other out-of-the-way dust traps are kept spick and span.

Walls are made bright and fresh. Mattresses are dusted, right on the beds, and pillows are aerated to restore their fluffy newness.

Under bath tubs, dressers, beds, pianos and other inaccessable places, dust can no longer linger.

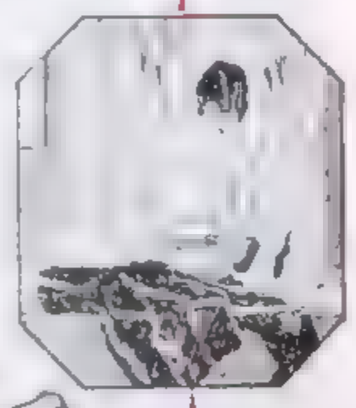
Radiators, hot air registers, clothes closets, china closets, book cases, drawers, screens, window shades, kitchen cabinets, pianos and phonographs are cleaned in a jiffy.

Furs are cleaned and renovated as well as the furrier or dry cleaner himself can do it.

The MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER may also be put to many other unusual uses. Hats, lamp shades and white, suede or satin shoes are easily cleaned by it.

Grease spots are quickly removed from rugs and carpets. Even boiler and furnace flues can be cleaned. Almost every day you will discover new uses for this tireless servant in the home.

Accompanying every MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER, as standard equipment, is the convenient tool bag pictured below, completely stocked with a set of new and ingenious Housecleaning Tools.



Free Home Demonstration

If your favorite dealer does not yet carry the MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER, send us his name and we will arrange through him a demonstration without delay and without obligation.

A small payment places the MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER in your home, and it will repay its moderate cost many times over. It will prolong the life of your furnishings. It will be a means of saving labor. It will promote thorough health and cleanliness, and provide more time for rest and recreation.

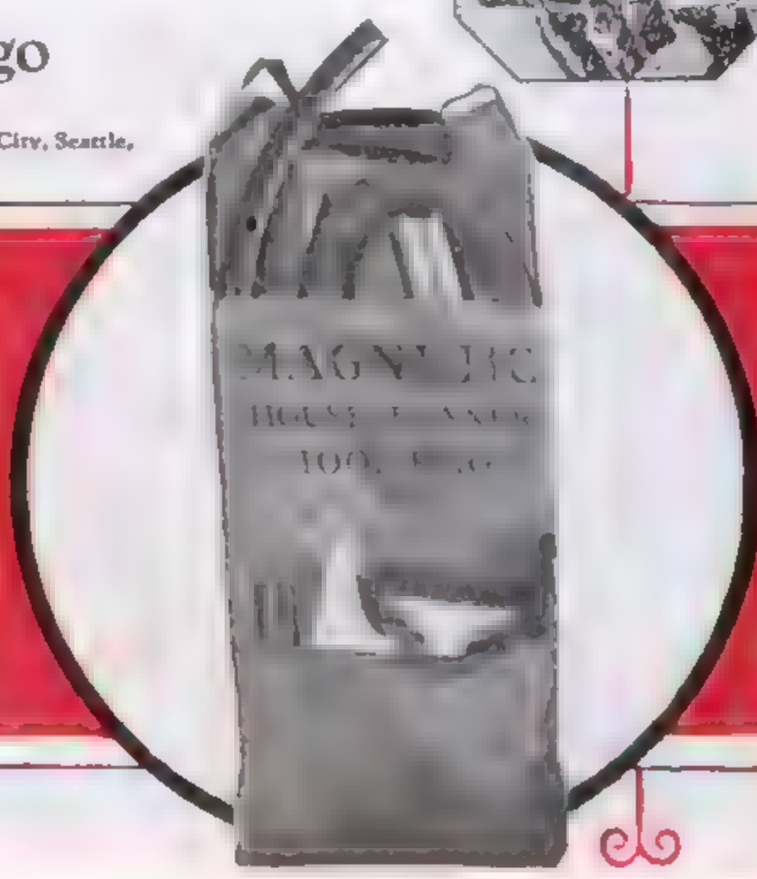
Every MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER carries with it our unquestioned and unconditional guarantee.

Birtman Electric Company, Chicago

Makers of Dependable Housecleaning Devices since 1909

Division Offices in: New York, Washington, D. C., Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Seattle, San Francisco, Dallas, *and District Headquarters in all important cities*

NETIC HOUSECLEANER



A good plug for Fords!

AC 1075

Here is why the AC 1075 is a good plug for Fords

Spring Terminal Clip

makes it easy to test plug or coil while motor is running and locks nut so that it will not unscrew. There is no danger of damaging connection through use of pliers as the clip keeps it tight.

Heavy Body Porcelain

to withstand hard service—plug comes apart by unscrewing bushing.

High Temperature Fins

Plugs become shorted by deposits of carbon. The thin edges of the fins on the patented carbon proof porcelain get hot quickly and burn away the deposits, thus preventing accumulation of carbon.

Heavy Electrode

designed to form natural drain so no oil will lodge in spark gap.

INSTALL A SET OF AC 1075's TODAY—YOUR MOTOR WILL PERFORM BETTER

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, Michigan

Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915; U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 158)

to me like whatever he done he was ashamed of it. If I was you, gettin' so thick with 'em, I'd ask him myself, and I wouldn't let him squirm out of it either, by Godfrey!"

"Yeah," said Floyd. "You gimme enough of them ifs and I'll put New York City in a one-ounce bottle!"

By the time that he presented himself at the Château Claypool he could have passed a very creditable examination on oyster cocktails, caviar canapés, olives, artichokes and asparagus, but, unfortunately, none of this star quintet showed up in the batting order. Instead, the hired girl, standing on the wrong side of the plate, thrust a crucible of baked beans at him; and Floyd, who had gone to school with this damsel for many years, looked at her, looked helplessly at Helen, gulped, and finally remarked, "Shift over, Lucy. It's handier—and it's properer."

At which Helen turned pink, and her mother exclaimed, "Well, I declare!"

The Bawby Ephalunt was perplexed, but not yet rattled.

Evidently there was some trivial ground rule referring to southpaws which he hadn't noticed in the guide. In any event, his next play was to be conversational—simple, sincere and animated.

"I and Lucy," said Floyd reminiscently, "was the ones put the Limburger cheese in the high-school furnace three winters ago. It made the fiercest stench you ever struck. They nabbed us, and we both got sent home, and at school next day Lucy she couldn't set down without wigglin'. Everybody laughed fit to kill. I ——"

His jovial narrative was halted by four simultaneous exclamations.

"Oh, Mr. McEwen!" This was from Mrs. Claypool. "How vulgar!"

"For mercy's sake, Floyd!" That was Helen's comment.

"Whoa, back!" said the host. "Where was you raised, young man—in a stable?"

"Floyd!" said the waitress savagely. "You're a mean, filthy coward—so there!"

And silence fell: thick silence, strewed with reproof.

According to the code Floyd should now change the subject. He did it.

"Excuse me for askin', Mr. Claypool, but what used to be your business?"

"Retailin'."

"What kind?"

"Help yourself to the piccalilli."

"Ayop, thanks. But you didn't say what kind."

"Retail goods."

"What sort?"

Mr. Claypool scowled. "Ain't you a little bit nosey, Floyd?"

At that point Floyd's technic began to grow ragged. He had learned not to unfold his napkin, wherefore at frequent intervals he had to trawl for it on the floor.

"Why, Floyd," said Mr. Claypool, "why don't you tuck it down your neck, like I do, and get it good and anchored, and stop givin' us the mulligrubs?"

The Bawby Ephalunt stared at Helen. Good gosh, where was all this punctilio she had drooled about? Mechanically, obeying the statutes made and provided for soup, he attempted to skipper his beans with a graceful outward motion, but promptly chased a squad of them off the field to the tablecloth. This embarrassed him so much that he upset his coffee, but remembering that profuse apologies are out of place, and that a simple word to the hostess should suffice, he said hastily, "Toughest kind, Miz' Claypool—but after all, it ain't only three days to washday, is it?"

"Take some jelly, Mr. McEwen," said Mrs. Claypool, glowering.

"No, thanks, ma'am. I'll hold back for the dessert."

There was another pulverizing silence.

"The jelly is the dessert, Mr. McEwen."

The Bawby Ephalunt blew up. Under the poisonous scrutiny of his adored one he snatched and lathered a cream-of-tartar biscuit, but although he had a world of speed he lacked control. Lucy had put too much shortening in those biscuits anyway. His collapsed unexpectedly, and the fragments littered the snowy cloth. The jelly, accomplishing a short parabola, landed on the carpet.

After the adjournment he made one final effort to stage a ninth-inning rally. By the regulations he should now talk with ease and calm assurance, so as to create a harmonious magnetic impression.

"Well, folks," he said determinedly, "now that's over, I'll tell you some of the meals they give we Goliaths when we're on the road."

Fifteen minutes later he was alone with his divinity.

She rose, placed a hand on a hip, elevated her chin, lowered her eyebrows, and said tensely, "Oh—you roughneck, you!"

The Bawby Ephalunt also rose, duplicated her gesture, and projected his jaw.

"Oh, is that so? Well, don't you try to razzle-dazzle me any more! Etiquette! Well, to begin right smack at the beginnin' of all the putrid napkins I ever see ——"

Miss Claypool darted lightnings at him.

"What's the matter with our napkins, pray?"

He quoted the law.

"They ought to be from twenty to twenty-four inches acrost. Yourn wasn't hardly a foot. They ——"

Helen was livid.

"Well, what did you do to minimize the troubles of your hostess, pray? A well-bred, considerate person ——"

He laughed scornfully.

"You gimme a pain in the big toe! I thought you was so almighty high-toned! Etiquette? Spoopendyke! Where the mischief was my doily? Where was my finger bowl? Where was my personal salt cellar? Where was the toothpicks? Where was ——"

Miss Claypool was unquestionably jolted, but she came back strong.

"Well, what about the indecent way you flung your food to all the four winds of the compass? What about your tellin' vile stories at the dinner table? And besides and moreover, sir to you, formal etiquette is almost always relapsed in the country, and if you don't believe it you go look it right up in Mrs. J. Dugald Van Sittart's official book, by the title of The Golden Key to Perfect Manners."

It was a crushing blow.

"Oh!" said the Bawby Ephalunt, dazedly. "Oh! Why—I got that selfsame book myself, Helun. But—but—but where does it say that?"

"In Chapter 14; Society in the Rural Districts!"

The Bawby Ephalunt bowed his stricken head and fumbled at his crutch.

"You got to grant me grace, Helun," he told her gloomily. "It's my mistake. I ain't only got to Chapter 5."

And now her lovely voice was in tremolo.

"Oh, Floyd, I forgive you fully and freely! Because—oh, sometimes life is almost too much for humane endurance! Floyd!—papa and mama don't set as much store by etiquette as you and I do! I try so hard to reform them, but—oh, Floyd, no matter what betides, let's you and me cling to our ideals! Will you swear it? And—and lend me the loan of your hanky, Floyd. I—I believe I'm weeping."

"Oh, no, you ain't," said Floyd encouragingly; "you're only just snivelin'."

He soothed her, chiefly by sympathetic slaps applied to the spinal column, and afterwards she let him hold her hand—Chapter 3 temporarily suspended—and they had a quarrel. This was because he said that her hand reminded him of a rat in a trap, while Helen maintained that it was a nightingale, fluttering against the bars of a gilded cage.

And she soon broke away anyhow, on the ground that it wasn't an accepted usage.

He returned to his ancestral abode, ate several doughnuts, and couched himself on a mattress of pneumatic clouds. Dear little innocent cherub, she wanted him to guard her ideals, did she? Well, he would police them or bust. But as far as her parents were concerned, they had his permission to go take a running jump off the dock whenever it suited their convenience.

For ten days his spirit, like a sleeping swan, drifted upon the silver billows of her sweet singing. She had had another poem in the Scimitar, and all Huntsboro was wondering who "Sappho" was.

Him whom I love is no Adonis;
For when in love one does not always look
For physical perfection. Yet he alone is
The only one my maiden blush can brook.
What care I if he has a few defects?
Our natures mingle through our intellects.

There was a good deal more of it, and it improved as it went on; it was not only the cat's whiskers but also the camel's hump and the duck's hind hoof.

"When I was in school," he said to her gravely, "they made us read a lot of junk by a dame name of Brownin', that she made up to some friends of hern; they was Portugees. But, Helun, you make that Brownin' woman look as sick as a fool."

Miss Claypool focused upon the picture molding, and exuded a strong artistic atmosphere.

"Yes, Mrs. Browning is supposed to be quite classic. But I think maybe I've been more influenced by Keats."

"Say, look here!" said the Bawby Ephalunt, with sudden impulse, "as long's you got this gift, Helun, why not make the best of it? Now to push this kermis, we're gonna have a lot of these throw-aways and dodgers printed up. They'll be chucked all round everywheres in the radius. Now you write me up a crackajack poem on some missionary subject or other, and I'll get it printed down at the bottom, and it would be a good ad for us and a good outlet for you."

The authoress was professionally coy.

"Why, Floyd, I shouldn't wonder if that was quite an idea—but do you really think it would be in my regular vein?"

"Sure! You could have it about this handsome missionary that hadn't only just married his wife, and he was dotty about her, only they wasn't gettin' along good with the heathens, and their clothes and victuals had run out, and they was like to starve to death, and he's all anguished up about this girl, and it's gettin' his goat, and then he gets this message says the Huntsboro kermis went acrost big, so they're gonna get another big jag of supplies, and it ends up with him havin' a love scene with this girl, slushy as the deuce. You could do it fine."

Her fair broad forehead was overcast with thought.

"Well, I'll rack my brains, Floyd, and dash you off something, anyway."

"Attaboy!" said the Bawby Ephalunt, and patted her arm.

Miss Claypool shrank away delicately, as though something were sticking to her epidermis.

"Floyd," she warned him, "are you forgetting to respect me? Liberties are terrible bad taste—even if we are each other's inspiration. And because I yielded, just once, to a flash of infirmity, that doesn't signify you can take advantage of me! If you don't believe it, you just hunt it up in Mrs. Van Sittart's book. And don't say 'attaboy,' anyhow. It's crude."

Floyd, having apologized for his outburst of sensuality, stumped down Railroad Avenue to the Cash Pharmacy.

"Oh, pa. About this kermis, I promised 'em a five-dollar camera for the grab bag. Have we got one that's kind of rubbed?"

Mr. McEwen slowly inflated.

"Well, you certainly do take the cake! Gorry! If you told me once, you told me a million times you waasn't goin' to have nothin' to do with this business till fall! Then the very first minute my back's turned, you ——"

"Now, pa," said the Bawby Ephalunt peaceably, "you can just forget it. All I said was I wouldn't clerk—but I still got my say as an equal partner. And besides, I'm on this committee, and charity begins at home. You better brush up on your Ten Commandments, pa."

"That's right!" said Mr. McEwen bitterly. "Stand there and shovel away five-dollar cameras—and then slam your father for tryin' to keep this a goin' concern!"

They were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Claypool, who unhooked his thin lips and revealed a diluted smile.

"G' day, Mr. McEwen. G' day, Floyd. Floyd, I heard it said you aim to distribute around some handbills, to kind of whet the interest in your kermis. Well, now, I'll tell you just what I'll do to help along the cause: I'll foot all the expenses of gettin' it out, provided you let me put a statement onto it that I did. And if you will I'll stand the racket, whether it's two thousand bills or ten. What say?"

For the sake of Helen and the heathen, Floyd chloroformed his personal antipathy to Mr. Claypool, and spread him with a generous margarine of thanks. Mr. Claypool went out.

Floyd, after a moment's deliberation, glanced at his father.

"I guess his ribs must be awful well off," he said regretfully. "I kind of wonder if he come by it honest. Well, I got to preamble along. Anytain' new on the Sav'reign agency?"

"Nope."

"Well, I wouldn't fret, pa. They wouldn't never hook up with Amidon's anyways.

(Continued on Page 165)

Clark "Duat"
—A Mobile Crane Truck and Tractor

Here is the smallest industrial truck built. It is of three-wheel construction, and has a turning radius of 52 inches. It will turn around in a freight car, in narrow aisles and crowded shops.

Yet the Clark "Duat" is so powerful it cranes a ton and tows 7 to 10 tons! Also pushes and carries.

Gasoline powered, the "Duat" gives twenty-four-hour, trouble-free service, day in and day out. Crane attached in minute without use of tools. Trailer hitch, front and rear.

Ideal for railroad terminal work; towing baggage trains, lifting heavy objects, loading box cars and hauling trailers.

General industrial plants as well as warehouses, railroad shops, machine shops and foundries—iron, steel, brass, lead—will find the Clark "Duat" cuts costs and speeds deliveries.

Let a "DUAT" solve your material handling problems

Remember, the "Duat" is a powerful tractor, a mobile crane and in fact a general utility Tructractor.

We also manufacture 7 load carrying Tructractors: 3 towing models; and 2 and 3 ton Truclifts, each with elevating platform.

All Clark Industrial Vehicles are gasoline powered

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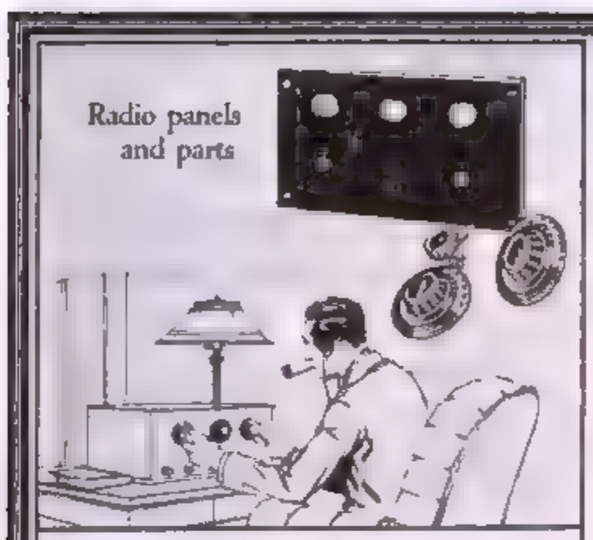
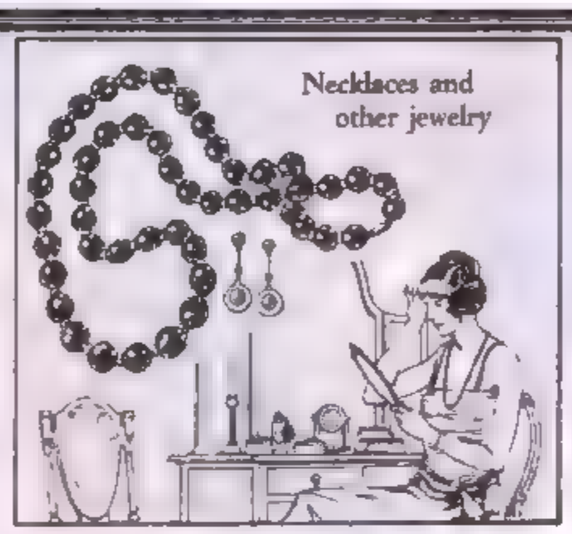
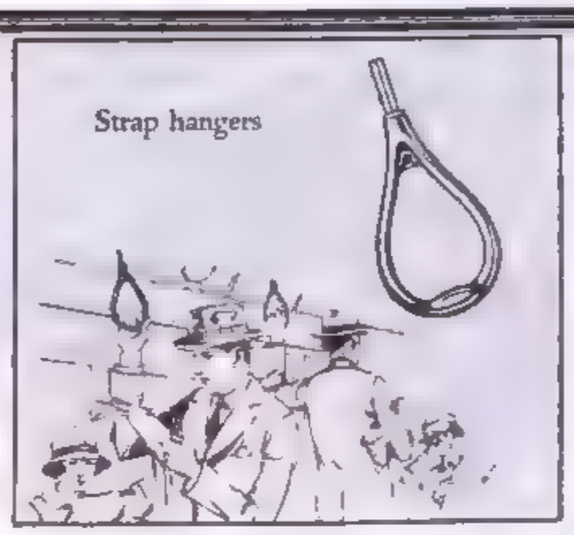
THE MATERIAL OF A THOUSAND USES







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Airplane propellers
Ammeter cases
Anti friction bearings
Ash receivers
Attachment plugs
Automobile door handles
Automobile lock parts

Billiard balls
Bookkeeping machine parts
Bowling balls
Brake linings
Brush-holder insulation
Buttons

Cable terminals
Calendar frames
Camera cases
Candlesticks
Cane handles
Carbon brushes
Castanets
Casters
Check protector parts
Cigar holders
Clock cases
Clutch facings
Commutators
Condenser cases
Containers for liquids
Crank handles

Dash pots
Dental lamps
Distributor heads (ignition)
Door handles and knobs

Earrings
Electric drill parts
Electric piano controls
Electric sign parts

Fan bases
Fire extinguisher shells
Fishing reels
Fountain pens
Fuse blocks

Gasoline tank caps
Gear shift balls
Gears, camshaft, oil and pump, for automobiles
Goggles
Gun butt plates

High tension insulators

Ignition coil cases
Ignition insulation
Ignition timers
Instrument boards
Instrument cases
Instrument handles of all kinds
Insulating panels
Insulation washers and bushings

Knife handles

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HERE ARE only a few of the ways in which BAKELITE products are a part of your everyday life. There are thousands more, and new uses are being developed constantly in other industries.

BAKELITE is truly "The Material of a Thousand Uses"—from buttons to battleships.

Known to chemistry as phenolic resin, this material is manufactured under the trade-marked name of BAKELITE.

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BAKELITE is the registered Trade Mark for the Phenol Resin Products manufactured under patents owned by the BAKELITE CORPORATION

Here is a partial list of products made from BAKELITE "The Material of a Thousand Uses"

Lamp sockets
Lock parts, automobile

Magnet spools
Magneto gears
Mandolin keys and bridges
Mechanical games
Mechanical piano parts
Meter covers and bases
Motion picture machine parts
Music roll ends

Necklaces

Ozonizing apparatus

Paper weights
Pen handles
Pencil barrels
Pendants
Percolator handles
Phonograph motor parts
Phonograph records
Photographic trays
Piano keys
Pipe stems
Pistol grips
Plugs (attachment)
Pool triangles

Radiator caps
Radio dials, variometers, condenser ends, knobs, tube sockets, etc.
Radio panels
Rheostat bases

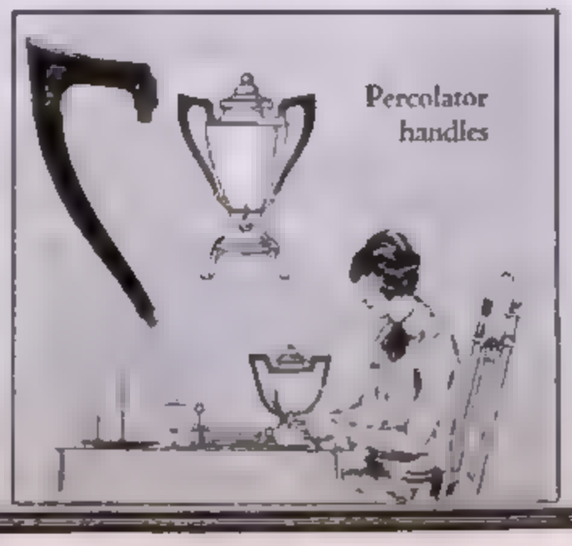
Sound intensifiers
Spark intensifiers
Spark plug covers
Speedometer parts
Spools
Spraying nozzles
Strain insulators
Strap hangers
Supports (bus bar)
Surgical instruments
Switch bases
Switchboards

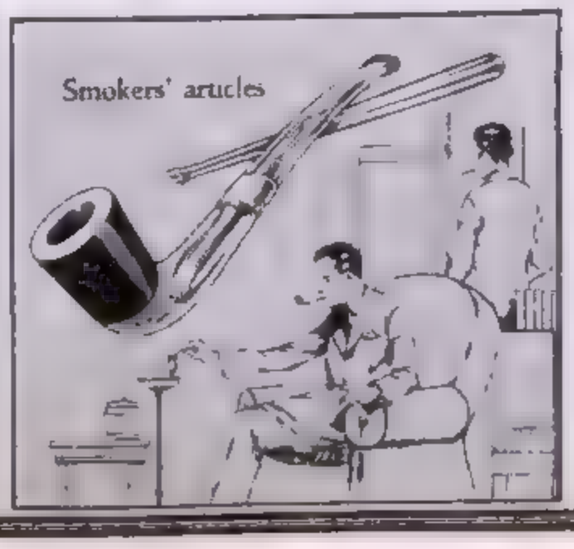
Teething rings
Telephone sets
Third rail insulation
Thumb nuts
Toilet seats
Transformer parts
Type keys, shuttles and wheels
Typewriter parts

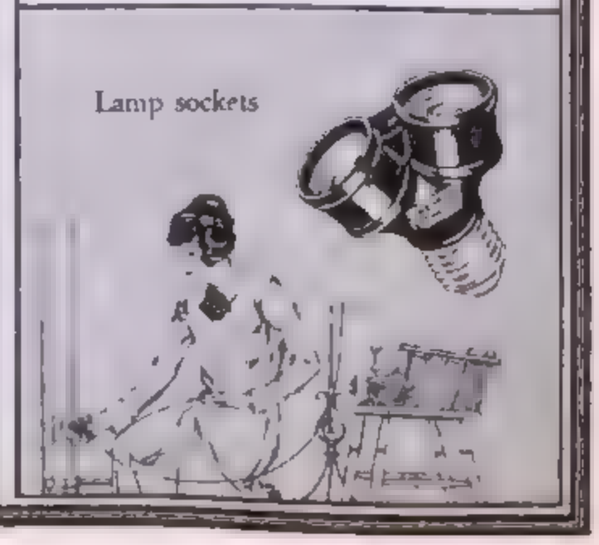
Vacuum cleaner parts
Vanity boxes
Vending machine parts
Violet ray generator cases
Violin bridges, keys and chin rests

Wiring channels
Wireless parts

X Ray screens







(Continued from Page 163)

His place ain't nothin' more nor less than a positive flytrap."

He limped out to the street, but on the corner he paused, an introspective tripod. Village beauties doted at him, in passing, and captains of industry saluted him as a compeer; he was a Goliath and he was half owner of a thriving pharmaceutical establishment, and he wasn't yet eighteen. Nevertheless, in spite of his inventory and of the warm glitter of a spring afternoon, he was beset by a vague and mortal yearning.

"Cripe!" said the Bawby Ephalunt, absently prodding a cigar butt with his crutch. "That there Mrs. J. Dugald Van Sittart ain't got as much gimp as a dried apple. I wouldn't be surprised if she was just nothin' on earth but a unexperienced old maid!"

By another fortnight he hardly limped at all. Indeed, after a thorough two-dollar examination by Doctor Schweinfelder he advised his employers that they might expect him, alive and kicking, by the twelfth of June. On the same evening he escorted Helen to the high-school production of Cyrano de Bergerac, and when, during the last intermission, the lights accidentally went out, she put both hands over her face, so that her Asiatic-pearl ring scratched him on the nose.

Grimly the Bawby Ephalunt withdrew into the Stygian caverns of resentment. She claimed that his very marrow chimed with hers; but she was virtually the only girl in the auditorium who wasn't as red as a beet when the lights went on again. And all the gentlemen were brushing powder off their coats.

He inspected his own shoulder cynically. Gosh! It was virgin black.

The Bawby Ephalunt folded his arms, lowered his chin to his shirt front, and settled a few inches lower in his camp chair. He was remembering how often Helen had jumped on him, and how many of his notes she had sent back with blue-penciled corrections. Even tonight she had nudged him for whistling for the curtain to go up, and she had been horrified when he brought out the peanuts. He had explained, humbly, that he was only at Chapter 9, Christenings, whereas Theatre and Opera were Chapter 11; and he had proved his sincerity by reciting to her how the church should be decorated, what the godfather should wear, and how the baby should behave; but she hadn't relented. And she was only sixteen, and the daughter of a dyspeptic sphinx; while he himself was going on eighteen, and was a man of the world—perhaps even of the World's Series!

He came to himself with a start; the play was over and Helen was whispering sharply, "Wake up, Floyd! Help clap them back!"

"Kind of common, though, ain't it?" he inquired sarcastically.

"No! They deserve it. But don't stamp!"

As the audience rose and began to skate the camp chairs against the wall she leaned toward him once more.

"Can you dance tonight, Floyd? Just once—with me? A slow one?"

The Bawby Ephalunt cogitated, then said brusquely, "Not the chance of a snowball, Helun."

"Oh, Floyd! Couldn't you really?"

He turned from her to greet a fellow member of the central committee.

"Hello, Mamie. They done noble, didn't they?"

"I should say they did! They all took their parts beautifully. I heard people back of me say it would have been a real credit to professionals. But, Floyd—excuse me, Helen—who do you guess I had a letter from today? Well, it was Edna Swan. She'll be back just in time for the kermis. Isn't that perfectly spiffy? And, Floyd, excuse me for asking, but when I've missed the last two meetings, is your—the you-know—all fixed for?"

"Ayop. I got the borrow of a tent from the Boy Scouts. And back of Schweinfelder's barn they's a place where I can get me all the Royal—you-knows—any time I want. That's where I used to get 'em when I used to go fishin' for trouts."

"Good!" She turned back to Miss Claypool. "And, Helen, we all think it was absolutely splendiferous of your father to do what he did about those handbills. It was just as patriotic as it could be, and it saves us a lot. Well, Floyd, are you recovered enough so you can trip the light fantastic, yet?"

He paraded his crutch.

"Not yet awhile, Mamie."

"Well, how about bringin' Helen to the Eastern Star dance, Thursday? Wouldn't you be all right by then?"

Miss Claypool, unusually flushed, had to go and dip in her oar.

"Oh, Floyd! I'd perfectly adore it! I could just die dancing!"

"Well, maybe you and me both," said the Bawby Ephalunt recessively, "but just the samee, I don't specially hanker to. So I guess I'll go right on favorin' this bum drumstick."

He took Helen home in a livery hack, and hunched as far away from her as his landlocked frame permitted.

"I'm afraid you're mad at me for something, Floyd, but you haven't any call to be. I'm only refining you for your own good. That's one of woman's highest duties. It says so in the Introduction."

"Well, does it say when in thunder I'm gonna get that there poem you agreed you'd furnish me with?"

"Come on over Tuesday afternoon, Floyd. About three. You can't come tomorrow, because we're going on a basket picnic; and Monday I've got vocal culture, and people coming for supper and euchre, but if you come Tuesday, about three, I'll have it done. And I'm utterly grateful for a most delightful entertainment, Floyd. But—are you mad? Please don't be." Her melting tone and her smoldering eyes might easily have shaken the saintship of an anchorite. "You see, you've got to be my Bayard, Floyd—without fear and without reproach."

The Bawby Ephalunt cleared his throat, and peevishness departed from him. Granted that she was too fussy-particular, yet when she trotted out that thrilling undertone his horizon began to revolve, his crutch was flexible rubber, and an impenetrable fog floated before his senses.

"Well, I don't scare so awful easy anyhow," he said giddily, "so let's we split the difference and call it fifty-fifty."

In his room he offered up a home-brewed petition to the governing planets. Love was a darned queer thing; an hour ago he had been as huffy as all get-out, and yet at this present instant the only boon that he required of destiny was that he might live until Tuesday afternoon, so as to keep that next date.

Incidentally he got his wish.

It was Mr. Claypool who flung wide the stained-glass door.

"Hello, Floyd. Helun's in my den; she said for you to traipse right along in. And here's the material I want you should run at the head of the handbills. Tonight's the night they print 'em, ain't it?"

"Ayop. They'll start distributin' tomorrer mornin', first crack out o' the box. We got nine boys on bikes and two fellers in a flivver. They'll seed down about half the county with 'em."

From the presence of Mr. Claypool, whom he loathed—although the rest of Huntsboro was hailing him as a philanthropist—he hastened towards the fount of the Muses, or Pierian spring, and tapped at the portal of the bottling works. Helen sat at a typewriter, surrounded by a litter of papers.

"Last call for poems, Helun," said the Bawby Ephalunt. "Because I'm goin' over to North Adams to be at a banquet tonight, and empire a ball game tomorrer. Got it licked in shape yet?"

"Just finished this minute! Only please don't blame me for this mess, Floyd. It's papa's doing. I'm only going to give you the carbon, though. They say originals are worth a mint of money, after you've caught on. But where is that silly carbon? Oh—I guess it's that one on the floor. But wait! Floyd! Don't read it! Fold it up and put it in your pocket!"

The Bawby Ephalunt blinked owlishly.

"What's the big idea?"

Miss Claypool tucked the priceless original inside her middy blouse.

"Because I want you to be surprised too! It's—well, it's my masterpiece, so far. But, Floyd, I've decided to begin to come out in the open, only I'm going to do it by degrees, so there won't be any shock, either to papa and mama or the public. So I've signed it with my initials—H. C. Will you promise you won't read it until it's printed?"

The Bawby Ephalunt hesitated.

"Why—seems as if I ought to give it the once-over, oughtn't I—seeing I'm the responsible party?"

Miss Claypool was stacking the desk into order.

"Isn't papa the limit, though? He's so orthodox he makes duplicates of everything, and then he just leaves them lay, from one

GLENN HUNTER in "Merton of the Movies"

REID, MURDOCH & CO., Est. 1853. Chicago, Pittsburgh, Boston, New York

Handled freight at $100 a month, now a Fuller Man earning $350 a month

—and only 22 years old at that.

A story that is typical of most Fuller Men and Fuller opportunity, as written by Theo. F. Keys:—

"I am 22 years old; married; have a family of two children; and am happily and prosperously engaged with the Fuller Brush Company.

"A little over two years ago I was employed in the freight station at Connellsville, Pa., where I trucked freight all day long, at a salary of $100 a month. A friend of mine who was a Fuller Man suggested that I get into something that was decidedly more worth-while, by joining the Fuller Organization. He was so enthusiastic over his work that I concluded to make the change, and on November 26th, 1921, I joined the Fuller Brush Company, beginning my training and earnings at the same time.

"Since starting with the Fuller Brush Company my earnings have been three hundred and fifty dollars a month, besides bonuses and prizes; and now, after only a little over two years, promotion.

"The value of my earnings I consider even less than the value of the training, experience and education which this great organization has given me."

What Keys has done, YOU can do

d you have real ambition. You need not have any selling experience, for Fuller gives every man a thorough training in the same intensive selling methods that made a salesman out of Keys. It is the same training that has produced a corps of the highest earning salesmen in the world, out of hundreds of men who formerly held inferior jobs, and never thought they were capable of ever holding any better paying jobs. All that Fuller asks is that you possess a keen desire and determination to earn more money and hold a worth-while position in the business world. Fuller sets no limit on how fast a man forges ahead, nor how much money he can earn. (See our full page advertisement on page 118 of this same issue.) Healthful outdoor work; earnings begin while you are learning.

Write for this Book

"Out of the Rut," telling Alfred C. Fuller's story of how Fuller Men have succeeded with him. Don't wait for a bid; get in touch at once with any one of our 250 Branch Offices (or address of nearest one, look in telephone book). Evening appointments made, if desired.

© THE F. B. CO.

The Fuller Brush Co., 1062 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn.
(In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton)
Kindly mail a copy of "Out of the Rut" to

Name (Age

Street

City

Fuller

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

FLORSHEIM SHOES are the result of the most experienced thought in fine shoe building, skilled workmanship and best materials—a product of unusual excellence.

Most Styles—Ten Dollars
The Savoy M-138

BOOKLET "STYLES OF THE TIMES" ON REQUEST

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers • CHICAGO

L&H ELECTRICS
IRON
Irons the sheerest, daintiest lace—the tiniest ruffles as perfectly as the heaviest blankets you have. Saves time, too, because it provides larger ironing surface with faster, more uniform heat distribution. For easier, better laundering—
Insist on
L&H Electrics
Appliances
"The Better Electrical Line"
L & H Electrics Turnit Toasters
L & H Electrics Table Stoves
L & H Electrics Heaters
L & H Electrics Hot Plates
L & H Electrics Ranges
L & H Electrics Curling Irons
L & H Electrics Heating Pads
Manufactured by
A. J. LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO.
429 Cleveland Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

week's end to another. Why, no, Floyd. It's precisely what you asked me to do, only——"

"Only what? Shoot, Luke!"

Her mood altered swiftly. He could see her alter it. And he stared at her through his goggles somewhat as a goldfish stares through a glass bowl.

"Why—why, when you're always and forever my poetic model, Floyd, cold type is one thing, but a manuscript's almost sacred! You can't have it at all unless you promise! I wouldn't let anybody in the world see it first! It would be like—spying through the window of my soul!"

By all precedent the Bawby Ephalunt should now have been as irrational as a chip tossed on ocean's foam. But one of the peculiarities of love is that you never know when it's going to jump the track. One day it stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder, and the next day you notice that she is slightly cross-eyed. Saturday night, when she labels you as a Bayard, you are full of golden drippling sunshine; but by Tuesday afternoon you can say to yourself sincerely, "Oh, cabbage! She ain't only just puttin' it on."

The Bawby Ephalunt had permanently emerged from the swimming vapor of illusion to the rock-ribbed shore of reality. Does honey come from a silkworm or silk from the yellow bee? No, sir! She had no smoke and no curves; all she had was the motion.

"Well, it's all K. O. with me," he said; "don't get so het up over it," and stowed away the folded carbon.

Miss Claypool shivered violently.

"There's something else, Floyd. I'm—I—for almost two weeks I—I've been harboring a guilty secret. I—I ——"

The Bawby Ephalunt was impassive.

"What? Another one?"

She put out Lady Macbeth's hand.

"I can't tell you now, Floyd—I haven't the courage—but—will you swear something? Swear you believe how my heart has been rendered between duty and —and you!"

He scratched his crown judicially.

"Well, when are you gonna let it come to a head?"

Her eyes were pity-pleading.

"Take me to the Eastern Star dance, Thursday, Floyd. I—I beg and beseech of you to take me! I—I'm frightfully temperamental, Floyd. It isn't my fault, it's ingrained in me. And amid light and music and laughter, maybe I could bring myself to tell it to you so you'd realize what it's meant to me—all this hideous conflict! But if you should ask me to do it in this garish daylight—why, it's too blatant, Floyd. I just revolt!"

The Bawby Ephalunt edged towards the safety zone of the hallway.

"Helun, I'll swear to one thing—my game leg still puts me out quite consid'able."

"But you wouldn't have to actually dance! We could sit out."

He cleared his throat.

"Well—I'll let you know. And I got to take a sneak now, Helun. I'm late."

Even at this crisis form had to butt in and overpower substance.

"Floyd! Is that the way to part with a lady? Just let her dangle?"

Outside, he longed passionately for a good swig of the waters that drown regret, or a forkful of leaves from sleep's own tree. He was tired and sick of it. For three weeks he had served her up the beefsteak of his unsullied character, and she had picked on him because it wasn't garnished with water cress.

Well, enough is enough, but too much is plenty.

"I tell you I'm through!" said Floyd to himself fiendishly. "And that goes! I'm gonna drop her so hard she'd bounce. Women? I wouldn't give a plugged Canadian quarter for the whole darned sect!"

At the Scimitar office there was no one but a strange and inky compositor. Ye editor, he said, had been took with lumbago and gone home to bed; and he himself was deputized to get out this throw-away, which was an all-night job, and the delivery boys was coming at six in the morning; and if that wasn't kind of plastering it on a guy that hadn't only blown in town day before yesterday and been took on, then he was a slab-sided liar, and he could prove it by statistics.

Floyd gave him the folded carbon.

"That's what's to go down at the bottom of the front."

The new compositor ogled it.

"Not signed?"

"Sure! Sign it 'H. C.' I guess she—I guess it was a slip o' the typewriter. Sign it 'H. C.' Then this thing"—here he produced the sheet which Mr. Claypool had given him—"goes up at the top." And then, remembering what Helen had said about the sacredness of manuscripts, he deposited a last memorial wreath upon the altar of defunct romance. "And if anybody outside of yourself gets so much as one squint at this first thing I give you, before it's all printed and published, I'll come back here and put this joint on the fritz!"

The compositor set his arms akimbo.

"Oh, you will, will you? You and who else? Who in tripe do you think you are anyhow?"

The Bawby Ephalunt cleared his throat, laid aside his crutch and removed his spectacles.

"I'm McEwen," he said with impressive simplicity. "And when I ain't got the Charley horse, I toss 'em over for the Goliaths. Do you wanna make anythin' out of it?"

The compositor wilted.

"Are you him? Bosco! If I'd—why, shake, brother! Charley horse? Say, that's tough. Say, nobody don't only see this copy of yourn over my dead corpse. Say, when you got the time, McEwen, drop in and we'll have a fanfest—I read about you in the sportin' colyums." He glanced again at Helen's contribution. "But say, McEwen—this is a kind of a funny thing to go in a ad, ain't it?"

"Ayop. But she goes—hook, line and sinker."

The compositor nodded immediately.

"You said it, brother; she goes. Glad to've had the pleasure of your acquaintance."

In state, Floyd was autoed over to North Adams, where he attended the annual banquet of the Invincible A. A. On the following afternoon he umpired a baseball game, until a visiting rooter with healthy lungs accused him of chronic astigmatism, coupled with criminal prejudice. And just as the Bawby Ephalunt turned his head to deny this subtle innuendo the batter hit a foul tip which smote him directly over the ear. Four of the players, grunting, carried him off the grounds, and it was Friday morning before his mother dared to enlighten him on current events.

"Well, Floyd," she said proudly, "me and your pa's awful bumptious over you, and folks say you deserve some kind of a testimonial, even if we couldn't suspect for the life of us how you ever done it! Only, Floyd, when you knew it beforehand, you shouldn't never have kept your pa so far in the dark. He had the right to do just as much worryin' as you must. And the Claypools, they went kitin' off yest'day, just in their trunks; and he was mighty lucky he didn't get rid out on a rail! And Amidon's nigh crazy tryin' to persuade people he wouldn't of anyway. I was kind of sorry for the young girl, though; and she sent you around a note. And your pa he went to New York t'day noon, puffed up just like a turkey gobbler, and he calculates he'll get it."

The Bawby Ephalunt felt of his cranium, which was heavily armored with cotton bandages.

"Who done what? Who knew what? Why did they went—I mean gone? Pa'll get what? Where's the letter? You're talkin' in bunches."

With a maternal shush she put an envelope into his hands. The stationery was lavender, the perfume was eighty-nine-cent Whiff of Araby.

"Yes, sir-ree, bob!" said his mother with exaltation. "You cooked his goose clean to ashes! You're wasted on baseball, Floyd; you're a born detective! And how you ever got him to obligate him to pay for it is beyond me. Floyd, you're bright, even if you are my son!"

The Bawby Ephalunt was struggling to interpret Helen's missive. It was blistered as though a glass of water had been spilled over on it, and it ran:

> You are a reptile. You did it on purpose. I will never forgive you. It was not my fault. I would have told you, Thursday. You aren't a gentleman. You are a muckor. You are too fat and you don't know the first livelong thing about decent etiquette, and I hope you die in the gutter. You are a toad and a rattlesnake and I wish I hadn't ever soiled my intelligence by knowing you."

The Bawby Ephalunt closed his eyes wearily. His head ached. What was all

(Continued on Page 168)

"With tooth and claw he attacked the culvert"

Stewart Edward White, famous game hunter, tells the incident of the man, the lion and the culvert. It was in Nairobi. The man encountered the lion in a flat treeless spot. The only possible shelter was a section of corrugated culvert that happened to be lying beside a half-made road.

The man retreated, step by step, face front, until he reached the culvert. Then he dropped flat and backed into it.

The lion reached in, claws hooked, and began to fish blindly for the man. But the man had an idea. He took out his match box, lighted a match and applied the flame to the lion's paw. With a wild yowl the lion snatched it away. The pain made him angry. With tooth and claw he attacked the culvert throwing himself again and again against the pipe, shaking it, rolling it about.

Finding that he could make no impression on the culvert, the lion finally departed and the man emerged with a life-long respect and admiration for metal culverts.

Toncan Culverts are made and sold by the following:

The Philadelphia Culvert Company
Philadelphia, Pa
Dominion Metal Products Corporation
Roanoke, Va
The Canton Culvert & Silo Company
Canton, Ohio
The Berger Manufacturing Company
Dallas, Texas
The Berger Manufacturing Company
Boston, Mass
The Florida Metal Products Company
Jacksonville, Fla
The Firman L Carswell Mfg Company
Kansas City, Mo
The Berger Manufacturing Company
Minneapolis, Minn
Wilson Tank & Culvert Company, Inc.
San Antonio, Texas
Tri State Culvert Manufacturing Co
Memphis, Tenn
The Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ontario, Canada

Canada: Toncan in Canada is fabricated by the Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ont., and Galvanized by Dominion Sheet Metal Corporation, Ltd, Hamilton, Ont

Corrugated culverts resist enemies worse than lions

Rust attacks culverts. Oxygen, that gives life to men, tries to eat the life from iron. Cold and heat, expansion and contraction, tremendous pressures of wet, soggy earth and heavy traffic above—all are enemies of culverts.

But Toncan Metal is made to fight them. Knowing iron's insatiable appetite for the things that cause rust and corrosion, we put into Toncan enough copper to satisfy its hunger. We take out of Toncan the impurities that invite rust.

That is one reason why Toncan Metal resists the vicious attacks of rust and corrosion.

Toncan Metal is made with all the resources of modern science and metallurgy and with the care the old village blacksmith gave to horse-shoes. It has a higher percentage of purity than fine soap or many food products.

Toncan Culverts are strong, elastic and durable. In their longer life is a real saving that is many times greater than their original cost.

Write to us about Toncan Culverts or to any one of the manufacturers listed on the left.

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, CANTON, OHIO

All sheet metal work is Toncan in dormitory of New Hampshire College. Architect R. T Huddleston, Prof. of Architecture at the College.

This sign is enameled on Toncan by Ingram Richardson Mfg. Co., Beaver Falls, Pa. They use Toncan for enameled signs, stove and refrigerator parts, drain boards, etc

Toncan Metal is used in the body of this commercial truck which carries ice, salt and ice cream Toncan resists corrosion and rust in truck bodies

TONCAN
METAL

Commercially pure iron alloyed with copper to obtain the greatest possible resistance to rust and corrosion.

U-LOY
STEELS

Special analysis and alloy steels made to your specifications or ours for any required purpose

TONCAN
METAL
THIS IRON WILL ENDURE
MADE BY THE OLDEST AND LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HIGH-GRADE ALLOY STEEL

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION

$1000.00 for a Slogan

WANTED
a slogan for
ICE CREAM

—to typify its purity and food value

Can you think of a slogan, not more than six (6) words, easily said and remembered, to express the purity, goodness and food value of ICE CREAM; a phrase that conveys its year 'round appeal as a delicious delicacy as well as a nutritious, healthful food.

The National Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers will give $1,000.00 in cash to the person who submits the best slogan.

Read the rules of the contest carefully and ACT IMMEDIATELY! The $1,000.00 prize may be yours in return for very little time or effort expended.

Who is giving the Prize?

The National Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers is composed of nearly 3,000 members whose plants are located in all parts of the United States and Canada, and whose purpose it is to foster and maintain the highest standards of quality and purity in the making of ICE CREAM.

Today this important industry represents an investment of over $250,000,000 with an annual production of over 300,000,000 gallons. In your own community, there are makers who supply you with rich, pure, wholesome ice cream. Surely they merit your confidence and your patronage.

Rules of Contest

Contest is open to every man, woman and child in the United States and Canada

Contestants may submit as many slogans as they wish, but each must be clearly written in ink (or typed) on separate sheets of paper. Each sheet must contain contestant's name and address.

No slogan can be longer than six (6) words.

A letter, not longer than 25 words, must accompany each slogan submitted, explaining its use and application

This explanation will be considered a part of the slogan by the judges in determining the winner

Contest closes May 31st, 1924. Slogans received postmarked later than May 31st, 1924, will be declared void

Prize will be awarded by competent judges, in case two or more contestants submit the winning slogan, the full amount of the prize will be given to each

Mail all slogans to address stated at left

National Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers

SLOGAN CONTEST HEADQUARTERS, 235 ELM STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Association reserves the right to register any Slogan submitted.

Carries Luggage Neatly

THIS stylish, *disappearing* carry-all holds a running-board-full of grips, golf bags, sporting equipment, salesmen's sample cases, bundles, etc. When not in use, it folds down out of sight—a neat, inch-wide strip, flush with running-board. GRIP RACK bolts permanently in place—cannot rattle. Never loose or lost. Useful the year 'round. Finished in velvety black enamel, baked-on.

Ask your dealer about GRIP RACK, or write us for handsome Booklet A.

MILWAUKEE MOTOR PRODUCTS, Inc., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Don't accept cheap substitutes from mail-order houses. There is only one GRIP RACK—the *Milwaukee*. Look for the name on the brass plate.

MILWAUKEE GRIP RACK

Three sizes, to fit all cars $5, $6, $7 (higher in Canada)

Continued from Page 166

the rumpus about? Evidently he had ditched Helen—which was a consummation devoutly to be wished -but how, and why?

Why had the Claypools gone away in their trunks? His scrambled faculties couldn't make things gee.

"Ma—was it the throw-away? I ain't seen it yet. Got one handy?"

For answer she gave him a long pink bill. At the top of it was a very conservative announcement:

MR. HARVEY CLAYPOOL, although a new resident of Huntsboro, has defrayed for this circular on behalf of the Missionary Fund, hoping that when the time comes all loyal citizens, including the outlying suburbs, will value his public-spiritedness towards Huntsboro, the garden spot of New England.

There ensued two feet of miscellaneous ballyhoo, composed by himself, Mamie Vance and the Reverend Hickey. He glanced at the bottom, for Helen's poem, but no poem was present. On the contrary, the dodger was completed by many lines of close-set prose. He attempted to collect his thoughts, but it was several seconds before he could get a quorum. Then, abruptly he began to laugh, and laughed until he strangled and the bed squeaked. Helen had obviously given him the wrong carbon, and the new compositor had obeyed orders. The throw-away had littered seven townships before Claypool had had his breakfast. And now at last he comprehended Helen's guilty secret, and why the Sovereign Chain folks had been stalling, and what his mother had been talking about.

Dear Joe: Well Joe I owed you a letter since Judas was in kilts. Well Joe I sold out my Modern Drug in Holyoke in January and come here having a option on a Sovereign Chain agency up to Aug. 1 Well Joe this is a burg of rat wits, if all their brains was put in a teacup it would look like a flyspeck but there is money here for anybody knows the ropes, so have decided to buy out Amidon's drug store and open up with the Sov. line. There is only one competition which is McEwen's but I will undercut them 15 percent.

I have snooped around Joe, and got the lay of the land and will open up with a big pull. The Mayer is Doc Schweinfelder who hasn't got the sense of a circus munky but I have salved him so I guess I will swing his trade all right. Ed Lougee and Rufe Swan are 2 selectmen that pray like the devil Sunday but get tight in the engine-house once in every so often, so I guess I can run a little rum in here without no trouble. The other 2 selectmen are Woodbury Vance and Tim Springer, and Vance is under his wife's thum so I am makeing a dead set at her and that's that, and Springer owns the paper, and owes money right and left, so if I flap a $100 bill at him for ads I guess I can get me about 5 miles of free reading notices.

And also, Joe, I am starting out with good politics by fakeing a big interest in civical affairs such as paying for a handbill for the church fair and all that guff when the other stores only put up some shoddy mdse. They all guess I am liveing off my income Joe but in about 6 weeks I will be liveing off theirs. Amidon will sell dirt cheap because he has got lots of debts around and will take my coin and skip out leaveing them to wistle for their money about July 10. Then I will milk Huntsboro and I bet with my smartness I am a selectman myself inside 5 years. But I have got to turn Baptist, there being more Baptists than any other religion, even if Hickey the dominie is the last word in natural gas. Still in these tanktowns you got to use the good old bunk, and that is my speciality if nothing else. So I will clean up.

So no more at present Joe, from yours fraternally H. C.

"But, Floyd," inquired his mother fondly, "how'd you ever ferret it all out? How'd you ever fix it to foil him so neat with his own words? How'd you get your clutches on that letter? How'd you keep it so hid from your pa? Why, you're the town talk from Nob Hill to Hardscrabble!"

The Bawby Ephalunt exhaled prodigiously.

"Wait up! Pa's in New York?"

"Yes. He took some of them ads with him and waltzed right down there to get that agency."

"The Claypools have went?"

"Well, I should guess! Folks was so exasperated they was lookin' for him with buggy whips."

The Bawby Ephalunt was one vast substantial smile.

"Has Edner got back yet?"

"Edner Swan? Why, yes. She come yest'day." The Bawby Ephalunt sank into his pillows.

"Ma, you send over and tell Edner I'm seein' her to the kermis tomorrer night."

"But, Floyd, you're sick!"

"Ma," said the Bawby Ephalunt stoically, "I'd see Edner Swan to that there kermis even if I was stone dead! And about the rest of it, I and pa, we're partners—but didn't I always admit the strong hoss of the team was me?"

The kermis was in full blast. Masonic Hall, a veritable fairyland of tricolor bunting, Japanese lanterns, and enough minor embellishments to suggest an explosion in a cheesecloth factory, was fairly boiling with the cream of Huntsboro and suburban society. Twenty-seven booths were already half denuded of merchandise, and eleven children had already eaten too much pop corn and been removed. The fortune teller, having the advantage of knowing all clients at sight, was doing tremendous execution; and the Royal Ringtailed Gyasticutus had caused twenty-two dollars in profits and innumerable cases of hysteria.

In a secluded corner Floyd McEwen sat with Edna Swan—who had been his first authentic affinity—and watched the kaleidoscope of fashion. His skull was belted with a cotton bandage; his crutch was at his side.

"Floyd, why didn't they dance?"

"Reveren' Hickey wouldn't stand for it. It's for religious purposes."

"Oh, Floyd! I'd give a thousand dollars for a dance!"

"Well, let's"

"Why where?"

He winked sagely.

"Over to your house. You got a phonograph, ain't you?"

"But, Floyd! With your leg all bunged up"

"Say, Edner," said Floyd confidentially, "that leg ain't had the slightest thing out o' kilter with it since last week. Absolutely! I'm only restin', like my Goliath orders said."

"But, Floyd ——"

"The Golden Key to Perfect Manners," he continued, "says where you can't shimmy, you can't squeeze, you can't do nothin'! That's why I didn't let on my leg was cured. What was the use?"

"But I don't quite gather what you mean, Floyd."

The Bawby Ephalunt's grin was a souvenir of the desolate era which had so recently terminated.

"Never you mind, Edner. Let it slide. Le's we round up two more convenient couples, and go on over to your shack, and open us up a can of jazz."

Outside, in the darkness he suddenly kissed her.

"Quit that, you old sheik!" said Edna happily.

The Bawby Ephalunt put his arm around her until she gasped.

"Edner," he said, "you're all right, whether you know it or not. And Mrs. J. Dugald Van Sittart's all wrong. She's a prune. Edner, tell me just one thing—did you ever do any poetry?"

"Why, no, Floyd. Why should I?"

The Bawby Ephalunt breathed deeply.

"Edner, so much the better for all concerned. Put your face up here. Think I'm a bat?"

YELLOW CARGO

Continued from Page 19

hates Cameron like pizen. There's bound to be trouble, cap'n. Mark my words. Dick's a true-blue American, and he's got a soft heart."

"'E runs liquor," Crowder muttered, backing away.

"A good American," the old lady pronounced, "is one who obeys the laws of his country—so long as they're sensible. You better go upstairs to bed, cap'n."

"I—got a bit of job to do yet, Auntie," Crowder whined, and rejoined the figure that waited for him under the trees at the gate.

At the doorway of the Shantung Chop Suey Parlor, Captain Jimmy received the final installment of pay for his job. Cameron lurched into the restaurant ahead of him. The white-clad waiter stepped deferentially aside and, as they passed, withdrew his hands from his flowing sleeves and with a swift movement thrust one of them into Crowder's pocket. The bulk of the bill roll that Captain Jimmy's assurance-seeking fingers encountered there comforted and cheered him.

"Roight-o," he muttered. "Everythink! I saw 'is ruddy cook syle for Miami this noon, meself."

Li Cheng Yang's narrow eyes closed and opened again. He gave no further sign of satisfaction.

"'E wants liquor," Cap'n Jimmy prompted.

Cameron had slumped into one of the wire-and-wood chairs before a table. Captain Jimmy joined him, and Li Cheng Yang, blank faced and noiseless, placed bottle and glasses between them. Then he moved away and began polishing the other table tops.

"Funny fellers, Chinks," Captain Jimmy snickered, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand.

Cameron rubbed the silky yellow hair above the dark blotch on his jaw with a mirthless smile.

"Sometimes," he purred. "Very!"

"Do you know that man?" the proprietor of the Shantung Chop Suey Parlor muttered to his employe, under pretense of superintending his work.

"It is the first time I have beheld him," the other answered.

"It is," the proprietor sputtered with repressed excitement—"it is the devil Cameron of the schooner Congo. May fiends pull him to bits, shred by shred!"

Li Cheng Yang continued to polish table tops.

"I have heard," his informant went on, "that he carries countrymen of ours from Cuba to America. Once, so men say, when trapped by a ship of war he had twelve of our race aboard. These, it is told, he slew and dropped into the sea so that none on the ship of war saw the deed. Thus, he went free again."

Li Cheng Yang shook out his cloth and attacked the next table.

"Twelve men slain by him," the proprietor insisted; "or so it is said. Who knows?"

Li Cheng Yang polished industriously.

"I know," he answered, not raising his head from his work; "one of the twelve was my august father."

"Well," Captain Jimmy proposed, lifting his glass, "'ere's a swift v'yage to ye, cap'n. Sylin' tomorrer, ain't ye?"

Cameron had caught a fly with a swift movement of a puffy hand and was dismembering it abstractedly as one might pull the petals from a daisy.

"I need a cook," he muttered, lifting his pale eyes and letting the wingless, legless thing drop to the table. "My old cook gets hurt; I ship another and he runs off three days later. Know a good cook that wants a berth?"

"Only cooks I know," Crowder giggled nervously, "is Auntie—ye cawn't ship 'er—and the Chinks 'ere. Long v'yage, cap'n?"

"Liquor to Halifax," Cameron replied briefly, with a bleak smile. Halifax on a rum runner's clearance paper means practically any port in the North Atlantic.

"Liquor," Crowder ruminated. "A new one, cap'n. I thort your gyme was yellow cargo."

The contortion that passed over Cameron's face checked Captain Jimmy. The dull blue eyes seemed to bulge as they stared over Crowder's head. The disfigured face became pasty.

"Well, no offense," Captain Jimmy said hastily, raising his glass. "'Ere's to fair winds. W'y not try a Chink cook, cap'n?" The intensity of Cameron's stare drew his companion's eyes in the same direction. In the door stood Dick McGraw, his rawboned frame outlined against the darkness. He crouched a little as he spoke.

"Get out of the way, Crowder." And as Captain Jimmy obeyed with froglike alacrity he continued thickly, "We'll finish this now, Cormorant."

His gun covered Cameron before the man could move.

"Draw—or pray," McGraw suggested with a wolfish grin. He did not hear the pad of felt-soled shoes across the room, nor see a white-clad figure approaching. Something smote his wrist with a clatter. His pistol dropped to the floor and he bent over in agony, clutching his arm.

"Stand aside!" Cameron hissed to Li Cheng Yang, rising and reaching for his hip pocket.

The waiter did not obey. Instead he gave McGraw a sudden violent push. The bootlegger slipped, waved his arms wildly and fell outward into the darkness. Li slammed the door. Breathing hard but otherwise impassive, he picked up the pistol and the heavy abacus with which he had struck the weapon down, and laid them both on the table.

"Allee gone," he announced solemnly.

Cameron stared at him a moment, mouth open.

"Come here," he ordered at length with a jerk of his head.

Half an hour later, when the white men had departed, Li Cheng Yang spoke in his own tongue to the proprietor.

"That is all."

But the electric lights that should have been extinguished an hour before, continued to waste current prodigally while the proprietor stared, and finally found his tongue.

"He came to kill this man," he said slowly.

"The gods often expedite the plans of the superior man," Li Cheng Yang replied with the faintest trace of a smile. "So it was tonight."

"He slew your honorable father," the other persisted, "and yet you saved his life!"

"'It is only the truly virtuous who can love or can hate.'" Li Cheng Yang quoted. "I sail with this man tomorrow to offer the customary sacrifices that the eldest son must make upon the grave of his august father."

"I do not understand," the proprietor said helplessly. "You save and then enter the service of the man who slew your honorable parent."

Li Cheng Yang hesitated a moment. Then he intoned something with a vigor and austerity in his voice that awed the other though he did not understand.

"So said the Great Sage," Li explained. "It means," he added, translating the classic Wên-li into the Kwangtung dialect, "'There are three thousand offenses against which the five punishments are directed. There is none of them greater than to be unfilial.'"

Long residence in the Occident had bred in the proprietor an un-Chinese curiosity. He hesitated and was driven by this to further speech.

"Who may know," he objected, "where the body of your honorable father lies?"

"The sea," Li Cheng Yang replied softly, "is his grave, and over the grave of a sire his eldest son or that son's offspring must make the ritualistic offerings with fire ere the spirit of the departed may begin the seven-day journey to Paradise. So the excellent ceremonies decree."

He pulled his hands from his flowing sleeves and made a swift sign that the proprietor answered.

"The orchid withers," Li chanted.

"But the bamboo shoot sprouts in the clearing," his fellow tong member responded almost automatically.

"By the oath we twain have taken," Li Cheng Yang commanded, "veil all this night in forgetfulness."

He shuffled from the room. The restaurant owner bowed humbly as he passed.

After a time the proprietor extinguished the lights and crept upstairs. In his little chamber beneath the eaves Li packed his straw hand bag with his few belongings. He placed this by the door, set the teakwood chest beside it, rubbed its sleek surface with

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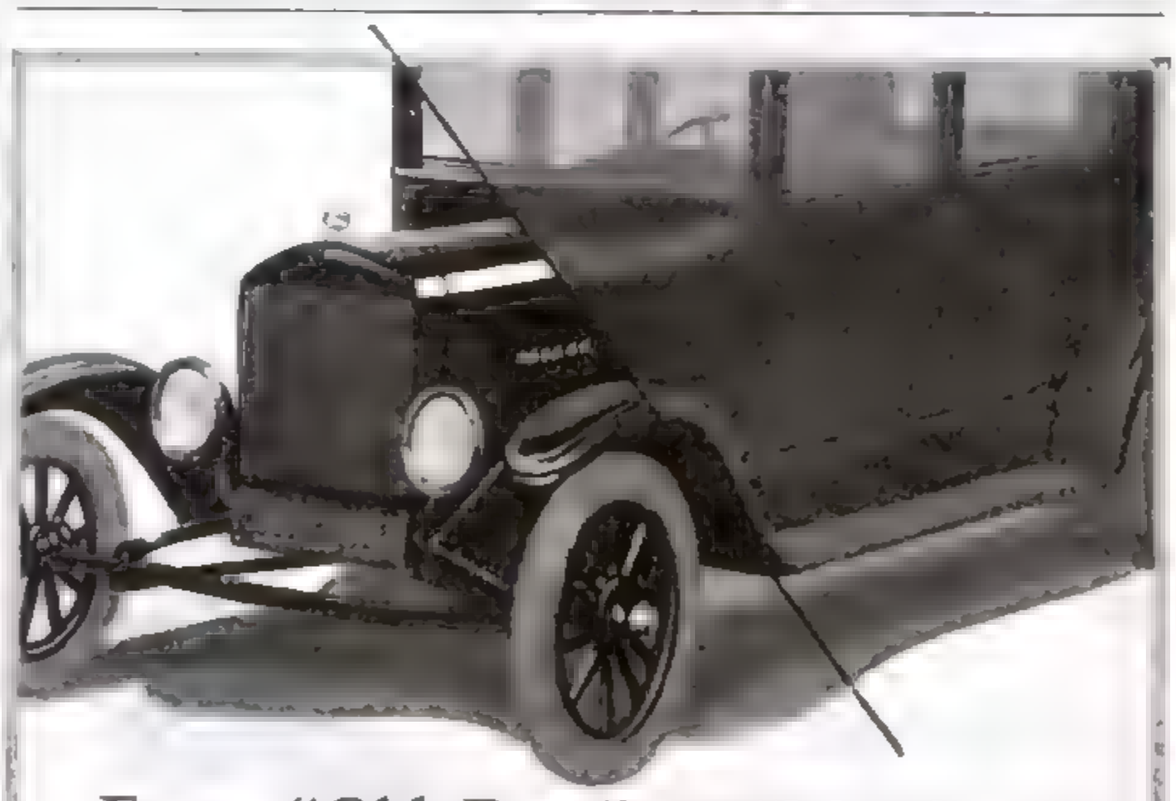

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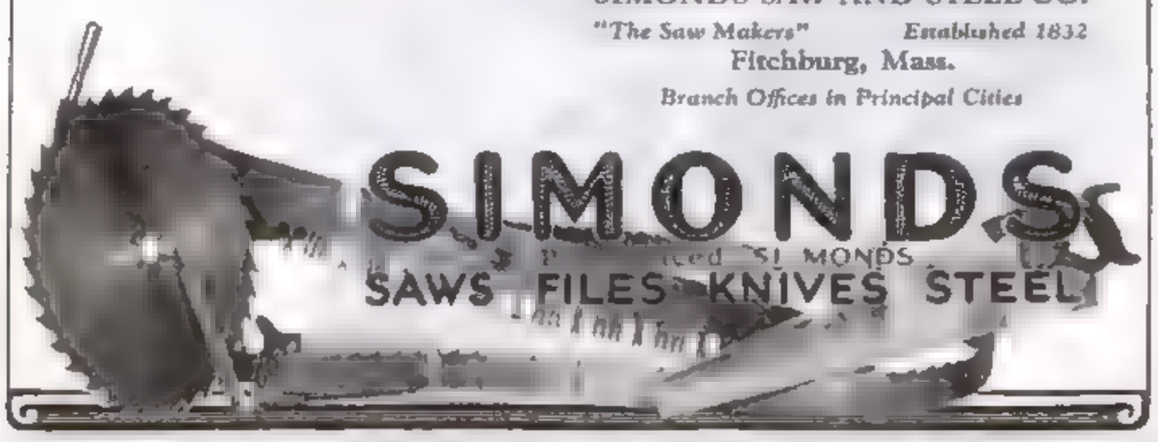

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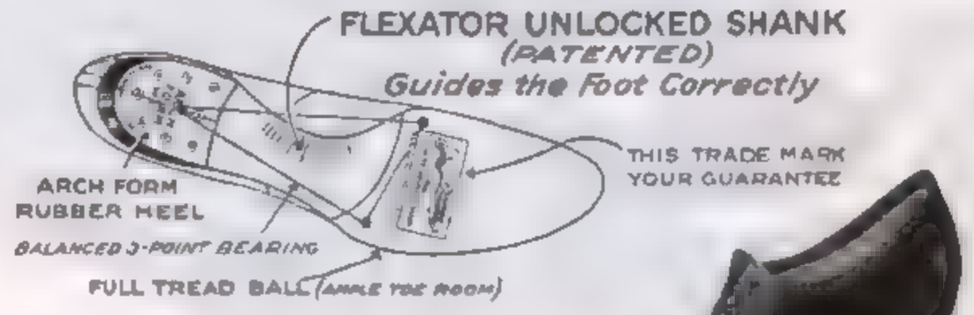

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a gesture that was half caress, kindled incense sticks in the vases flanking the brilliant idol, and blew out the candle.

Gradually the glowing tips of the joss sticks dissolved the darkness about the ferocious face of the image. The eldest son of the house of Li crouched before the makeshift altar. Once he spoke aloud.

"Great sacrifices," he murmured, "oh, honorable father, shall I, your unworthy son, perform over your place of burial. The sea shall hold you no longer, and slaves shall lighten your journey if the gods be propitious and I am permitted to fulfill the ceremonies."

The smoke of incense crept, in fluent threads of shadow, across the faintly glowing face of the image of Kwan ti, god of wrath and vengeance.

Surges rioting on the harbor bar shouldered and buffeted the three-masted schooner Congo as her auxiliary engine kicked her black length through their tumult. From her wheel Cormorant Cameron shrilled commands to the dingy crew that lurched about her waist. Over her swinging stern a great red hotel and the white admonishing finger of a lighthouse kept guard over the low roofs of Nassau, running down to water that held all the hues of a turquoise matrix. Spray spouted from beneath the forefoot, stumbling outward into the strong blue of the Spanish Main, and the westering sun flashed rainbows through their gusts.

On the table in the Congo's galley Li Cheng Yang's straw hand bag and the teakwood cabinet waltzed together and then stampeded toward the edge. The Chinese let the hand bag fall, but clutched the box to his breast. The schooner's mate, a dark youth with the eyes of a savage beaten dog and a livid scar running from lip corner to his matted hair, showed his teeth in a wolfish smile.

"Stow that somewhere if you don't want it smashed," he suggested. "One thing more, John. You know how to use gasoline stove? Good. Only look!" He laid a dirty hand upon the pressure pump. "Work this too much, use match—phoooo! Set whole damn foc'sle afire. Last cook, he did that. Captain whale hell out of him."

The Congo, having crossed the shoal, abandoned her drunken behavior and now swung up and down in solemn cadences. From the deck men shouted in unison. The tramp of the gasoline engine ceased; blocks creaked and rattled, followed by the dry thunder of unfurling sail.

The floor of the galley canted a little and remained aslant.

"We go Ha'fax, eh?" the new cook propounded blandly, setting his teakwood chest carefully in a corner.

"Oh, sure," the mate replied with a leer. "Always Halifax or Tampico. We run maybe two days if this wind holds, to little key. Lie there till dark night. Take liquor into Florida. You savvy? Captain very good man now, John. No run Chinks any more. He scared," he added venomously.

"No savvy run Chinks," Li answered, working the plunger at the stove's side up and down deftly and lighting a burner.

"You know gas stoves anyhow," the mate approved.

"No savvy run Chinks," Li reiterated.

"Like hell you no savvy," the other retorted. "I'll bet you were yellow cargo yourself. You been to America, John? I thought so."

He laughed evilly, pulled up his belt and slouched away.

The wind came up as the sun went down behind the Berry Islands, squatting on their pedestals of foam. The schooner, deep laden, complained each time her topmasts raked across the stars. She cried out with voices innumerable, groaned and wailed and yammered until it seemed as though her hold contained, not burlap-wrapped packages, six bottles to the parcel, but a dolorous yellow cargo.

Some such uneasy thought must have been in the mind of Cormorant Cameron, who, stumbling along the companionway in the darkness, lit a match before his cabin door and raised a yellow face out of the darkness. The gasp he gave was almost a scream. He dropped the match and struggled to draw his gun.

Li Cheng Yang's voice spoke out of the blackness.

"Solly," it deplored. "I just fix cappen's bed."

"Get forrard, you damn Chink," Cameron snarled. "Here, wait a moment. I'll jolly well see ——" The second match flared up. The tumbled clothes in Cameron's bunk had been smoothed out, the pillow patted into shape. "All right," he grumbled, bending over his lamp. "Only I'll do my own housework. Get forrard and stay there."

He did not notice in the after effects of his fright that Li Cheng Yang stooped before padding away and carried a box under one arm when he went. Hands still trembling, Cameron poured himself a stiff drink of Scotch, refilled his glass after gulping down the liquor, and sat on his bunk's edge, sipping it slowly. Twice as he mused, pale blue eyes fixed on the lamp, he frowned and scratched his leg.

In the forecastle a Bahaman negro, blackest member of Cameron's mongrel crew, sat up in bed and demanded thickly "Vat you do dere, mon?"

The lid of the teakwood box clacked shut before Li turned away from the bunk over which he had been bending.

"Velly tired," he beamed. "I go to bed, eh?"

"Dom, mon," the Bahaman snorted, "ye don't sleep 'ere."

"Here?" Li queried amiably, moving to another bunk.

"Oh, get aht," another voice chimed in. "You sleep in the galley, ye damned Chink. Where's your eyes that ye didn't see your bunk? 'Op it now, blawst yer."

Outside the circle of light cast by the lamp overhead, Li Cheng Yang paused before departing, turned his teakwood chest over, so that the cover hung open, and patted the bottom as if to make sure that all its contents had been expelled.

He did not go at once to bed. Instead he tacked across the lurching deck to the rail. The side of the schooner, as she heeled over, fell away beneath him. Above, stars shone through hurrying clouds. Below, in the companion blackness, clouds of foam slipped past in which green fire of the tropic sea kindled and blazed and died. None of the crew marked the figure clinging to the rail, his white jacket and trousers ballooning in the wind. None would have understood the words he spoke to the luminous rushing sea.

Under the galley lamp Li Cheng Yang opened his teakwood case once more and scrutinized its interior carefully. Its white cloth lining bore only a single gray speck. This Li prodded gently with a finger nail. It did not stir. Then, delicately, between thumb and forefinger, he plucked the dead louse from the cloth and dropped it on the floor.

Elsewhere on the schooner that night, men scratched and complained in their slumber. Li Cheng Yang slept like a weary child.

They raised the Great Isaac's light, blinking palely in the gray light of advancing day. A little later Cameron altered the Congo's course. She slanted south toward the Florida reefs with the wind behind her. The increase in her speed, the decrease in her roll brought no joy to the dour company of all shades, from sooty black to yellow-fingered almost-white, who gathered about the breakfast kids in the forecastle.

Men cursed and wriggled uneasily. They dropped spoons or cups to clutch frantically at themselves where, for an instant, something had burned like a coal and now itched maddeningly.

One seaman alone laughed. He withdrew an exploratory hand from his bosom and held up his captive triumphantly between pinched fingers.

"I told ye!" he exulted. "The itch, nothin'. It's cooties. 'Ere's one of the little cheps."

"Dat dom Chaneyman's de bringer," an ox-eyed Barbadian said ponderously.

"If this wind 'olds we'll raise Black Key before tomorrer noon," another snickered. "I say we tell the captain to leave the Chink there with 'is friends."

A snarl was the only response to his jest. Most of the breakfasters were scratching with the agonized grins of flea-chasing dogs.

At noon Cameron returned to the poop from a visit to the galley and approached the mate.

"Nothing," he said as he relieved his subordinate. "I made the swine strip and went over his clothes—they were amazing clean for a Chink's—and found only a few, and he probably picked them up from the others. Know anything about delousing? The crew is beginning to grouse."

"No," the mate answered with a mirthless grin, picking up a bucket and coil of rope. "I'm going to see what water'll do."

(Continued on Page 172)

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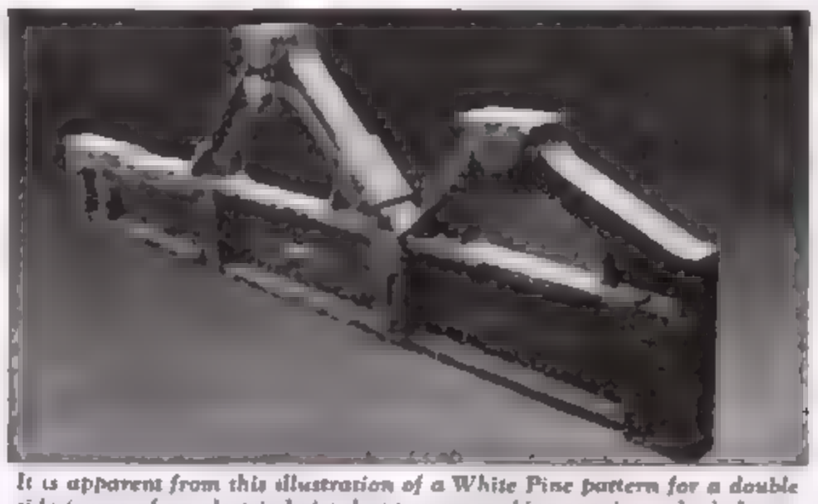

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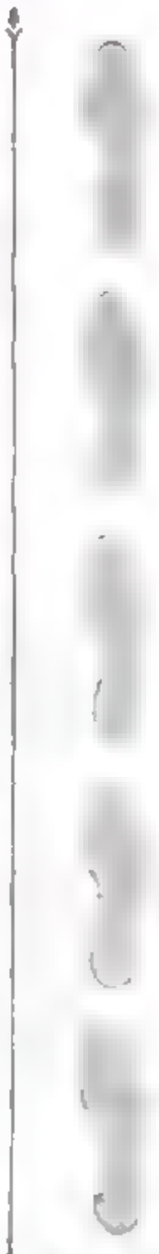

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(Continued from Page 170)

"If I find the filthy devil who brought these hellish things aboard," Cameron muttered, raking his ribs savagely, "I'll delouse him. I'll flay him in half-inch strips. I'll ——"

The mate cast the bucket overside. As the rope grew taut he let go and clapped a hand to the nape of his neck. The coil slipped across the rail like a fleeing snake.

The birthmark was almost obscured by the wrathful purple of Cameron's face. The discomfort and thwarted anger of the morning at last found outlet. They squirted from him in a falsetto stream of curses. The mate stood, the grin on his face blank and deathlike. Once he snarled as a harried trained animal grimaces, and his hand strayed toward the long sheath knife on his hip. Then, while his captain still screamed at him, he plunged through the companionway into his own cabin. From a battered cabinet he exhumed a bottle and glass and drank sullenly and steadily, in defiance of the law of the Congo, enforced by her commander.

"Oh, there's a fearsome tide rip at Black Key," he confided hoarsely, an hour or so later. He clung to the door jamb of the galley, swaying more than the pitch of the schooner warranted. His bloodshot eyes were restless and there was a vindictive twist to his lips. Li Cheng Yang in a soiled suit of white pottered about in front of the gasoline stove, where pots were bubbling.

"It comes in through the reefs like it was pouring in through a funnel," the mate resumed, "smooth and dark and fast. You got to have good anchors to stay on the bottom there when the tide and the Gulf Stream is pullin' together."

"We go there?" Li ventured.

"I told you that already," the mate replied with a hiccup. His eyes narrowed cunningly. "If I was a Chink," he continued, "I'd be afraid to go there. That's Cormorant's hangout. Key is high enough to hide a schooner behind, and it's near the Florida coast. Chinks have been there before. If I told what I knew I could hang that pop-eyed devil higher than Haman." He dropped his voice still lower and thrust his head in the door. "Once," he hissed, "we was layin' there with yellow cargo aboard ——" He was aware all at once that the slant eyes of Li Cheng Yang were looking directly over his shoulder. He turned and met Cameron's eyes, hard and shallow as bits of pottery.

The mate's snarl held more of terror than anger. There was a knife in his hand, but Cameron had gripped his wrist, and pinned his other arm to his side. Slowly the bulk of the captain forced his slender adversary back into the galley.

Chin buried in the writhing captive's shoulder so that the golden hairs of his beard were fluffed up about his nose, his bald head white and glaring, Cameron grunted and tugged and pushed, driving the mate farther and farther into the galley. To Li, watching the struggle with bright, impartial eyes, came the thought of a giant sucking spider fastened upon an unwieldy victim.

As he wrenched and wrestled, Cameron wheezed; "You talk too much, mister. You drink too much. How often must I tell you I don't like my mate to try and knife me, eh?" A hiss that was almost caressing crept into the captain's voice. "So," he continued, "this time I'll teach you what happens to men who pull knives on my ship."

The mate sobbed and then gasped as his forearm bent under the force of the great pudgy hand. For an instant the knife-gripping fist wavered above the bubbling pot. Then Cameron heaved suddenly and thrust it down into the seething fluid. For the space of the long animal howl the mate uttered, the captain held it so. Then he gradually relaxed his grip so that the hand, red, dripping and knifeless, emerged from its torture in spasmodic jerks.

"Don't drink," the captain admonished, in his purring voice. "Don't talk and don't pull knives on me. Remember?"

He let go of the mate, who collapsed on the floor, sobbing and shaking his scalded hand with aimless fluttering gestures. Cameron stared at him for an instant with impassive protruding eyes, and then retired as silently as he had come.

Shudders racked the mate while Li, after smearing the hand with grease, made a clumsy bandage about the scalded flesh with strips of towel. He was still trembling so violently that he could scarcely stand when the cook helped him to his feet.

He brought his ravaged face close to the Chinaman's ear.

"I'll kill him, John," he gulped and stammered. "I'll kill him. Blast him, he's gone too far this time."

He glanced through the galley door. Cameron's pudgy bulk lunged against the taffrail, his face lifted to the dingy spread of the spanker, apparently ignoring the seamen, who gesticulated at his elbow. The mate gripped Li's arm with clawlike fingers.

"He'll stop at nothing," he said in a whisper that was almost a squeal. "He thinks he's safe to tramp on me because—because I'm wanted in Cuba and wanted in Florida. I'll bloody well show him!" He gasped and wiped the cold sweat from his face. Then with an attempt at bravado, he continued: "I ain't quarter Spanish for nothin', John. I'll get him for this. If I don't, your life ain't worth a shilling. He heard me talking to you." A calculating gleam crept into his eyes, dark with agony. "Listen," he said quickly. "I've seen him dump twelve Chinks overboard at Black Key. One by one he calls 'em out of the hold when the cutter stands in toward us, leads 'em behind the foc'sle out of sight and makes me – makes a feller—hit 'em with an ax. Overside they goes into the tide rip like so many cases of liquor. Twelve he kills to save his own hide." He mistook the strange expression that twisted the cook's face for terror. "We're goin' there now," he whispered intensely. "Listen, I've a bottle that will fix him. You pour it into his coffee when we've sold this cargo. There'll be money for us all then, and he'll be back in hell where he belongs."

Li Cheng Yang blinked.

"You go," he suggested. "Cappen come. Make more fuss."

The mate glanced over his shoulder, saw Cameron approaching through the waist, and fled.

The captain held a clenched fist under his cook's nose and then opened his fingers.

"You know him, eh?" he queried, nodding at his palm.

Li gazed with a childlike interest and then nodded.

"Lice," he said gravely.

"Yes," the captain purred; "lice. My ship's alive with 'em. I'm going to find out how they got here before I'm through."

His cook continued to observe the two gray specks on the fat palm.

"You being a Chink," Cameron went on, "you ought to know all about vermin. The crew's complaining. How can we get rid of them?"

"Gas'line," Li Cheng Yang proposed indifferently; "take bath gas'line; soak clothes gas'line. No mo' lice."

Cameron's grimace was due partly to a fresh itch, partly to the agony in the most sensitive spot of his Caledonian ego.

"Thirty gallons it would take, at the least," he objected.

"Maybe fo'ty-fifty," his cook confirmed. "Fill tub, soak evelybody."

"I can stop the cost out of their pay," the captain debated. "Anyway, we'll have to wait till we anchor. I'm not going to have precious fuel wasted when she's rolling like this. If this wind keeps up we'll be there twelve hours earlier than we expected. I'll see about it then."

He waddled away. Li Cheng Yang stood for an instant in the galley door, watching the fire-blue sea and the surges unrolling little rugs of foam. Then he returned to his cooking.

All that night the Congo held her southwesterly course. All that night, in forecastle and cabin, the burn and itch of vermin, feeding full after long starvation, dragged men back from uneasy slumber. All that night while the schooner leaped forward from wave to wave Li Cheng Yang prepared for the rites and ceremonies without which no man may hope to reach Paradise. Now and again he spoke aloud, repeating those austere admonitions uttered by the Great Sage for the guidance of the Superior Man.

All things, spiritual and actual, had been made ready when in the colorless light of daybreak he heard the auxiliary engine of the Congo begin its trampling. He crept to the door of the galley. All color had been drained from the sea. It ran away, gray and sullen, toward the west, where the last stars paled. To starboard it frothed and churned over reefs, half submerged. Beyong these restless streaks of foam a great angle of rock, like the fin of a giant shark, jutted up against the pallid sky. Toward this the Congo swung. Thus Li Cheng Yang came to the grave of his father.

Under the lee of the mighty stone triangle the Congo dropped anchor. Here the water was smooth and blue and swift. The current chuckled and whispered against the schooner's flanks. The heavy anchor chain thrilled to its tugging. The swarthy rock threw back echoes as the sails came down; rattle of blocks, whine of cordage and the snarled commands of the mate, one hand helpless in its bandage, the other clutching continually at his vermin-tortured body

Sunlight painted the cliff with gold and turned the sky to turquoise, the water to sapphire. Cameron, the mate and the mulatto engineer conferred together. After a little the bulk of the captain filled the galley door.

"We'll try gasoline," he announced, rubbing his back savagely against the jamb. "If you're right the crew shares expense, if not you'll work it out yourself. When we're through you'll souse yourself and your clothes—understand?"

A puff of wind lifted his cap as he turned away. He halted and squinted at the sky.

"If the wind's shifting," he muttered, "we'll have to move our berth closer inshore. A head wind and the tide together will rip the chain right out of her here."

In the waist two seamen rolled a drum of gasoline aft. Others worked about an empty barrel, calking all possible cracks. The mate bawled down into the forecastle.

"All clothes and bedding on deck. Strip, you lousy devils, and carry your things aft."

The quickening wind, sweeping about the angle of the rock, raked the deck of the Congo again and set the rigging to whispering and slapping. Nude men emptied the contents of the drum into the improvised tub. Cormorant Cameron, a bloated pink figure, with an armful of clothing, came down from the poop into the waist, followed by the naked mate.

One man poured dipperfuls of gasoline over the captain's head while he stood waist deep in the barrel. The rest of the crew lounged about the sun-baked deck, scratching themselves, monkeylike. The mate's turn came next, and after him the others, one by one, were immersed. Gasoline, pouring off them as they clambered from the tub, soaked the deck. Rivulets ran into the scuppers. Fumes wavered and twisted upward through the clear air.

Clothing was soaked and wrung out, with more splashing and spattering. Blankets were dipped and spread out to dry. This accomplished, Cameron cocked his head above the barrel like a featherless vulture.

"Just about enough to go round," he said with satisfaction. Then his face reddened. "Where's that Chink?" he demanded. "Hey, Li Hung Chang, or whatever you call yourself! On deck!"

The Chinese appeared at the door of the galley, not nude but wearing a spotless suit of white, evidently new. At Cameron's shrill bellow he turned back into the galley. There Li Cheng Yang, clad in the mourning prescribed by the unchanging tradition of his race, began that ceremony of sacrifice that the eldest son must perform above the grave of his father.

He smashed the galley lamp on the floor directly beneath the stove's gasoline tank. He had punctured a hole in the tank, the night before, sealing the opening with soap. A match dropped into the oil pool flared up and burned smokily. The flames spread. Li Cheng Yang watched until the soap began to bubble and melt.

Then he ran. He was halfway across the waist to the poop before the crew marked him. They stood, irresolute, as he flashed past, white garments streaming. Only the captain squalled in alarm when the cook mounted the poop and made for the dinghy hanging at the stern. Cameron plunged down into his cabin as Li Cheng Yang struggled with the lines.

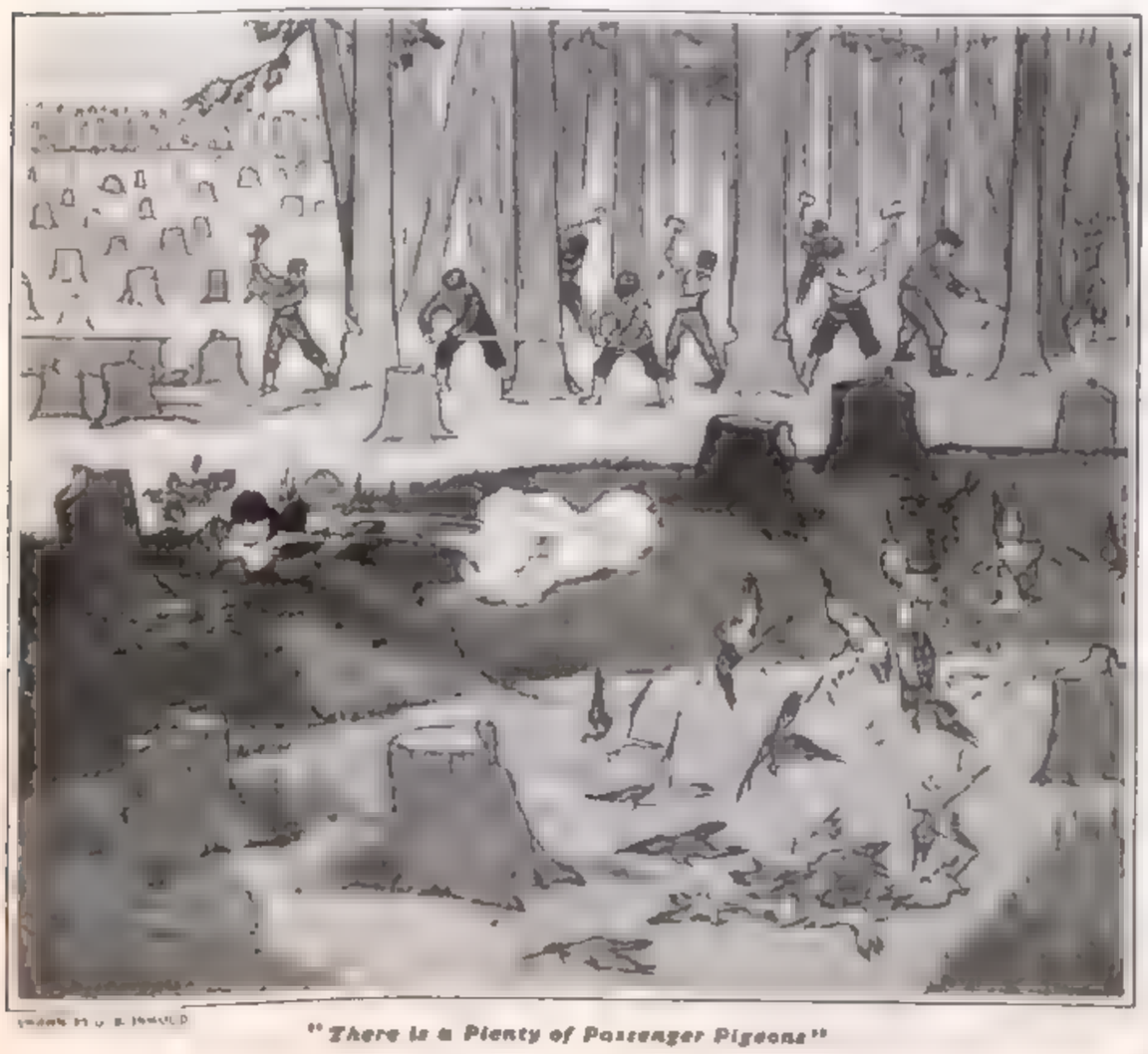
As the captain vanished there was the sound of a mighty cough. The galley window turned bright yellow and a great blast of flame puffed out of the doorway. The dry wood crackled and blazed. Snakes of fire ran up the foremast. The furled sail caught and smoldered.

Cameron emerged, revolver in hand. The crew, saturated with gasoline, the deck beneath their feet slippery with the fluid, stampeded toward him. He paid no heed to them or their screams, but fired at the white figure, still struggling at the davits. Li Cheng Yang pitched forward on his hands and knees and climbed back to his feet while Cameron shot again and again. The cook drew from his bosom the mate's sheath knife and cut the dinghy away. It dropped into the water, and the tide that sucks past Black Key carried it away as it had taken other charges the Congo had committed to its keeping.

Li Cheng Yang stood erect, with a red blotch spreading between his shoulders. He crossed his hands upon his breast, fingers extended.

The entire forward part of the schooner was crackling and spouting. Flame was climbing the mainmast now. It floated in tiny pennons from the rigging. A puff of wind shouldered the blaze back toward the poop in a great orange-and-black cloud. As it lifted momentarily, Li saw the spilled gasoline ignite and dance palely across the deck. The drum and the improvised tub both belched fire. He saw a negro, his hair flaring like a torch, wade knee deep through flame toward the rail and go down before he reached it.

Li Cheng Yang struggled against the cough that racked him and tried weakly to begin the ritual decreed for the son who sacrifices with fire at the grave of his father. Something welled up in his throat and mercifully choked him before the next gust of wind enveloped the entire schooner in flame.



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THE JERVIS FURNITURE

(Continued from Page 13)

of their antique workmanship absorbed the light, now that Cleithra had closed the shutters.

Eddie Brewer worked in the Five Cents Savings Bank. It was a country bank founded in 1843, and anyone could tell that Eddie worked in a country bank. He took too little pains with his personal appearance to throw anyone off the track. He had the peculiar stoop that comes of bending over the lowest drawer of the signature cards. His eyes peered through his nickel-rimmed spectacles in the mild, striving fashion attained only by the employe in charge of next year's Santa Claus Club, who becomes singularly expert in examining the new members through the gold bars of the teller's window. The sleeves of his blue serge coat were worn to a mirrorlike brilliance, as were the unpressed knees of his baggy trousers; and his pockets sagged in a weakly fashion, displaying a tobacco tin in his coat and two yellow pencils in his vest.

It seemed to Cleithra that Eddie was never more so, though she only vaguely knew what she meant by the phrase. He was never more so, and the furniture was never more so, and everything was never more so than that fateful afternoon. If Eddie had only guessed, if he had only left one of his pencils behind, and had stopped at the shoe-shine parlor—but he never guessed. He came into the room peering ahead of him just as he always did, walking with his curious ambling stride.

"Eddie," said Cleithra, "won't you ever stand up straight?"

The furniture seemed a part of Eddie also. She always felt it when he came. The weight of time seemed pressing on his shoulders.

"I know," he said—"I know, Cleithra, but I sort of keep forgetting."

"Haven't I asked you often enough?" demanded Cleithra.

There was small opportunity for the head of the Santa Claus Club to indulge in the study of woman's wayward moods. If he had only guessed, there still was time; but Eddie took her words like a Federal Reserve note, at their face value.

"Cleithra," he said mildly, "I always do my best to do what you ask me, Cleithra." If he wanted, he still could stand up straight, and he was quite tall when he unwound himself. "Only I sort of keep forgetting," he concluded.

"Then for goodness' sake sit down!" said Cleithra.

Obediently, even smiling, Eddie sat down by the table.

"Won't you ever stop twisting your hands around your knees?" said Cleithra.

She was looking at him as she had looked at the Chippendale chairs; but though he was old enough to know better Eddie smiled at her in a dazzled, adolescent manner.

"I know," he said—"I know, but I sort of keep forgetting when I see you, Cleithra. It sort of makes me forget."

His threadbare suit was like the worn upholstery. There was an odor of wood smoke on his clothes that was like the very air.

"Eddie," said Cleithra, "won't you stop twisting your hands around your knees?"

"Uh—I forgot," said Eddie.

There was a silence, like all the other silences when Eddie came to call. Eddie gazed about him vacantly, unembarrassed by his lack of speech. Cleithra had picked up her book, and suddenly with a curious little smile she seated herself on one of the Jervis Chippendales. She knew he knew that no one ever sat in the Jervis Chippendales. She hoped he would notice, but he did not notice.

"Cleithra," he said.

"What?" asked Cleithra shortly.

"Don't you ever wear the pin I gave you when we were in high school?"

Cleithra tossed her head.

"It's on my bureau," she answered; "I sort of keep forgetting."

Eddie smiled and twisted his long fingers.

"Cleithra," he said.

"Oh, what is it?" said Cleithra. "Why don't you ever get on with what you've got to say?"

A faint pink suffused Eddie's face and he twisted his fingers rapidly.

"It isn't much, only—only you look beautiful, Cleithra."

She wanted to laugh, and yet at the same time she had another more complicated sensation.

"Why, Eddie!" she cried.

Eddie's face was growing red. Perhaps he knew in some instinctive way that he had done a romantic thing, but how was a head of the Santa Claus Club to know it might have ended there? He was beyond the limits of compound interest, out in the space near the fourth dimension, where the minds of many greater men have run in vague parabolas. Eddie did not know the art of leaving things out, when a balance sheet left out nothing.

"It's the chair," he said. "At least I guess it must be."

"The chair?" cried Cleithra.

Eddie rubbed his fingers hastily. By some freak of reflex his fingers in that dread moment were back in some imaginary teller's cage, fingering airy piles of bills, detached and independent of his thoughts.

"It sort of goes with you," said Eddie. "I don't know —— It sort of brings you out; yes, brings you out. You go with the chair and the chair goes with you. I don't know —— It sort of brings you out —— Uh—what's the matter, Cleithra?"

"The matter is," said Cleithra, bouncing out of the armchair, "I'm sick of being compared with antiques! I'm not an antique!"

"Now, Cleithra," said Eddie, "I didn't mean anything. Isn't it one of the Jervis Chippendales?"

Then Cleithra said a terrible thing, as terrible almost as the utterance of the gentleman in The Man Without a Country, when he damned the United States:

"Damn the Jervis Chippendales!"

Eddie Brewer shuffled his feet nervously. He could find no adequate response.

"Aren't you going to say anything?" cried Cleithra.

"But—but, Cleithra," said Eddie, "what do you want me to say?"

Cleithra made a violent gesture. She had been taught it was wrong to give way to impulse. She had never known she was that kind of a girl.

"I want you to say anything that's alive," she answered—"anything that's human! Can't you get angry? Can't you do anything?"

"But, Cleithra," said Eddie, "what do you want me to do?"

"Do you think," Cleithra demanded, "I'd stay here and die of dry rot, if I was a man? Eddie, Eddie, why don't you go out where there're men? Why don't you go to the city, where people are still living? That's what I want you to do, Eddie! Eddie, won't you go?"

And the funny part of it was, though Cleithra did not know it, she did not want Eddie to do that particular thing just then. Eddie slumped feebly back in his chair.

"Honest, Cleithra," he said, "you sort of make me think of some sort of advertisement. Aren't I doing well enough here? Aren't I the head of the Santa Claus Club? That means something, don't it?"

Eddie sighed and grasped tight hold of his knee, as other Brewers had once grasped bulwarks in a storm.

"Now, Cleithra," he continued mildly, "I guess I'm old-fashioned. I sort of like the old place. It's nice and comfortable and quiet. You know what's going to happen next here. We're both kind of old-fashioned, Cleithra."

"I'm not at all old-fashioned!" snapped Cleithra.

"Why, now—you are so," said Eddie.

"I'm not!"

There was another silence. Eddie was still holding to his knee.

"Cleithra," he said at length, "I didn't mean it about the chair."

But his speech passed by her like a voice lost in a storm.

"Eddie," said Cleithra, "are you going to stay here always?"

"Yup," he said, "I guess so. It's nice and comfortable. I've seen all the world I wanted when I went out to war."

"Well, I'm not!" said Cleithra.

"Not—what?"

Eddie let go of his knee and sat up straight.

"Not going to stay," said Cleithra; "I'm going."

"W-where?" stammered Eddie.

"Where people are alive!" Cleithra's voice had suddenly grown discordantly shrill. "I can't bear it! I can't bear it! I'm not meant to dry up like an apple in the cellar! I'm not a curio! I'm not a piece of local color!"

(Continued on Page 176)

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(Continued from Page 174)

"Cleithra!" said Eddie. "Cleithra!"

"Don't you hold my hand!" said Cleithra. "It won't do any good. You don't even want to be where there's a present, where the only antiques you see are in the store windows, where there aren't any tea rooms and gift shops and historical societies and quaint doorways and ——"

"Cleithra," said Eddie, "you're—not—really—going?"

Cleithra brushed past him. For some reason, even in her triumph, she was close to tears again.

"You see if I'm not going!" she said.

"Cleithra," said Eddie—and his voice was ludicrously hoarse—"don't—don't go, Cleithra."

"I'm going!" she said. "I'm going!"

"By thunder!" exclaimed Eddie.

He stepped backward. His shoulder struck against the mantelpiece, and the ginger jars rattled warningly.

"By thunder!" he ejaculated. "I'll bet it's that feller you met down in New York."

But Cleithra was not there to answer. She was running blindly and breathlessly up the stairs. When she reached her room with the fourpost bed and the curved-front maple bureau she was still out of breath. She was at the parting of the ways, but still she never paused. It was a cruel twist of fate that Eddie should have pointed out the path, for all of a sudden, right in that minute, she knew that Eddie was right. It was the one she had met in New York. He had been the one all the time.

Aunt Sarah was sitting on the horsehair rocker in the square-front guest chamber, where she always sat when Eddie came to call. Aunt Sarah put her washcloth hastily to one side when Cleithra hurried in.

"Aunt Sarah," said Cleithra, "I'm going to be married!"

Aunt Sarah had a habit of taking things calmly.

"Land sakes!" she said. "Where's Edward? Is he waiting in the hall?"

"Aunt Sarah," said Cleithra, "it isn't Eddie. It's—it's Eustis Muldoon."

"It's—who?" inquired Aunt Sarah, adjusting her glasses.

"Eustis Muldoon," said Cleithra. "I met him when I was staying in New York."

"Why—why," exclaimed Aunt Sarah, "is he downstairs now?"

"No," said Cleithra; "only Eddie."

"Then how d'you know you're going to get married?"

"Because he asked me," said Cleithra, "and I love him. I found it out just now."

"How can you make up your mind like that?" demanded Aunt Sarah. "He isn't even a New England family."

And then Cleithra said a thing so strange and full of venom that Aunt Sarah gave a little jump.

"No," said Cleithra, "he isn't—thank the Lord!"

"Can he provide for you?" inquired Aunt Sarah. "What is it he makes his living at?"

"You wouldn't understand," said Cleithra. "He's a publicity engineer."

That was how Eustis Muldoon came back again into Cleithra's life, unexpectedly and inadvertently. Can anything show better that the great moments of life are born of small beginnings? If it hadn't been for Eddie, Eustis might never have surprised the confines of Southport. If the Jervis furniture had been sold in a previous generation, Eustis would never have boarded a northbound train.

Eustis Muldoon was a big man in the New York office that handles the Nonslip Garter account. There was nothing small-town about Eustis. He hit on all six cylinders from the minute he jumped out of bed in the morning and began contorting himself in a scientific body-building manner, to the time he turned his bedside light on The Ten Don'ts for Salesmen that hung framed beside his pillow. Eustis was hitting on all six when he received Cleithra's telegram. What Cleithra liked best about Eustis was his lack of old-fashioned ideas. He had never seen anything older than the stage set of a Broadway show, and it was natural that there was nothing old-fashioned in the way he reacted when he received Cleithra's message.

Eustis was working when he got his reaction. His problem was a form letter to the trade, and he was thinking it out in his own private office with its glass-topped desk. In order to give his brain full play he had cleared his desk for action, until nothing remained upon it but a blank sheet of paper, a day-to-day calendar, a small glass bowl of paper clips, a pen, a geyser-like nonevaporating inkwell, and another glass bowl containing a little sponge, which the office boy moistened every morning. Eustis never used the sponge. In fact he never quite knew what it was for, save that it was a part of the innate order of all the things he accepted, a necessity in the great fabric of the world. Eustis accepted the sponge as he accepted the universe.

Eustis had removed his coat and vest, and had rolled up the sleeves of his striped silk shirt, though it was a winter day. He was pacing noiselessly back and forth on his rubber heels, with his jaw thrust ominously forward. So far he had written nothing, but the day was still comparatively young. The morning sun shone on his neatly clipped blond hair and was reflected in the gloss of his collar. He strode up and down in front of his desk. After adequate pacing he knew an original idea would come to him, and it might have come if Cleithra's telegram had not arrived first. Right in the midst of modern things, past the typewriters and through all the waves of pulsing thought that make business what it is came Cleithra's telegram. Eustis tore open the envelope with a single sweep of his finger and snapped the paper flat, and then his hand trembled.

"Oh, boy!" he murmured. "It's an S O S!" His hand still trembled. He laid the telegram on the table and straightened his green-striped tie that was made to match his shirt. It read:

Come and take me away the way you said you would. I love you. CLEITHRA.

"Get me a telegraph blank," said Eustis, "quick!"

He said it so loud and vibrantly that they heard him outside.

"Is anything the matter?" asked someone, peering through a crack of the door.

"I've sold her!" cried Eustis.

"Sold who?"

There were more of them at the door. It was like them not to understand.

"Boys," said Eustis solemnly, "I'll tell you what's the matter. I'm going to marry the sweetest girl in the world."

The telegraph blank was before him. He jabbed his pen at the inkwell so violently that a drop of ink fell upon his hand.

"I'm on my way," he wrote. "Kisses, kisses, kisses."

The sunlight sparkled through the window upon the glass-topped desk and its easy-rolling drawers—a heavy, graceless, utilitarian affair. The inkwell was shining with the sun, and the metal on the telephone was shining. The gray paint glistened on the metal letter cabinet. Eustis was putting on his coat. He was on his way, but how was he to know where he was going?

Perhaps it was natural that Aunt Sarah simply couldn't get it through her head. Though Cleithra told her about it again and again, there still were gaps which Aunt Sarah's mind was too superannuated to leap. Try as she might, Cleithra always seemed to leave Aunt Sarah a jump or two behind when it came to explaining Eustis.

Aunt Sarah rubbed her spectacles desperately with her handkerchief; but though there was not a blur upon the lenses it made no difference. All through the evening before, and all through the day, Aunt Sarah had been rubbing her spectacles. It was all like a continued story in a magazine that lacked a synopsis to the previous installments. To Aunt Sarah that story was always an inexplicable affair.

Even when Aunt Sarah held Eustis Muldoon's message in her hand, it revealed nothing. He still was like a jack-in-the-box or a pipe that the frost had burst. He still projected himself just as suddenly into the situation; and always, right to the end, Eustis was just the same to Aunt Sarah.

"I'm on my way," she read. "Kisses, kisses, kisses."

Aunt Sarah took off her glasses and rubbed them on her handkerchief. There was some unknown element in that hearty message which continually passed her by. Those words had given Cleithra a curious radiance, but to her they were only words gracelessly put together.

"I do think, Cleithra," said Aunt Sarah, "he might have left some of the kisses out. That is, if he is a nice young man."

"But, Aunt Sarah," Cleithra replied patiently, "don't you see, dear, it's only the way they do things now?"

"Well," said Aunt Sarah, "all I can say is he doesn't come of a New England family. When I was young, one kiss went quite as far, and that was far enough."

"But, Aunt Sarah," reiterated Cleithra, "you don't know Eustis. He's modern and—it's the way they do things now."

"I must be old-fashioned," said Aunt Sarah; "I must say I don't understand."

Aunt Sarah sighed and adjusted her glasses. Aunt Sarah never let things go. She was dazed, but she still hung on.

"What I don't see," she remarked, "is how you ever met him."

"Haven't I told you?" cried Cleithra desperately. "Haven't I told you? It was when I was visiting Polly Jones, and he came there to dinner."

"But mercy on us!" cried Aunt Sarah. "He couldn't have proposed to you there! The young men haven't got so far as that!"

"Of course he didn't," said Cleithra. "That is—not exactly."

How could she explain? It had seemed so simple back there with the noise of the city streets, as natural as natural that she should look at Eustis and Eustis should look at her. She had bought a party dress to wear that evening. It was hidden now in the bottom of her trunk, because it was another of those things she could never have explained. She had worn a flower in her hair.

Eustis had sent everybody flowers. She had thought that Eustis' nose was a trifle large at first, and that his yellow hair was coarse and stubbly. She had been surprised at the embroidered black flowers on his silk vest, and at the fluffy plaits in his shirt, but she forgot it all when Eustis spoke. She never could remember exactly what he said. He talked very quickly and kept laughing all the time, and his laughter made her laugh. But how could she tell Aunt Sarah? There were things too wild and impossible to explain in the Jervis sitting room.

How could she tell Aunt Sarah that it was the first time—the only time that she had ever felt alive? How could she tell Aunt Sarah that Eustis had held her hand beneath the table, and that she had let him hold her hand? There in the Jervis sitting room, with the lamplight on the Jervis andirons and the painting of the Sun Maid, it seemed only like a dream; and the things that she had said and the things that Eustis had said were like the speeches of two shadows.

"Then when did he propose to you?" inquired Aunt Sarah.

Twenty-four hours had elapsed since Aunt Sarah had first heard of Eustis, and Aunt Sarah's will to learn was strong. Cleithra found herself growing weary.

"Haven't I told you again and again?" she answered. "He proposed to me after dinner."

At this point the whole transaction always got away from Aunt Sarah.

"But where?" she demanded. "That's what I don't see—not right in the sitting room with everybody around. Young men can't be coming to that."

"Oh, I told you we weren't in the sitting room!" cried Cleithra. "If you must know, it was when we went out to dance."

Somehow, now that she knew that Eustis was coming, she felt astonishingly vague about it. How could she explain when that whole evening had become a part of a golden age that defied the understanding? Cleithra had never known there was anything like the Friday Evening Club, and how could she explain? She wished that Eustis would come and end it all. It had cost ten dollars to get into the Friday Evening Club, and Eustis had paid for the crowd out of a pigskin wallet with E. M. marked on it in letters of gold, and she had not thought it strange. That night the money and the lights were only a background as things of the world should be. There were lots of lights, green, blue and red, all hidden in paper flowers, and little tables and little chairs, silly things with spindly golden legs. And there was Eustis—she could still see him if she shut her eyes and forgot the Jervis room. It was Eustis who made the memory all real. He was the personification of everything, and the purpose of it all. The music went right through Eustis like a radioactive wave from his toes right out between his teeth in a syncopating whistle. What was it he had said? Back in Southport it was all mixed up and blotted out by the chairs and tables.

"Little girl," Eustis had said, "I want to sell you on an idea."

How could she tell Aunt Sarah that?

"Little girl," Eustis had said, "I want to sell myself to you. I want to sell you on me."

"He wanted to sell himself to you?" cried Aunt Sarah. "Is that what he said? Well, all I can say is—I call it immoral. If he said a thing like that, he can't be a nice young man."

Cleithra saw the hopelessness of it then, and the uselessness of youth explaining to age.

"Cleithra," said Aunt Sarah, "don't you throw down your book like that! Haven't I told you it would break the binding on the back?"

The lamplight was shining on the ginger jars. The Lowestoft and the luster cups in the corner cupboard were like soldiers in a row. The shadows of the Chippendales were black against the wainscot, and the shadows of the table and the other chairs sprawled across the threadbare carpet. Again the sight of Aunt Sarah and of those passive worn-out things made Cleithra's breath come fast.

"Oh," cried Cleithra, "I can't explain any more! I wish he'd come and take me away—that's all! I want him to take me away."

Cleithra did not need to worry. Eustis was on his way. The hired girl was washing the supper dishes when Eustis came. Cleithra and Aunt Sarah were back in the Jervis sitting room, and the quiet of evening was over the house when Eustis came. Eustis came like a wish turned true, long before Cleithra or Aunt Sarah expected him. Of course Cleithra had got the front guest room ready, but who was to think that Eustis would be there the same day as his telegram? Cleithra was by the lamp trying to read from a leather-covered book, but her thoughts kept mingling with the letters on the page.

"Well, I declare," Aunt Sarah was just saying, "have you told Edward Brewer? Isn't this the night he calls?"

And then before ever Cleithra could reply there was a sound that caused Aunt Sarah to put down her washcloth.

"Dear me!" she added. "There's someone coming now—in an automobile. That isn't at all like Edward."

It was so unlike Edward that Cleithra started to her feet with a little cry. There was an automobile in the street outside. She could hear the engine in spite of the closed shutters. And then someone was pounding with the brass knocker on the front door. It was someone who did not know the Jervis house, for a hand bell had been placed beneath the knocker forty years ago. Aunt Sarah also was on her feet. It was the beginning of a night of things she never rightly understood. She was hard of hearing, and yet even to Aunt Sarah the sound of the knocking was very loud. It echoed in the hallway and rattled on the latch.

"Cleithra," said Aunt Sarah, "it is he."

Even in times of the greatest crisis Aunt Sarah seldom forgot her grammar.

"Well," said Aunt Sarah, "there he is. Why don't you let him in?"

And then she noticed that Cleithra had not moved. She was standing with her finger on her lips.

"Whatever is it?" snapped Aunt Sarah. "Didn't you want him to take you away?"

And still Cleithra did not move. Instead she said a thing which under the circumstances was totally inexplicable.

"You needn't be so horrid about it," she cried. "How should I have known he'd come so fast?"

The knocker made a dreadful noise. Its sound waves rose and fell in a curious synchronization that seemed to make the whole house shake. The pounding of the knocker was like the pounding of Cleithra's heart as she hurried into the hall. It could only have been a second or two before she opened the front door with its brass latch and hand-wrought hinges; but it seemed like a long time, ever so long, like a hiatus between an end and a beginning. Was it the way Aladdin felt when he rubbed the ancient lamp and a genial shape was conjured out of the celestial air?

There was destiny in the sound of the knocker on the door. Outside, with only half an inch of oak standing in the way, the present was beating against the past. In another second she would hear the voice of the present, and what would she do then?

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Aunt Sarah. "Won't you let him in? Didn't you say you loved him?"

"Of course I love him," returned Cleithra shrilly. "But ——"

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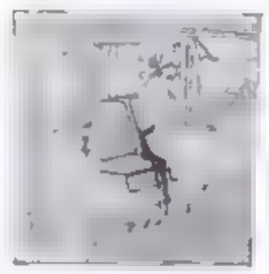

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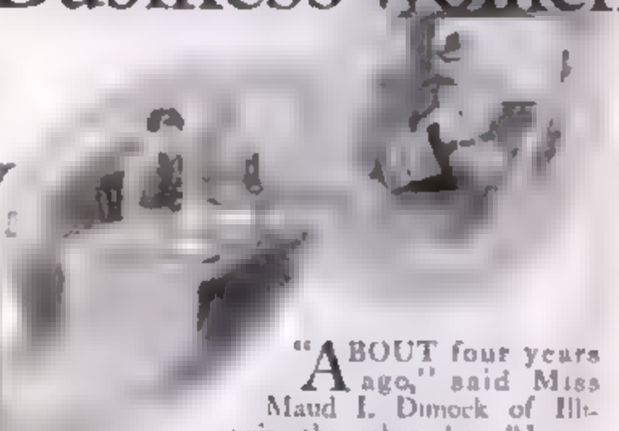

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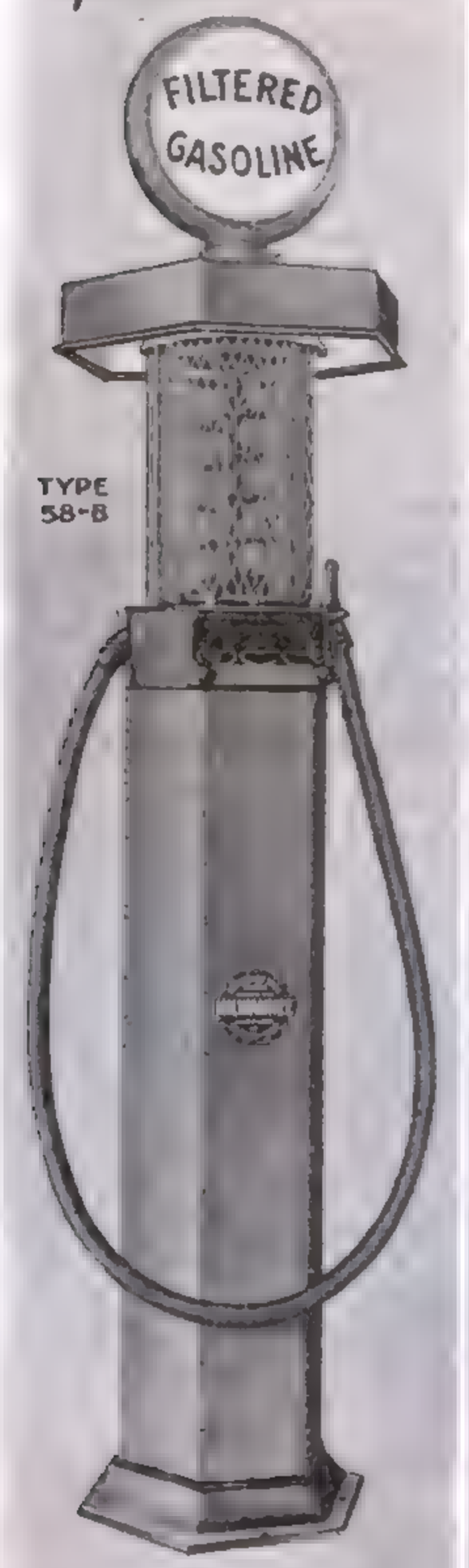

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"But what?" snapped Aunt Sarah. "Why, I declare, he'll be knocking down the door!"

"Oh," gasped Cleithra, "c-can't you understand?"

"No," said Aunt Sarah, "I can't, and that's the truth. If you don't open that door at once I'll lose my wits."

The latch stuck. Cleithra had to give it a frantic tug before the Jervis door flew open. The wind outside blew it open and Eustis blew right in. When Eustis was knocking at the door it had seemed almost like a dream; but Aunt Sarah was the only one who thought Eustis was like a dream, once he blew inside. Always, always both Eustis and that night were like a dream to her.

The first thing she saw of Eustis was his striped overcoat and his fluffy felt hat, and then Eustis' overcoat seemed to wrap itself right around Cleithra like a blanket on the clothesline—with the door wide open and all the neighbors staring across the street! Aunt Sarah ran to the door and closed it.

"My sweetheart!" Eustis was saying. "My sweetheart!"

Eustis did not mumble his words. He said them so loud that there was a crash in the back kitchen. The hired girl had broken a dish.

"Eustis!" Cleithra gasped. "Eustis! Here's Aunt Sarah!"

"I certainly am here," said Aunt Sarah crisply. "I've been here all the time!"

If Aunt Sarah had more to say, she never said it. Aunt Sarah's voice ended in a startled squeak. Eustis Muldoon had kissed her.

"Oh, boy!" cried Eustis. "Believe me, I'm not forgetting anyone tonight!"

His voice boomed through the ancient spaces, fresh and vibrant with life. There was life in the way he smiled, snap in the way he twirled out of his coat and hurled it at the Adam sofa. As it went snap around the curve of the mahogany, Cleithra could not help finding herself startled. Eustis had treated the sofa as though it was nothing at all. His striped woolly coat enveloped an entire end of it and draped itself over the back.

There followed a curious silence that was like a part of the winter chill. Cleithra knew she should say something. There was Eustis—could anything be more splendid—straight as an arrow, dominant and strong; but Cleithra could not think of a single consecutive syllable. Eustis himself, who knew the value of poise and personality, must have felt something was queer.

"Look here," he said, "won't anyone say anything?"

"Young man," said Aunt Sarah gravely, "since you ask me, I'll say just this: You meant every word you inserted in your telegram."

Eustis laughed—a hearty, buoyant laugh filled with good cheer and hope. It was the best laugh in all his stock of laughter, but even to his own ears it did not seem wholly genuine. Cleithra still said nothing. In the greatest moment of her life she found herself bereft of words. Was there anything different about Eustis? His suit was just the same—a heather-gray suit, neatly pressed, with a handkerchief peeping out of his upper pocket. His hair, even, had the same aggressive sweep.

"Eustis!" she said. "Oh, Eustis, you frightened Aunt Sarah!"

"Come on now!" remonstrated Eustis. "A fellow's got to show he's glad. If you don't look out, I'll kiss you all again."

"Eustis!" cried Cleithra weakly.

"Cleithra," said Aunt Sarah, "I'll trouble you to tend to your own affairs."

"Ah-ha!" roared Eustis jovially. "Didn't I tell you? The girls never mind a chaste salute."

"Eustis!" cried Cleithra.

What would Aunt Sarah say? What ever would Aunt Sarah say? She did not dare look at Aunt Sarah, but in that crisis Aunt Sarah exhibited admirable self-control.

"Well, I never!" was all she said.

Was there anything different about Eustis? Cleithra wondered why she found herself asking and asking. What was it that made him different? She could not understand.

Until they both were in the Jervis sitting room she never understood. She was still a little dizzy and her hands felt very cold. Eustis kept talking and talking, and Cleithra answered mechanically, without exactly knowing what she said. Aunt Sarah had left them; but even when she was gone Cleithra could not rid herself of a curious hallucination that she and Eustis were not entirely alone. She wondered if Eustis felt it too. Now and then she fancied he was fighting off some invisible restraint.

Was it all New England? She kept telling herself it was. She knew it was until she and Eustis were in the sitting room. Then it came over her all at once that it was not Eustis' fault at all. It had nothing to do with Eustis. It was the Jervis furniture.

Eustis was perfectly natural. Why was she uneasy? Why was she constrained? Eustis stamped across the threshold, whistling a rollicking tune, and brushed against the center table. Cleithra did her best to feel it was romantic: but even when Eustis kissed her the whole situation was still inadequate. Eustis was as masterful as ever. He had never looked so handsome and aggressive as he did in the Jervis sitting room. The very contrast of Eustis and the carpet made Eustis the epitome of everything she dreamed, and yet she was still uneasy. Perhaps there was contagion in her uneasiness, for gradually a slightly bewildered look came over Eustis' face. Eustis had ceased to look at her. He was looking at the room; but not as others were accustomed to look at it, not with kindness or enthusiasm. She saw his glance move quickly from the table to the desk, to the chairs, and then to the china cupboard.

"Holy cats!" said Eustis.

As he spoke he stretched his hands towards the table, not gently or appreciatively. It was a simple gesture, but somehow Cleithra felt indignant at the way he touched it. It caused her to start involuntarily, and to speak before she knew what she was saying.

"Oh, don't!" cried Cleithra. "Please, Eustis! Don't you see it's old?"

"Holy cats!" said Eustis. "Isn't there anything here that's new?"

Why was it, when she had asked herself that same question time and again, that she should feel indignant when Eustis asked it?

"There isn't a thing in the room," said Cleithra, "that hasn't been in the family for at least three generations."

Eustis laughed, whole-heartedly and good-naturedly.

"There's nothing funny about it," said Cleithra sharply.

"But, sweetheart," remonstrated Eustis. "it is funny—funny why you keep 'em. They're all busted."

She wished Eustis would take his hand from the table. She almost wanted to snatch it away. Joyful and oblivious, Eustis gave the table a playful push and walked toward the Jervis Chippendales. Was he going to touch them also? She wished—she hoped he would not.

"Eustis!" cried Cleithra. Even at that moment she was surprised at the horror in her voice. "Don't pull so at those chairs!"

"But, sweetheart," said Eustis genially, "I'm only looking for one I can sit on."

Was it the same thing she had said? Could she have said it only a little while ago?

"But, Eustis," cried Cleithra, "no one ever sits in the Jervis Chippendales."

Eustis looked at her with a playful smile. She had never realized that his nose was so large or his hair so coarse.

"Oh, come now," he remonstrated, "what's the use in talking about a chair? What's a chair for, dear, but to sit on?"

And before Cleithra could answer his question Eustis Muldoon had used one of the Jervis Chippendales for the purpose it was intended.

It was always, always a dream to Aunt Sarah. The apparition of Eustis in the hall was like a vision of the subconscious mind, and all the events that followed were always like the illogical events that come with sleep. Aunt Sarah went right upstairs to her own room. Though she was habitually an industrious old lady, always with a book to read or with a half-made washcloth in her hands, she spent a long time occupying herself with nothing after she met Eustis. She walked about the room, and then seated herself in her Boston rocking-chair, and then hesitated, sighed and crossed the room again to where her bureau stood. Above her bureau was one of those historic horrors with a historic painting on the top, of the combat between the Constitution and the Guerrière. Aunt Sarah, however, did not examine the painting. After a while Aunt Sarah felt a call on her conscience, for she still had antique ideas of the proprieties.

"I guess," she said at length, "those young people have been together quite long enough."

(Continued on Page 180

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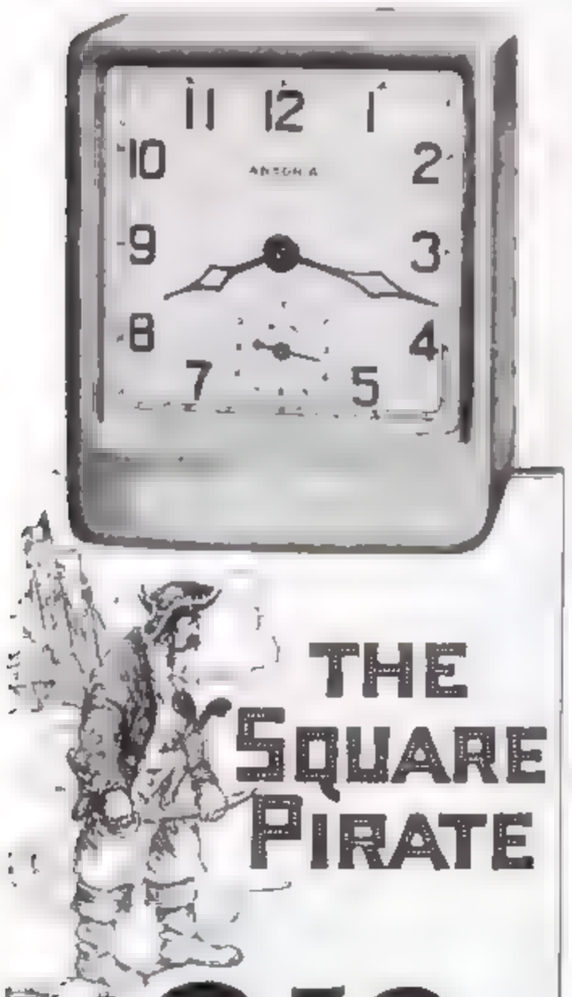

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(Continued from Page 178)

Aunt Sarah then put on her very nicest shawl and came downstairs, taking care to stamp loudly at each step. The sitting-room door was closed and the hall was very quiet. She noticed that Eustis' coat was gone from the Adam sofa.

"Nice boy," said Aunt Sarah. "Nice boy. He's hung his coat in the closet."

Aunt Sarah knocked upon the sitting-room door. There was no response. She knocked again, but still there was no answer. Though Aunt Sarah was a little frightened then, she was always a determined old lady. She bit her lip and pulled the door right open.

"Mercy me," said Aunt Sarah, "I thought you two had run away!"

And then she saw there were not two. Cleithra was sitting by the lamp with her head in her hands, and Eustis was not there.

"Mercy me," said Aunt Sarah shrilly, "where is Eustis?"

Cleithra looked up. Her cheeks were very wet. She looked half frightened and half puzzled, quite the way the hired girl had once looked when she broke a Lowestoft teacup. "Eustis is gone," said Cleithra.

"Gone?" Aunt Sarah's voice had cracked. She opened and shut her eyes. "Gone? What made him go?"

It was all she could think to ask. Aunt Sarah hated tears and all excess emotion, and Cleithra's shoulders were shaking in an ominous way that quite shook Aunt Sarah's wits. "I made him go," sobbed Cleithra. "I told him to go away."

Aunt Sarah's knees felt weak, and she seated herself in her Windsor chair. Both she and the Windsor chair looked old and worn. Aunt Sarah laid hold of the arms, polished smooth by other Jervis hands. Her fingers closed over them so tightly that the Windsor chair gave a protesting squeak. Cleithra was sobbing more loudly, and the noise of her sobs set up an unmistakable atmospheric disturbance, which made everything uncomfortable. It quite set Aunt Sarah's nerves on edge; not so much Cleithra's sobbing as the unfitness of her sobbing.

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Sarah at last. "No, I never did! Here you have a young man, and no sooner he comes than you send him off. Mercy me! What made you send him off?"

The girl stared at her so oddly that Aunt Sarah would have been quite frightened if she had not come of sturdy stock.

"You wouldn't understand if I told you," Cleithra sobbed. "The room made me send him. I couldn't —— Oh, nothing was right when we were here."

"My dear," said Aunt Sarah faintly, "whatever are you saying? The room?"

Aunt Sarah was a little frightened. Purely through the force of suggestion, the room seemed quite extraordinary. She had not been so aware of the room in years as she was when Cleithra spoke. The room, Cleithra had said. After all, it was a beautiful room, though a little worn and shabby. Nevertheless, try as she might, she could not shake off an impossible suspicion that the room had something to do with Cleithra's state. Cleithra had a very wild, distraught appearance, not at all like a well-conducted, well-brought-up girl. The girl's words also were wild. It was the very best that anyone could say for them.

"My dear," gasped Aunt Sarah, "compose yourself! Whatever did he do?"

"Do?" cried Cleithra. "He didn't do anything! Oh, don't! What's the use in asking me, when I simply can't explain?"

There was a hollow snap. Aunt Sarah was taking her glasses from their case.

"Stuff and nonsense!" she cried sharply. "Don't you tell me you sent away a nice young man"

"He wasn't!" Cleithra interrupted her in the rudest sort of way. "He isn't nice!"

Though Aunt Sarah was slightly deaf, Cleithra had no reason to raise her voice to such a pitch. Before answering, Aunt Sarah took a firmer hold on the arms of her Windsor chair.

"On the contrary," she said evenly, "Eustis was a very nice young man, once one got—accustomed to him. Land sakes, you act as though young men grew on every bush and it wasn't an off season! Whatever's got into you? I declare I can't see. Nice? You thought he was nice enough to marry. Why didn't you find out sooner and save him the price of a railroad ticket?"

And Cleithra's answer was like all the rest of it, something Aunt Sarah could never wholly grasp, though sometimes afterward when the light was dim, and when she sat alone in the Jervis room, she would have a faint suspicion that she almost understood.

"It was the furniture," said Cleithra. "It was when he sat in the Jervis Chippendales."

"The furniture?" Aunt Sarah began. What was it about the furniture? What was it about everything that night? Her strength and will to learn were leaving her, and her head felt tired and old. "How you go on!" she ended. "You talk about the furniture as if it was alive. Nonsense! It's the Jervis women. They always were finicky, and I guess they always will be. Dear me, I ought to know!"

"No," said Cleithra dully. "Oh, don't you see? It ain't that. It's everything. Can't I ever get away from it—ever get away?"

Even as she asked she knew she could not, for she was aware at last of her own weakness and of the futility of trying; and perhaps Aunt Sarah also knew.

"There," remarked Aunt Sarah. "At last you've asked an intelligent question, and I'm old enough to answer it. Haven't you found out yet, my dear, that women never get away?"

And perhaps she had found it out, or perhaps she was too weary to resist for more than a little while the force of order and the rules of tradition. Already Cleithra had stopped crying. She wiped her eyes with the little lace handkerchief she had bought two weeks before. The Jervis women were seldom given for long to tears. Back somewhere into some dark and undiscovered recess of her soul the tide of her discontent was ebbing. She knew it was best to forget. Aunt Sarah said no more. The room was still again with its old stillness, as it always was of a winter's evening. Whatever it was that had struggled a little while for freedom was already falling back to sleep. Was it love or life or youth? She could not rightly tell. What was it she had hated? What was it she had wished? Already it seemed far away, sinking as the light did into the carving of the furniture that stood along the wall.

Quickly, surely, almost before she gave it thought, life was continuing again along its old dull lines. The clock in the Second Congregational Church was striking on the hour. What was it the Jervis furniture had done, or was it the furniture after all, or was it herself? She could not tell. She was only aware, dully and wearily aware, that life was going on. She could almost feel the cadence of the march of time. Already the rest, the flicker of disorder, was like some vision that comes in the watches of the night.

"Cleithra," said Aunt Sarah when the clock struck, "you're not forgetting—isn't this the night that Edward Brewer comes to call?"

Wearily, resignedly, Cleithra answered. Eustis and the memory of Eustis already seemed far away, of which nothing tangible was left but a bundle of letters in her bureau drawer which she would destroy on the morrow. She was almost glad that Eustis was gone; but was she glad that Eddie was drawing near?

"Oh, yes," said Cleithra with a little sigh. "Eddie will be coming."

Try as she might, Aunt Sarah could not discern whether Cleithra was glad or sorry.

"I don't see," said Aunt Sarah, "that there's any need of ever telling Edward."

It was the last time she ever spoke of that wild and puzzling episode, nor did Eddie ever know. When Eddie arrived in the sitting room, a broken piece on the back of one of the Jervis Chippendales was all that was left of Cleithra's revolution.

"Maybe," said Aunt Sarah to herself upstairs in the square-front guest room, "it's the way all girls get when they're making up their minds."

All that Eddie ever noticed was that Cleithra's face was a little flushed and that her eyes were unusually bright. She had never looked so wistfully beautiful before.

"Cleithra," began Eddie, "I sort of knew you weren't going away. I knew it all the time."

Why was it that Cleithra's voice trembled and then grew soft? Eddie did not try to guess at any reason, obvious or otherwise.

"Eddie," replied Cleithra, "I've told you and told you. Won't you ever stand up straight?" Though Eddie was singularly contented, he replied with his old answer, as inevitable as the ginger jars and the Sun Maid and the Jervis chairs.

"I know," said Eddie; "I know; but somehow, Cleithra, I sort of keep forgetting."

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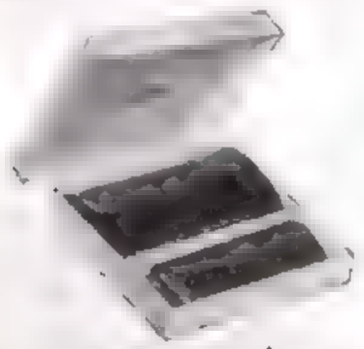

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GENERALLY SPEAKING

(Continued from Page 15)

hounds into the news that 'that there Donegan boy, by cricky, is making 'em sit up in the House,' while the truth is he ain't doing nothing but make 'em walk out and over him."

"Well," I returns, "they ain't gonna be nothing like that from me. Anything I got to say is gonna be yelped right out in meeting and with appropriated gestures."

"Instead of handing me laughs," suggests Skeets, "why don't you try me with another smile?"

"All right," says I, putting the word and action into the same suit. "Did you vote for prohibition?"

"I did," he answers; "but what of it? I also voted for a bill to pump water outta swamps, but that ain't no reason that I gotta quit drinking it, is it?"

"No," I admits, "especially when you got so many other reasons."

"When," horns in the frau at this junction, "is we supposed to call on the President?"

"I don't know," returns Donegan. "Not in the first twelve years, anyways. I guess you got the same ideas my misses had when we first B-and-O'd into this burg. Sarah figured she'd be run ragged with swell receptions and balls and such ——"

"Wasn't they anything like that?" cuts in Kate, and I sees her lips shimmy.

"I don't wanna hurt your feelings none," says Skeets, kinda kindly; "but the wife of a new congressman in Washington, unless she's staggering with dough, is got about the social stand-in with the capital set that the cross-eyed stepdaughter of the town washerwoman is got with the country-club crowd. I don't wanna be a wet blanket, but ——"

"You ain't, bo," I interrupts. "You're just a hearse that's been caught in the rain."

"Well," returns Donegan, gloomy, "if anything good should accidentally happen to you here, it'll be a pleasant surprise anyways. By-by, boy. See you in the House tomorrow."

The frau's ready to burst out in boo-hoos when Skeets adjourns hisself.

"This is one jam you can't blame on me," says I quick. "If it wasn't for you insisting I wouldn't be here hired out to wet-nurse useless papers in the Inferior Department and you wouldn't have kicked my credit in the face for a lotta useless rags that you ain't never gonna have no chance of springing."

The wife's so blue I ain't got the heart to go on with the razz.

"Cheer up, old gal," I switches, patting her on the back. "What Skeets says may be true about the regular run of garden congressmen and their kitchen cuties, but it don't hold good for Dink O'Day and the most beautiful woman in the world. You leave it to me, Kate, and I'll bet in a week we'll both be the sinecure of all eyes. They is a coupla tricks I learned up in Albany that hicks like Donegan don't know nothing about or is afraid to try. Being as I is not coming back here after this term's over ——"

"You ain't gonna do nothing silly, is you?" cuts in the misses.

"How could anybody," I comes back, "in Washington?"

"I ain't so sorry for myselfs," says Kate, "as I is for you. I thought you would maybe get on some of them big committees."

"Such as?" I injects.

"Well," answers the frau, "I picked the ones I wanted you to get on outta book Mr. Cravens gave me. Here it is; I copied 'em off—Ways and Means, Finance, Appropriations, Army and Navy, Judiciary and Post Office. I expected you could ask to be made chairman of two or three of them."

"That's a grand bunch," I admits; "but how did you figure I was gonna kill time after I got done with just them meetings?"

"They is some fine golf links here," says the wife. "I wish you could get on the Post Office committee anyhow."

"Why that one particular?" I inquires.

"So you could have that delivery in Doughmore fixed up," answers Kate. "They ain't no reason why Madge Coots should get her mail half a hour earlier than we does, especially when we lives nearer the post office and on a much sweller street. I've complained, but I can't get no satisfaction. Can't you ——"

"Consider it did," I cuts in, "and if that Coots jane kicks I'll stop her clock for her."

"How?" asks the misses.

"I'll get my committee to give her a Mexican War pension," I answers.

III

THE next day I goes over to the House to get sworn in, my introduction into office creating the amount of excitement that a wagonload of sand would if it was dumped into the Sarah Desert. I stumbles over a gross of merry mileagers getting to my seat, after the which I wraps myselfs in thought.

In spite of all the loud talk I'd pulled on Kate, I ain't really got no ideas on how I'm gonna make myselfs a large noise in Congress; but I figures something'll turn up. I was always kinda lucky that way; you know, hitching onto one of them last-minute life-savers. I remembers oncet, for example, I was trying to frame a excuse for getting outta date the misses had rigged up, and just as we leaves the house, alla my stuff having foozled, I trips on the steps and breaks a ankle.

Between thinks I listens to a lotta babies talking words. Pretty soon Donegan eases over and flops in a seat besides me.

"How do you like it?" he inquires.

"I think," says I, "they is one noun and two verbs that I ain't heard yet this morning."

"Cheer up," returns Skeets. "There's Vale getting to his feet. He'll use them up and a lot more that you didn't even know was in the dictionary."

It seems this bobo is got a bill or a resolution or something asking for permission for a coupla states out West to spend their own dough to build a can't-leave-her bridge across a river that runs between 'em.

"What's the idea?" I asks. "Can't folks cough up their own smackers to push over a improvement without getting Congress to slap 'em on the back?"

"It's a navigable stream," explains Donegan, "and ——"

"Navigable!" I cuts in. "I know that ditch well, and if you went wading in it you'd have to take a bucket of water along if you wanted to get the bottom of your steppers wet."

"It's navigable enough to float a pork barrel," says Skeets.

Well, this lad Vale starts talking about the bridge, but he don't stay on it long. The first thing I knows he's giving the Democratic Party blazes for buying too many sets of harness and shoehorns during the war; and then, like a chamois leaping from jig to jag, begins bellowing about a water-power steal that was pulled off twelve years back, going on with a defense of the tariff on ox eyes of zinc and a slap at the Japs for treating the Koreans rough.

"What," I asks Donegan, "is the connection between all of them things and this cuckoo's bill?"

"They ain't hardly none," he answers; "but it's a regular stunt around here when a bird finally gets the floor to hisself to make a campaign speech to the boys back home. I've seen bimbos jump to their toes to get a two-dollar pension boost for some veterinary in their district and talk about the rotten administration we is having or had last, as the cases may be.

"Another cute trick is to introduce a bill to appropriate eighty-six dollars for something or other and then stick a rider on it declaring war against France or something of that size."

"Ain't they no way to cure that habit?" I inquires.

"No," says Skeets. "They is a kinda gentleman's agreement between both parties to do such and such."

While me and Donegan is chinning Vale keeps on fanning the air; but he finally finishes by asking the unanimous consent of the House to push the bill ahead on the calendar or something like that.

"If they is no objection," announces the speaker, "it will be so ordered."

"I object," I yelps jumping up

Don't ask me why I done it. I ain't got no notion myselfs. I was just sore from having had to listen to that windjamming all morning, and besides they was something in the back of my head that kept saying, "Do something, kid, and do it pronto quick if you expects to crack any ice around here." Everybody in the House looks toward me wide-eyed. They couldn't a acted more nonfussed if I'd a walked up to the speaker's stand, pulled his wig off and started reciting Under the Village Blacksmith Tree.

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"Sit down!" hisses Skeets. "You can't do that." But I don't pay no attentions.

"May I ask," says Vale, "why the gentleman objects?"

"If you have breath enough left," I shoots back. "The answer is because I objects. Try and demigag that off."

"Does the gentleman realize," goes on the wind from the West, "that his action would prevent the bill from passing this session, and that ——"

"I didn't know I had that much luck," I cuts in. "If the boys back home should ask you how the bridge happened to take a flop you can tell 'em from Dink O'Day that you talked 'em out of it."

By this time they is half a dozen guys around me—Corless, the head of the New York delegation; Sweeney, the floor leader for our gang, and some others—all of 'em begging me to take back my objection; but they ain't a chance. I've attracted some attention, more of it in a minute than Donegan done in twelve years, and I ain't gonna let it get away from me. The House finally goes on to something else and Sweeney and Skeets drags me out into a small room outside.

"You're new," says the leader, "and you don't understand the works around here. We wouldn't never get nothing done in the House if we couldn't push the small stuff ahead by unanimous consent. Besides, they is a agreement between both parties not to butt in on local bills."

"Maybe," I tells him; "but I ain't in on it. From now and on nothing ain't gonna happen by unanimous consent in this joint. I'm gonna object all over the place and nobody ain't gonna stop me."

"Doesn't the party mean nothing to you?" asks Sweeney.

"Not nearly so much," I returns, "as the snow that fell on November 8, 1823, in Dutch Flat, California."

"I'm damned," growls the party whip. "Ain't you got some pet stuff you wanna put over?"

"Nothing but objections," says I, cool. I'm beginning to get hep to the fact that I've stirred up the animals strong and I'm fox enough to play with the fish.

"You wanna come back here next term, don't you?" yelps Sweeney.

"That's the joke," I answers. "I don't. I'm only gonna be here till the end of this session, but you lads'll remember I was here. Just a minute. I hears some guy asking for unanimous consent."

I rushes onto the floor just in time to crab the act for a gink that's after permission to put a statue in the park in front of the post office in his home town. He acts mad enough to heave a desk at me, but I just grins. After a hour or so, mosta which I'm on my feet with "I objects," the speaker takes a hand.

"If the gentleman from New York," says he, "persists in what he is doing we might as well adjourn for the day. What is the gentleman's purpose?"

"I'll tell you," says I, figuring the time is ripe for a new twist. "I been here only a day, but I has heard enough useless talk to keep a Chautauqua running for eight years. I'm gonna spoil everything I possibly can until this House takes a tumble to itself and sticks to the subjects they starts with. I'm giving notice right now that they ain't gonna be no such bird as unanimous consent winging around here until you lads knows what you wants and asks for it. I didn't come here to go swimming in words. That man Vale, for example, talked along about something he could 'a' put over and run away with in eight and one quarter seconds by a stopped watch. As far as I is concerned, the folks in his district might as well develop web feet. They ain't gonna get no bridge from me."

All the time I is speaking they is yells of "Sit down!" and "You're out of order!" and the such; but I got a good loud voice and it cuts right through the jeers and cat yowls. When I finishes they is a motion to adjourn and I beats it out, only to run plump into a flock of reporters. I talks free to them until Donegan comes along and pulls me away.

"You can't go on doing that," says Skeets.

"Why not?" I inquires.

"It ain't right," he comes back. "I got a coupla stunts I gotta put over or the gang'll send me up Salt River in November."

"I'll fix that," I tells him, generous. "You tip me when your act's on and I'll go out and take a smoke. By the way, Skeets, I wanted to ask you something. If I should object when they starts passing the minutes over, would they have to read the whole smear in the record?"

"Fat dog!" gasps Donegan. "You ain't thinking of that!"

"Well," says I, "a feller's got to keep his mind busy. The committees I'm on don't never meet, from what I hears, and the wife not having no places to go, they ain't no way for me to kill time except by thinking up trick stuff like I done today. Can you object to the chaplain's prayer?"

"I gotta see Sweeney this afternoon, anyway," returns Skeets, slow and mysterious, and leads hisself off.

On account of a investigation I makes into how good the Volstead Act is being enforced in its own home town, I don't get to see the frau until very late that evening. She's all grins and a smile-wide.

"Your friend Donegan don't know nothing," chortles Kate. "Look what a messenger just brung me!"

It's a spiffy-looking invite for a swell formal dinner the next night. From a piece in the paper the wife shows me, they ain't only gonna be but twenty or thirty folks at the blow-out.

"I wonder," remarks the misses, "how they happened to ask us. Do you imagine it's on account of us living in a swell place like Doughmore? What are you laughing about?"

"Nothing," says I. "I was just thinking of something funny about a bridge and a statue that come up this morning."

They ain't no session the next day, so I amuses myselfs reading the hurray in the papers about the new congressman that busted into the House with a bushel load of monkey wrenches and threw 'em around careless into the machinery. Most of the afternoon I spends hooking Kate into her rags.

At the dinner they makes a fuss over me like I was a oil barren with a satchel of checks to buy canceled cows with. The misses, even if I do say so myselfs as should, is some nifty when she turns the dog loose, and she's got half the gents crowding around five minutes after we crashes in. They squats her between a cabinet member that's been on the job a month, without being oncet asked to resign, and an ambassador.

"Having a nice time?" I asks the wife after dinner's over and we is milling around.

"Wonderful," she oozes. "Sir Rupert has asked us to a informal party at his home next week and I'm to go to the secretary's for a bridge Friday afternoon."

I drifts away and in a corner Sweeney flags me.

"By the by, O'Day," he remarks, casual, "Hawley, of Iowa, is sick and wants to get off the Ways and Means. Can I persuade you to take his place until the end of the session?"

"Whatever the party wants," I answers, modest. "I'm for anything that'll help it and ——"

"It will," cuts in the party leader. "Any legislation you is interested in?"

I'm all set to say I ain't, when my eye happens to fall on Kate and that changes my mind. "Yeh," I tells him. "If it can be done, I wants it fixed so that the letter carrier in Doughmore will start his deliveries on Spruce Street instead of Highland like he does now."

"It can be arranged," smiles Sweeney, and we switches the subject.

At the next session I ain't got a objection to nothing. They is a letter on my desk from Cravens telling me about a bill that Dubney was pushing when he died, and Luke wants that I should go to the mat for it. It's a good proposition and I decides to put up a holler for it while me and Sweeney is on sweet terms.

Speeches is limited to five minutes, but I figure I can say all I gotta in that spell and still have enough time left over to read a book and take a nap. Howsomever, I ain't hardly started before the speaker cuts in, "The gentleman's time is exhausted."

"Huh?" I mumbles, surprised.

"I asks the unanimous consent of the House to give Mr. O'Day five minutes more," shouts Sweeney.

"I objects," I yelps, outta habit, and squats.

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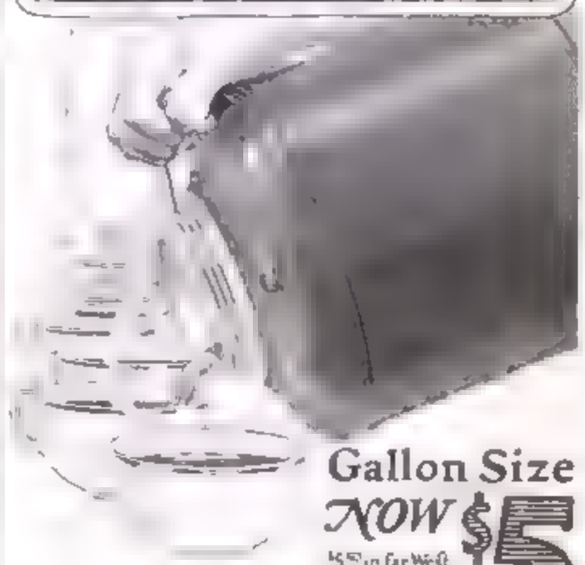
Keeps Food or Liquids Hot or Cold



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Enough for All
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Anytime, anywhere, quench your thirsts *fully!* Dine where you like on fried chicken, "wienies" or other treats—*eight pounds!*—packed whole and kept savory hot in another Aladdin Thermalware Jar. Be sure to

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Duplicated *in size and color only.* Insist, therefore, on the original. Excels twelve ways:

Patented, leakproof, germproof Aladdin Thermalware Neck-Seal. Guaranteed to prevent unsanitary, ruinous seepage into insulation.

Sturdy, thick outer jacket of lead-coated (non-rusting) steel.

Brewster green baked enamel finish. Lasting.

Thick, shock-absorbing, highly efficient insulation—moisture-proof

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Handsome ebony handle grip with rustproof aluminum ends.

Strong, rustproof handle bail of hardened aluminum alloy.

"Wearever" brass-bushed handle bail loops.

Strong brass cars—can't pull out or rust.

Sanitary, silvered glass, heat-insulating stopper, rubber bumper

Thick 18-gauge aluminum collar—rustproof

Polished rustproof drinking cup-cap (pint size), heavy aluminum.

Dealers everywhere. Write for booklet

Green enameled jars, gallon size, now $5. Polished aluminum, glass-lined "De Luxe" jars, Gal $8.50, 2-qt. $7.50. All jars 50c more in far west, $2.50 more in Canada.

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Easily filled emptied, cleaned, wiped dry—due to Hand Size Opening.

Husky steel wans stand hard knocks and bumps.

Silvered glass stopper —sturdy! sanitary!

Drinking cup-cap of heavy aluminum

To Save *Time* and *Money*

—"*Look for the Attached-Lug*"

Tense seconds ticking away—need to hurry—no cause for worry. *You can make a tire change with Hayes wheels in one-half the usual time.*

Hayes wheels also add measurably to the convenience of making tire changes, and increase enjoyment in motoring.

Tire changes cannot entirely be eliminated, but inconvenience and waste of time are reduced to an absolute minimum. There are no loose lugs to lose—no lost motion, time nor temper.

The rim goes on in correct position. Each lug bolt holds the rim and distributes the strain.

When a Hayes rim is in place it is in correct alignment and *stays there.* It cannot run out-of-true and cause wasteful wear on tires and bearings. It cannot squeak. It cannot slip.

Motorists have one sure guide in selecting wheels that present improvements on a par with the latest developments in motor cars—*the Attached-Lug.* Look for it. Always request Hayes wheels.

HAYES WHEEL COMPANY, *Manufacturers*, Jackson, Michigan

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WITH ATTACHED LUG RIMS ~ STANDARDIZED IN WOOD, WIRE AND DISC

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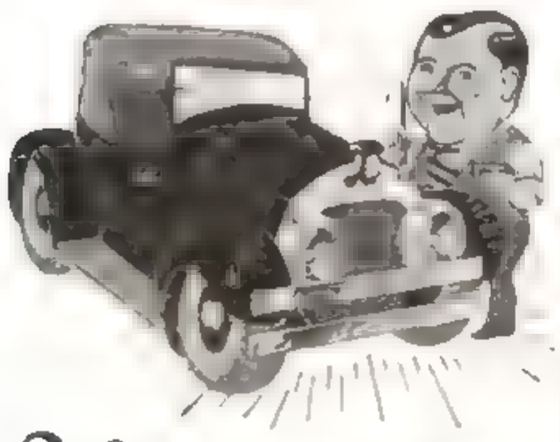

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Silver and plated dishes and ornaments, brass or nickeled hardware, chandeliers, bathroom fixtures will keep shining indefinitely when once Ever-Brited. Ever-Brite is the most durable lacquer known. Costs several times the price of banana-oil lacquers to manufacture. Cheapest in terms of service

Theatres, Public Buildings

All the polishing on metal plates, rails, wickets, elevators and grilles is a thing of the past when Ever-Brite is used. Lasting and absolutely weather-proof.

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Industrial concerns have a hundred uses for Ever-Brite. All polished metal, indoors or out, is kept from rust and tarnish indefinitely by an invisible coat of Ever-Brite.

Buy Ever-Brite from your garage, accessory dealer, or hardware store. Handled by practically all Willys-Overland and Maxwell dealers. Price $1.00 a can, $1.25 in Canada.

If you have trouble finding it, send the coupon and a dollar, giving your name and address and dealer's name, and we will mail you a can prepaid, sufficient for a year's service on your car.

Dealers, write for prices

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I enclose $1.00 for one can of Ever-Brite

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THE O'MALLEY SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

(Continued from Page 21)

journalist's knowledge of politics, therefore, need be only elementary. Sticking ideas into his head will lose him his job.

Instead of cramming the student's head with a lot of abstract political-science folderol, why not give the time to studying the workaday conditions which the metropolitan editorial writer or reporter faces? How, for instance, does a Manhattan journalist, himself a rabid Democrat, but employed on a black Republican paper, school himself to prove daily in print that the skull of a Democrat necessarily is stuffed with tripe? And next, supposing he is suddenly eased off the Republican sheet and lands feet first at an editorial desk in the offices of a Democratic rival, as so often happens, how does he instantly master the art of proving daily to New York that the skull of a Republican necessarily is filled with the stuff the cook throws away after making the mayonnaise?

Here we have but one of the practical fundamentals of modern New York journalism upon which the curriculum of my school of journalism will be based. There are many others.

How—to take another daily phenomenon of practical Park Row journalism—is it possible for a trained Manhattan journalist accurately to report an important after-dinner speech that is being delivered, let us say, at a hotel in Fifth Avenue while the journalist assigned to the dinner is playing cleared-hands mah-jongg for a fifth of a cent a point all evening, down at Great Neck, Long Island?

And—what is of still more moment to the student of journalism who would know his trade—how is it that the same reporter's snappy account of the speech, as it appears in the paper the next morning, is immeasurably more eloquent than the speech actually delivered at the dinner?

I'll lay odds that I could wander up toward Columbia University and its school of journalism and slam that one at President Nicholas Murray Butler himself, and get nothing better by way of answer than an embarrassed hem and a couple of haws.

The time-saving, wholly practical professional technic that is to be taught at old O'Malley will work toward the financial benefit of the newspaper employer by equipping the employe with only the mental-labor-saving tools of his trade. I bring this purely commercial point out rather well in the dedicatory address I am now preparing, to be delivered to parents, students and invited notables in our proposed Munsey Auditorium on the day the old col opens its doors for business.

The Last of Poor Markowitz

In my inaugural speech as president-founder of the institution I illustrate my point by relating a supposititious happening in a New York newspaper city room. The case I cite is imaginary in minor details, but in its larger aspects is a daily occurrence in metropolitan journalism.

To make clear my thought to the assembled throng of friends and fellow educators, I shall take the case of a mayor, any mayor, of New York City. This imaginary mayor is being bitterly opposed, together with all his acts and policies—the good, of course, as well as the bad—by the papers owned by Mr. Teacake. The daily work of the practical skilled journalists employed by Mr. Teacake, therefore, is to prove to the public by pure reason that the mayor is a big stuffed shirt. The practical journalist, rising from his bed each day to resume his high professional calling, sees in every loose object littering the path to his desk a potential dornick to bounce off the bean of the great city's chief executive. But to the average school-of-journalism cub on the same staff, a loose brick is simply a loose brick; and to quote but a line from my forthcoming inaugural address at the college opening, "*Hic jacet*, my friends, the difference between the alumnus that is to go forth from our beloved institution [applause] and the one who is merely academically trained daughter [in schools of journalism prolonged laughter now run by a lot of fatheads." Laughter and applause]

At this point in my address I shall show that on a dull evening in the office of the Morning Blow young Mr. Milton Markowitz, a cub *cum-laude* colleger, who fatuously has been assigned to trail the mayor all day and then write his dirtiest, telephones to his chief from a hotel in the Forties that his honor now has dropped into the hotel grill alone to dine. Young Mr. Markowitz adds that so far, from the purely academic viewpoint, there is nothing doing.

"No, not a thing, boss," telephones Milton Markowitz. "He just flops down, kind of all in, at a corner table, and he says to the waiter, 'These grilled pigs' knuckles, with sauerkraut, look tempting, Emil. Now if we could only have the good old Pilsener that used to go with 'em. Emil, we ——'"

The gifted Park Row editor pauses only to utter a hoarse scream of triumph and, before snapping the telephone receiver back on its hook, to fire young Mr. Markowitz. The young man should have been fired. Milton Markowitz, being merely an academic school-of-journalism reporter, has fussfussed round in the trail of the mayor all evening fruitlessly, wasting time that should have been devoted to writing the best story against his honor that has broken since the time The Blow discovered that the mayor wore silk underwear.

Playing Up Political News

To the sort of journalist that we shall develop at old O'Malley the story would be self-evident. As I shall show in my address, the day on which the mayor ordered grilled pig's knuckles was Friday. It was also Yom Kippur. With these facts to ——

But the headline and its decorative appurtenances, which young Markowitz's chief already is writing feverishly, would all but jump into block type automatically in any well-conducted New York newspaper office.

MAYOR IN PUBLIC DINNER SPEECH
FLOUTS TWO OF WORLD'S
GREAT RELIGIONS'

Diners Aghast When His "Honor"
Also Derides Prohibition
Enforcement.

Praises German Product,
But Hissed to Silence.

The only thing the headline lacks is a story to fit it. Here we have merely a problem in simple journalistic mechanics. A trained rewrite man, who lives in Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, and has not been north of Madison Square since the night Blaine and Logan were defeated, already is slamming out a description of the general scene at the big public banquet which the mayor addressed, up in the Forties. The star reporter, telephoning from the card room of the Newspaper Club, up near Times Square, that he has the Richmond Borough Chamber of Commerce dinner, over on Staten Island, well in hand, is hastily ordered to come up to the office from Staten Island instanter; so he comes down.

The editor in chief himself is tearing off an editorial leader, every sentence a stinging whiplash of subtle invective, entitled Pig Eat Pig. The cartoonist has splashed out a spirited drawing—a big page of the calendar of heroic size as a sort of back drop, with the mayor insolently smearing up the word "Friday" on the calendar page with a pig's knuckle, while the spirits of Washington, Judge Dan Cohalan, Civic Virtue and Otto Kahn turn their bowed heads away, weeping as though their hearts would break. The art editor has wheeled into action with the paper's standard photograph of the mayor—his honor standing beneath a big picture of the Kaiser and cordially shaking hands with the president of the German-American Pretzel Varnishers' Union—taken at the annual scheutzenfest of the United Brewery Workers' Benevolent and Singing Society, over at College Point, back in 1911.

In a word, the perfect machinery of a great New York morning newspaper is now functioning with the steadiness of the purr of a milk-eated kitten. Practical journalism is striking out at white heat the story that soon is to be sitting pretty in type. And where is young Mr. Milton Markowitz, for all his school-of-journalism *cum laudes* and clanking medals? He is standing, fired and

America's Popular Straw!

This year, wear America's *popular* Straw Hat—a Townsend-Grace—popular among men of appearance!

Townsend-Grace Straw Hats are worthy of your face. Light, cool, handsome, distinctive, they appeal to men whose good taste marks every purchase. Townsend-Grace Straws blend perfectly with the gold of the Avenue, or the shade and peace of Main Street.

Any good Hatter or Haberdasher will be glad to show you a Townsend-Grace Straw Hat—a comfortable Hat for cool heads in hot weather! Ask to see the Clarion—the Townsend Grace Feature Hat for 1924.

Note for well-dressed men. Today the carefully dressed man owns Three Straw Hats, or more: a plain or fancy braid for general wear; a Panama, Bangkok or Leghorn for sport wear; a fine braid for formal occasions.

The TOWNSEND GRACE CO.
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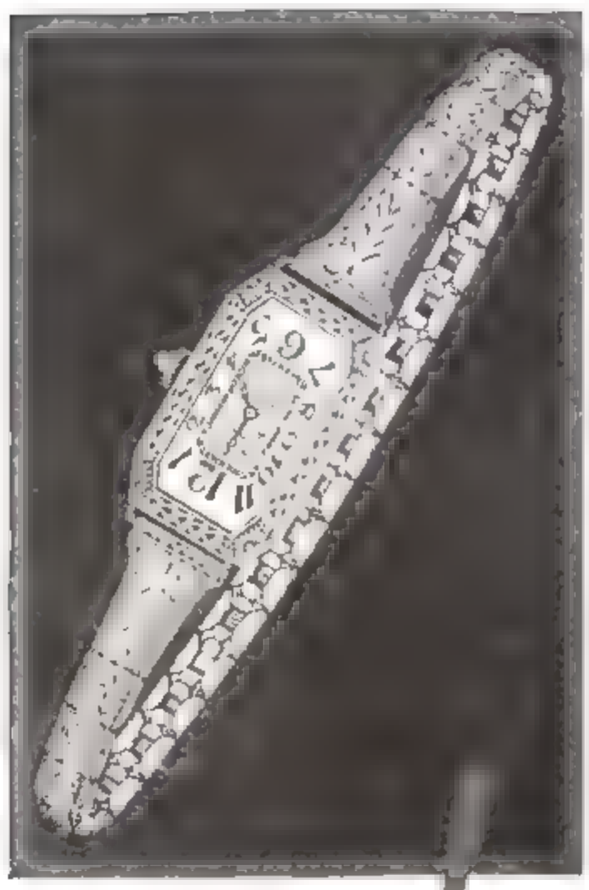

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A new Watch-Bracelet, beautiful in design, perfect in construction, and thoroughly practical in everyday wear.

The Claspet satisfactorily fills a recognized *need*. It is safe, sanitary, and it fits *any* wrist and wrist watch. Its marvelous, patented locking ends make it simple and easy to attach or detach.

Although delicately beautiful and graceful as the most exacting taste demands, The Claspet has no super-delicate parts to fray or wear out.

Patented Jan. 10, 1922—Feb. 7, 1922

Its chief feature is its perfect FLEXIBILITY. Your jeweler can fit your wrist exactly with The Claspet by adding or removing the adjustable units.

WORN ALSO AS A BRACELET

As an article of ornamental jewelry, The Claspet is exquisite beyond description. It lends charm to the soft curves of the arm and adds a touch of beauty to the most elaborate toilet.

PRICES: $4.50 to $500.00

Regardless of price, every Claspet has the patented flexible feature

The Claspet may be had in gold filled, silver, solid gold or the richest, diamond encrusted platinum.

Now carried by many of the leading jewelers of America. If your jeweler cannot supply you, write to us.

BATES & BACON

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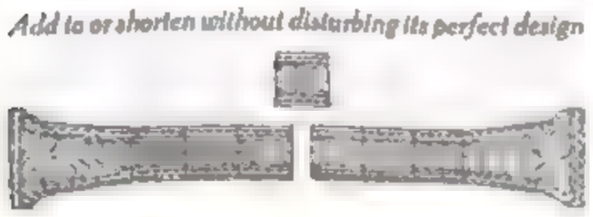
Add to or shorten without disturbing its perfect design



still dazed, near the door of the grill, absently watching the mayor—who changed his order at the last minute—remove the paper lingerie from a flock of lamb chops.

Young Mr. Markowitz, in brief, is just where he was on the day he first entered his school of journalism, except for the item that as the minutes tick on and on he quickly begins to sour and turn socialist. And the poor lad is not to blame. If his college preceptors had taught him the first steps in the primary grade of Park Row journalism, he would instantly have recognized a great story when it came up and bit him, and despite the paucity of facts at hand, would be able to write a story of amazing length by the simple expedient of calling to his aid one of the most elementary of all Park Row reportorial formulas.

But he never has been taught to master the formula—probably never even has heard of it. The star reporter, summoned from the Staten Island dinner via the card room of the Newspaper Club in Times Square, has heard of it, you may be sure. That's one reason the star is a star. The star has the formula at his finger tips—and his finger tips are tapping the typewriter.

"A man high in the councils of the mayor's own party, who did not wish to be quoted by name, last night voiced the widespread indignation of the city against the mayor's latest affront in the following words ——"

Given the flying start such as this elementary formula of metropolitan journalism affords, one must see that the rounding out of the story is limited only by space limitations and the nearness of the hour of going to press. And our schools of journalism curriculums contain no hint of fundamentals such as these!

Instead of teaching these and kindred elementary practices of the student's chosen life work, our schools of journalism compel the student to give at least half, in some cases almost three-quarters, of his scholastic day to the subject of least importance in New York journalism. I refer, of course, to the study of English.

At first I did not intend to include English at all in the curriculum. As my plans for old O'Malley blossomed into fuller flower, however, I began to see the need for a short, intensive English course which—the practical, as usual, being always foremost in my mind—would lighten the reporter's labors. I have therefore completed a textbook—O'Malley's Primer of Park Row English; the Brielle Weekly Jersey Lightning Press; $4.00 net—which I have written with the sole idea of teaching my freshmen, easily during their first semester, a complete knowledge of absolutely all the English they will have professional use for in a New York journalistic career.

Standardized Reporting

Parents interested in my new school may obtain a copy of this work by sending four dollars, addressed to me, personally, here at Brielle—provided the money is mailed before the rapidly disappearing copies remaining are exhausted. A glance at any page of the work, which is arranged in simple question-answer style, will show how I have patiently compiled a complete list of the standardized phrases used by the leading newspaper men in New York. The not difficult mastery of my textbook demonstrates that the English which the New York reporter has call for in his daily work is, after all, merely a matter of memorizing.

By chance I open the textbook at Page 14, which is as good a page as any for purposes of illustrating the professional practicality of the work:

What sort of clothes did the starving man wear? Threadbare, but neatly brushed.

What prompted the young woman to leave her home in Manistee? The lure of Broadway.

What did the groom hand the clergyman? A crisp ten-dollar note.

When do the police expect to make an arrest? Within a few hours.

How did the unexpected announcement impress the city? Like a bolt from the blue.

What are West Point and Annapolis students? Our future generals and admirals.

Who is suspected of the kidnaping? A swarthy foreigner, seen to be hanging about the child's home last Wednesday.

How did the suicide strike the pavement? With a dull, sickening thud.

What are the names of the five leading parks of the United States? Central, Van Cortlandt, Bronx, City Hall and the Yellowstone.

What was the building when the firemen arrived? A roaring furnace.

To whom is the accused murderer married? A girl wife.

How did the damaged ship arrive? She limped into port.

What interview was obtained at Tammany Hall? Mr. Murphy said that he had not yet read the article and refused to make any comment.

What caused the fire? A carelessly tossed cigarette.

Did a cigar ever cause a fire? No.

At what speed did the taxicab escape? Fully eighty miles an hour.

How big is a crowd? Record-breaking.

Who is watching the ferries for the fugitive? Every policeman in the city.

Where was the reform initiated? In the columns of this newspaper.

Who was the movie extra? A prominent actress.

What did the judge (a) threaten to do, and b) did a judge ever do it? (a) To clear the courtroom. (b) No.

What sort of audience greeted this newspaper's candidate? A wildly enthusiastic crowd of men and women who packed the hall to the doors.

What happened at the meeting of our candidate's opponent? The hall was barely half filled.

Who attacked the woman? A burly negro.

What was the revolver doing? Still smoking.

What is the effect of a one-inch snowfall in Manhattan? One of the worst blizzards that has gripped the city in its icy grasp in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Describe the apartment a few minutes after the shooting? It was swarming with detectives.

Describe our candidates on the eve of election? They are confident of victory and predict a landslide.

What important achievement of intense public interest rounded out the condemned man's life? He ate a hearty breakfast, consisting of stewed prunes, two helpings of ham and eggs, French fried potatoes, wheat cakes and three cups of coffee.

If 17,468 persons visit Coney Island on a Sunday afternoon and 3001 arrive that night, what is the total of the day's visitors at the Island? A throng of pleasure seekers which Police Inspector McGonagle estimated at 300,000.

Two Sterling Textbooks

Although the memorizing of the answers in my textbook, plus a few days of sentence composition in which the phrases are used, exhaust the study of English composition in my school of journalism, I have also outlined a course for upper-classmen that I call English-34. Despite the name of this course and its subject matter—the reporting of after-dinner speeches and other public utterances, including interviews—one readily sees upon analyzing the course that the composition of correct English enters into this higher course only incidentally.

My reason for including this English-34 course is that the New York journalist, fortunately, does not know shorthand. I say fortunately because a knowledge of stenography might tempt him to report a speech in the same words in which it is delivered. The trained Park Row reporter who is assigned to report the important speeches at a big dinner adopts one of two accepted professional practices in working out his assignment. He either (a) jots down the few important words which, not knowing shorthand, are all he can garner from the rapidly delivered oratorical sentences, or (b) he leaves after the coffee and cigars and works the door at a show. In either case he later goes to his city room, and ignoring the speech as delivered, writes it as it should have been delivered.

During the reporter's first year or so of professional journalism the first method is, I am convinced, the better. This is the method, therefore, that will be taught at old O'Malley. And for use in this English-34 course I have prepared a longer textbook than the Primer. This second textbook—Rotten Speeches Made Readable; Weekly Jersey Lightning Job Print Press; $6.80 net—necessarily costs a few cents more than the Primer. Copies of this work also are rapidly being snapped up, but I still have a few on hand for those who are peppy enough to send in their orders within the next thirty days.

In this more advanced work I seek to avoid the usual dryness of the average textbook by liberally peppering the pages with intensely interesting, often startling, instances of historic oratory. In all these classic examples a deadly parallel shows the famous address in the actual words in which it was delivered beside the report of the speech after the journalist had whipped it into shape. These parallels all reveal the debt which our great orators, especially before the days of Pitman, owed to the reporter.

By way of illustration, let me select at haphazard from my Rotten Speeches Made

So easy to repair broken walls and it costs so little

YOU can get from your paint, wall-paper or hardware dealer this hold-tight patching plaster all ready to use by just adding water. It fills the breaks, will not shrink like Plaster of Paris, joins the old edges, and "stays put." Anyone can patch with Rutland because it sets slowly—*but surely*—and will not "spot through" paint or wall paper.

Ask your paint, wall-paper or hardware dealer for it

IF HE cannot accommodate you, send us his name and address and we will forward a 2½ lb. carton by mail. Just give the postman 30c plus the postage, on delivery. When painting or papering is done there are almost certain to be some patches necessary. Have Rutland handy in the house.

RUTLAND FIRE CLAY CO.
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Other Rutland useful products

Plastic Stove Lining
Boiler Covering
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Waste Pipe Cleaner
Water Glass for keeping Eggs Fresh
Pipe Joint Cement
Asbestos Roof Cement

Rutland Patching Plaster

If your dealer cannot supply you, use this coupon—

RUTLAND FIRE CLAY CO.
Dept. C., Rutland, Vt.

Send by mail, collect, a 2½ lb. carton Rutland Patching Plaster. I give my dealer's name below.

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Not just candy!

Something ambrosial—
The quintessence of
over twenty-five years
of triumph in the art
of candy making

If you do not find Repetti's at the most convenient store, write us. REPETTI, Inc 14th St and Ely Ave., Long Island City N Y

Readable the peroration, let us say, of a speech delivered by Patrick Henry before the second revolutionary convention, of Virginia, in 1775. For the verbatim record of the speech, together with the wording of the speech as it was reported in the press of those days, I am indebted to one Preserved Culpepper, Esq., who published his memoirs of colonial journalism at Petersburg, Virginia, in 1799. This Preserved Culpepper was none other than the reporter who, as representative of the Prince George County Rum, Slave and Eating Tobacco Trade Journal, was at the convention press table when Mr. Henry spoke. Some time later Culpepper was assigned to spend a week in Dinwiddie County looking into business conditions in the rum industry, but, what with one thing and another, he didn't show up at the office for almost a month and was fired. He thereupon published the inside story of his career.

Patrick Henry Up to Date

I have a copy of Preserved Culpepper's memoirs. It is the only copy in existence. In reading it one is struck by the close similarity between the methods of those early days and the practices of the most skilled New York journalist of today.

In the extract I give below the italics are Preserved Culpepper's. The italicized words in the verbatim account of Mr. Henry's peroration are the salient words which Culpepper, adopting the practical method of reporting a speech now in vogue in New York, was able to jot down on his notes during the course of the peroration.

From Page 83 of my Rotten Speeches Made Readable I quote, on the first-hand authority of Preserved Culpepper, the peroration in the exact words in which Mr. Henry delivered it:

For the *life* of me, gentlemen of this convention, what with these people over in England constantly making bare necessities as *dear* as they can, I can't see, as I've said repeatedly time and time again, that we'll ever have any *peace* of mind at all until we have *purchased* same by showing these people over in England that we'll refuse to meet their *price* for dress goods and other bare necessities. If these people over in England think they can tie us up in some kind of big *chains*, like as if, gentlemen of this convention, they held us in some kind of *slavery*, the thing to do, as I have stated on several occasions in the House of Burgesses, is to come right out, man to man, and *forbid* these people over in England, always out for the *almighty* coin of the realm, and, man to man, gentlemen of this convention, I repeat, forbid these people to treat us like we were the dirt under their feet, which is the *course* to *take*, as I see things, the way things are going. If these people over in England, as I see things, refuse to give us *liberty* of action by arranging a fair profit on manufactured imports as against a fair profit in England on our own raw materials, I repeat, it will be no time before, as a prominent business man of Philadelphia put it at the last Tobacco Growers' Coöperative Association convention, held in Philadelphia on the twenty-eighth inst., it will be no time before, as this Philadelphia party put it, before we shall see the *death* of the entire eating tobacco industry in Southeastern Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and points south. Gentlemen of the convention, I have done. I thank you.

The Journalistic Parallel

Preserved Culpepper tells us in his memoirs that when, some hours later, he sat down to write the story of the convention session his notes on the Henry speech contained only the italicized words—life, dear, peace, purchased, price, chains, slavery, forbid, almighty, course, take, liberty, death. What happened then happens nightly in any New York city room in our own times. The reporter forgot the context of the words in his notes, luckily for the orator, and, with only a vague, musty memory of the speaker's general theme in mind, he proceeded along the lines of the present practices in metropolitan journalism that are to prevail in English-34 at old O'Malley.

Note the professional Park Row touch of today in the ages-old report of the peroration which Preserved Culpepper wrote for the next issue of the Prince George County Rum, Slave and Eating Tobacco Trade Journal:

"Assemblyman Pat Henry, who headed the Hanover County delegation at the convention, was the next speaker. Assemblyman Henry said in part:

"'Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!'"

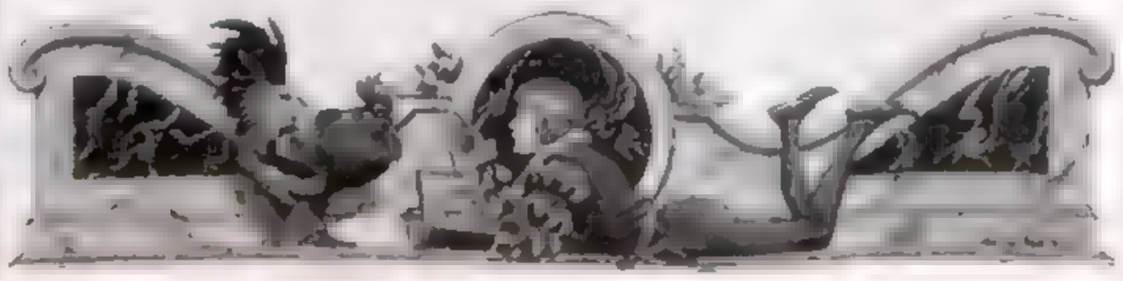
The journalistic parallel between colonial reporting and the New York journalism of our own times does not end here. Overnight the reporter made the speaker famous. Mr. Henry came out for Governor of Virginia and—still sticking close to present metropolitan tradition—he appointed Preserved Culpepper, now out of a job, his campaign manager and press agent and won hands down. And throughout the rest of his career Governor Henry, like his followers of today, kept his reputation for oratory at top notch by making speeches, most of them terrible, in his own floundering way, but insisting that he be quoted in print always in the exact words of the advance copies of the speeches handed out by Press Agent Preserved Culpepper to the newspaper boys. And—to conclude the parallel—upon the death of Governor Henry in 1799, Preserved Culpepper, now getting a bit old for leg work, dropped lower and lower in the world of journalism, until finally, one day when he was down and out in Philadelphia, he ran into Benjamin Franklin, who had just founded a weekly in that city, and became an editor. One must live; but when contemplating the man's steady descent in journalism we should not be blinded to the fact that Preserved Culpepper was the father of the great school of present-day Park Row reporting.

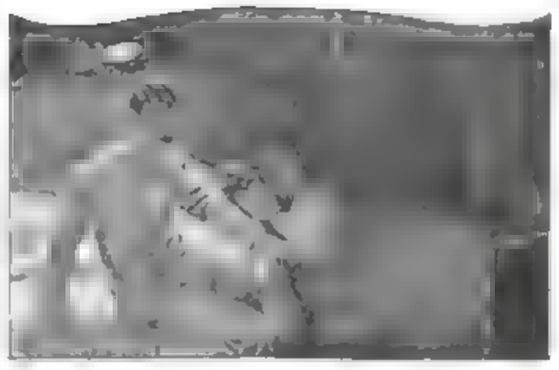
The Course in Expense-Accounting

In this brief outline of the practical aims and purposes of the O'Malley School of Metropolitan Journalism it has been impossible, of course, to do much more than touch lightly upon the high spots of the curriculum. In the present hurly-burly of planning for the school I can find time only to hammer home the fact again that the institution will teach only the practical. It follows, therefore, that the courses of study at old O'Malley will have little in common with the abstract curriculums of theory, will usually, in fact, directly oppose all present systems of higher education. Instead of abstract mathematics, to take but one instance, my students will be taught a practical course in compiling reportorial expense accounts warranted to pass the most thorough acid test.

While rival schools of journalism are taking the bread out of the potential reporter's mouth by teaching him a vicious brevity and crispness of style in the writing of English, my classes in Writing on Space will be learning all of the various ways in which the metropolitan journalist, skilled in niceties of subtle repetition, can always tell the whole story in the opening paragraph and then boil the paragraph down to an additional two columns. The practical will enter even into undergraduate athletics—interclass logrolling contests between the students of book reviewing; reciprocal back-patting bouts between the classes in colyum conducting; endurance contests in listening to public speakers; endurance contests in squab eating for the students of the course in public banquet reporting.

Finally, the practical will enter into even the last instant of the student's attendance at old O'Malley. The present silly system of holding elaborate graduation exercises, what with its asinine customs of showering honors and applause upon the graduates—absurd to the point of insanity in a school that is supposed to acquaint the journalist with the conditions he is to meet up with in his professional life—will not be tolerated at old O'Malley. Instead, as a final preparation for the workaday experiences of Park Row journalism, I shall, on a given day in each succeeding June, summon each individual of the graduating class to my desk in turn and fire him.





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THE LAPIS LAZULI BUCKLE TONGUE

(Continued from Page 23)

held that a man should know his job. She knew hers. She said that it was a pity that he had not the cup. He agreed with her; he said he did—ferociously. This attitude cost him exactly eighteen pence. She only gave him three and sixpence for the saucer, instead of the five shillings he asked.

She returned home delighted. She had a feeling that this piece of luck was a sign that the high gods were not really displeased with her for refusing Lord Scredington's offer, that she might yet make shift to keep her treasure.

During most of the evening she thought about Lord Scredington and the lunch at Thibault's. She had to admit that she did not dislike him as she ought. She had to admit that he had behaved disgracefully in trying to kiss her, in kissing her in fact several times, when she had taken that jade jui plaque to his flat. She resented bitterly his treating her as she fondly believed he would never have dreamed of treating a girl of his own class. If you had asked her what her politics were, she would have said proudly that she was a Conservative; really she was an unconscious democrat.

But it was no use; she could not dislike him as she ought. She suspected that it was his smile. Nevertheless she told herself confidently that he should never have the lapis lazuli buckle tongue. She told herself this several times to make herself feel more confident. The thought of his getting it from her made her shiver, though she was in bed and quite warm.

As always, she was up early to let in the charwoman who did the rough work. She herself swept out the shop and dusted and polished the objects of art. Then she made the coffee and fried the bacon and eggs. She was in good spirits; she was going to sell an old Worcester teacup and saucer at a good profit.

Soon after ten she put on her best hat and coat, wrapped up the saucer in several thicknesses of tissue paper and brown paper and put it, along with some spare tissue paper and brown paper, in the green Russia leather attaché case in which she carried objects of art to customers who collected them. That Russia leather attaché case enabled her to ask pounds more for pieces than if it had been ordinary pigskin.

She walked briskly to Mr. Blenkinsop's shop in Broad Street. It was larger and lighter than their shop, and had in it many better pieces. But it was too full, and those pieces were badly displayed.

Mr. Blenkinsop, a slim, pasty-faced, worried man, looked always to be suffering from the inferiority complex, fatal in a man who would sell things at a profit. He smiled wanly at Miss Timmins, whom he regarded as a sympathetic companion in misfortune. She greeted him, talked about the depressing condition of business, and asked him if he could let her have some good netsuke, since she had a customer for them. He could not.

She sighed and looked round the shop; then she said, "You don't seem to have any luck with that Worcester cup. What will you take for it?"

"I've given up hope of finding the saucer. I've looked everywhere for it," he said gloomily.

She did not tell him that he had not looked everywhere for it; she said, "Well, I'll give you a pound for it. It's all a matter of luck; and mine is better than yours."

He shook his head and said, "I can't take less than thirty. It cost me twenty-five."

She gave him thirty and made him wash and polish the cup in the little room behind the shop, fitted up for cleaning and repairing works of art. Then she wrapped it up, put it into her attaché case with the saucer, and took her way to the house of Mrs. Mackarthur, in South Street, Mayfair.

She was shown into a drawing-room, set with glass-fronted cabinets full of the most expensive examples of British ceramic art.

Mrs. Mackarthur, a large, stout, enthusiastic collector, came hurrying. Miss Timmins unwrapped the cup and saucer. They delighted Mrs. Mackarthur; but she protested loudly and shrilly that she could not pay twelve and a half guineas for them. Miss Timmins had never supposed that she would. She allowed herself to be beaten down to ten guineas cash, and received that sum in notes.

Then, as she was leaving, Mrs. Mackarthur said, "That's a pretty coat clasp you've got. Lapis, isn't it?"

Miss Timmins said that it was. Mrs. Mackarthur said that she loved lapis and that people were using those Chinese buckles for their evening cloaks, and offered her five pounds for it.

"Five pounds? I've refused sixty for it," said Miss Timmins a little coldly. "It's a very beautiful piece; and no one has ever seen one like it."

"Sixty pounds!" cried Mrs. Mackarthur. "I wish I could afford to wear a sixty-pound buckle to fasten my coat! You dealers always seem to be absolutely rolling in money!"

Miss Timmins did not say that she was rolling in money and she did not say that she was not rolling in money. She came away pleased at having made this impression of affluence on a good customer, and even more pleased that this profitable deal would postpone the necessity of selling the buckle tongue.

When she reached home she took it off her coat and made a little silk bag for it so that she could carry it in a pocket, or her hand bag, and take it out and fondle it.

Next morning she was in the shop, at work on a frock, when G. Higgins, a successful dealer in Oxford Street, entered.

"Good morning, Miss Timmins," he said in the brisk businesslike accents of a man who goes straight to the point. "I saw you wearing one of those Chinese lapis buckle tongues at Farringdon's on Tuesday. I've got a customer and I can give you a good price for it."

Miss Timmins was apt to think quickly; and at once it occurred to her that G. Higgins had not noticed the buckle tongue at Farringdon's. She had been sitting at the table when he came in, and was still sitting at the table when he went out; the table hid the buckle tongue. G. Higgins was an emissary of Lord Scredington! Lord Scredington had not been fortunate in his choice of an emissary, for she did not like G. Higgins. More than once he had tried to hector her out of a piece for which he had a customer, at an unfair price. He had not succeeded in doing so, but the attempt had annoyed her. Twice he had succeeded in hectoring a piece out of her father when she was not in the shop. That had annoyed her more. He was a large red-faced man who should have been a pork butcher.

She said coldly, "Yes; I've got a lapis buckle tongue—the finest buckle tongue that ever came out of China. But I'm not selling it. I want it to wear."

"You want it to wear? That isn't business! I tell you what, young woman—if ever you mix fancies with business, you're done," said G. Higgins in portentous accents. "I'll give you a rattling good price for that buckle tongue. I'll give you—a tenner."

His large red face diffused crimson generosity.

"I should think you would," said Miss Timmins coldly.

G. Higgins' face grew redder as he rose to twelve, then fifteen pounds; and his voice rose with him. Miss Timmins was cold, even disdainful. He mopped his crimson brow. He had never liked Miss Timmins; he had often said that he did not like her, that she was a hard little case. On this occasion he liked her less than ever. Then he rose to twenty pounds; and again his voice rose with him.

"Don't roar. You're not in a china shop," said Miss Timmins despitefully.

G. Higgins gasped and saw red. Had he not been so eager to make some money he would have become violently abusive. He rose, more slowly and quietly, to forty pounds. Miss Timmins only said coldly that she had been offered more than that for it. He did not believe her; he believed that she was merely displaying the cussedness of her sex. He seldom got on well with women. With an effort that wrenched his very heartstrings he rose to fifty pounds. Even more coldly Miss Timmins said that she had been offered more than that for it.

G. Higgins had seen the fifty pounds profit of which he had been so confident, sink to ten, and it seemed, indeed it was

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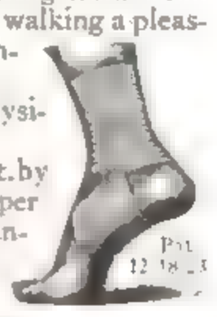

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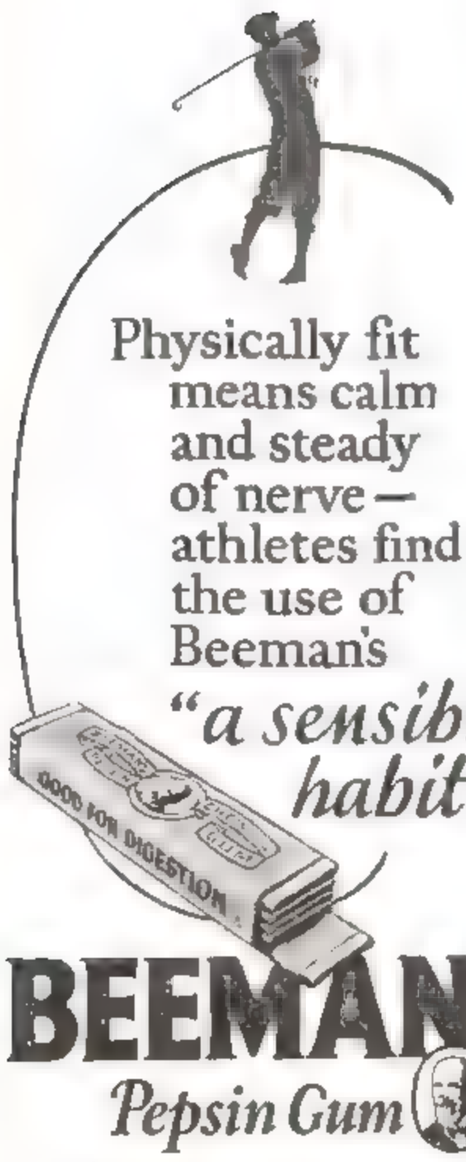

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plain, that there was not even a profit of ten pounds. He turned black in the face, a broken man. His appearance rather frightened Miss Timmins; it was indeed horrible.

Broken as he was, he made a last grand effort and said in a trembling voice, "I'll give you fifty-five."

Little Miss Timmins' eyes grew a trifle more unfriendly, as she said in icy accents, "You won't "

"G-r-r-r-r!" said Mr. Higgins, remaining inarticulate by a tremendous effort.

He went out of the shop, drooping; about forty yards down the street he did become articulate, with gestures.

Men and women who passed him wondered at him.

He tottered into the first public house in Theobald's Road. The man he did not want to meet was Lord Scredington. He had pooh-poohed Lord Scredington's suggestion that he was overconfident about getting the buckle tongue from Miss Timmins. If he did see Lord Scredington, Lord Scredington would say things to him, rankling things. He sometimes said to his friends, "His lordship sometimes treats me as if I was the dirt under his feet." This was true. Lord Scredington shared Miss Timmins' dislike of G. Higgins.

Miss Timmins had smiled maliciously at the drooping back of G. Higgins as he left the shop. She had killed two birds with one stone; infuriated G. Higgins and disappointed Lord Scredington. Later she went out to hunt the junk shops again. She had no luck. She ascribed this to G. Higgins; she told herself that he had hoodooed her.

Next morning Lord Scredington came himself. He greeted her with perfect politeness, neither as baby nor as Beulah darling. He walked about the shop, looking at the objects of art, and said pleasing things about them. Miss Timmins was neither deceived nor softened. She was inclined to despise him for so stooping to get round her and for supposing that he could get round her.

Then he said, "Well, you've had two nights' good sleep on my offer for that buckle tongue. Are you going to take the sixty pounds?"

"No, thank you," said Miss Timmins in her very politest accents.

"Oh, woman in our hours of ease!" he said mournfully. "You know you want that sixty pounds ever so much more than the buckle tongue. It's just your malignant desire to thwart a simple wish of mine."

"That's not very polite," said Miss Timmins, looking hurt without feeling at all hurt.

"How can you expect a man robbed of the desire of his heart by a Hyrcanian tiger to display the manners of a Chesterfield?" he asked indignantly.

"I don't expect you to," she said quickly and with manifest sincerity.

He heaved a deep and pathetic sigh and said, "I tell you what—my Uncle Charles has been dying to give me fifty pounds for an amethyst figure of Tung-fang-so for the last three months. I'll give you that figure and twenty-five pounds for the buckle tongue."

It was a splendid offer; and Miss Timmins hesitated. Then she was very angry indeed. It was an offer she had no right whatever to refuse.

She said fiercely, "No! I won't sell you the buckle tongue. You shall never have it—never! Why should you have everything?"

His blue eyes sparkled on her and he laughed joyously and said, "But of course I shall have it. I always get everything I want very badly. But we won't go on squabbling about it. Come along to Thibault's and have lunch."

Miss Timmins refused the invitation with freezing politeness.

"But it's your duty to cheer me up after my disappointment," he said. "Look how I cheered you up after yours the other day."

Miss Timmins again refused the invitation with freezing politeness.

Then he did annoy her. He said that he could not waste her time for nothing, and insisted on buying a second rate Ming ginger jar. She told him that he did not want it; she almost refused to sell it to him. But he would have it. She was flushed with anger as she wrapped it up. He carried it away, smiling. She told herself how thoroughly she detested him.

On the Saturday, after her weekly examination of their financial position, she was assailed by the cold and saddening conviction that sooner or later she would have to sell it to him. The thought almost sickened her. At any rate, it should be at the last possible moment. She took the buckle tongue from its bag and loved it more than ever.

She believed that she had choked Lord Scredington off for the time being. She was wrong. On the Monday morning Mrs. Mackarthur came in her car. Miss Timmins was out on a feverish hunt through the junk shops in hope that some extraordinary piece of luck would save her from parting with her treasure. The good lady told Mr. Timmins that she had come to buy the lapis lazuli buckle tongue his daughter had been using to fasten her coat, that she would give sixty guineas for it.

Mr. Timmins was startled and delighted. He had noticed that Beulah used a buckle tongue to fasten her coat; but he had not taken the trouble to look at it, for Oriental objects of art did not interest him. He told Mrs. Mackarthur that Beulah would certainly let her have it. She went away delighted. When Beulah returned in time to cook their dinner he told her of Mrs. Mackarthur's offer.

Beulah was astonished. Then suspicion awoke in her. Mrs. Mackarthur was a friend of Lord Scredington; she had seen them chatting together at Sotheby's and Christie's. Another emissary! Mrs. Mackarthur should not have the buckle tongue.

She found it hard to keep to this resolution, for her father was so delighted at the thought of the relief it would be to get the bills paid and have the money to buy two or three really good pieces on which there would be a really good profit. Her duty was clearer than ever. She began to weaken.

The clearer it grew that she would have to part with it the dearer grew the buckle tongue. The thought of parting with it veritably harassed her. Again and again she asked herself why Lord Scredington should have everything and she so little, just because he had happened to be born a rich peer. She went about the world very gloomy; she even began to look a trifle peaked.

She did not take her treasure to Mrs. Mackarthur at once. She could not bring herself to do so. It had become rather an obsession. One night before falling asleep she found herself crying at the thought of having to let it go. She roused herself with a jerk. This was childish; she was very angry with herself.

The next morning she at last made up her mind that she would let Lord Scredington have the buckle tongue—for the amethyst Tung-fang-so and twenty-five pounds—though it infuriated her to think that he would get his way. She did not make haste to let him have it; she went out into the world, very miserable, to look through the shops of superior dealers for the two or three good pieces for which she had customers to whom she would sell them at a really good profit.

The miracle happened in South Moulton Street.

She was looking, rather listlessly, in the window of Mr. Burbadge's shop, a shop almost wholly devoted to the sale of European objects of art, when her eyes fell on a lapis lazuli buckle tongue, the very spit of the one in her hand bag. Her heart jumped quite violently at the sight.

Then she went into the shop. Mr. Burbadge was a courtly man; he greeted her with a friendly smile and said, "How are you, little lady? You're not looking quite as bright as usual, are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right, Mr. Burbadge," she said, smiling at him. "I see you're beginning to go in for Oriental stuff. I shan't be able to make a living if all you rich men go in for it. What do you want for that piece of lapis? I think I've got a customer for it—at a reasonable price."

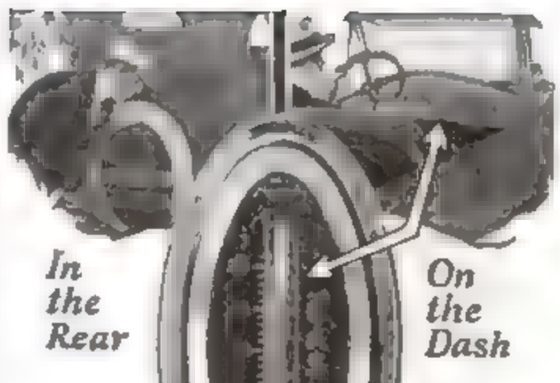
Mr. Burbadge laughed and took the buckle tongue from the window.

He looked at it with disapproving eyes, and said, "Queer stuff, this Chinese stuff. There's always something odd about it. I was asking a tenner for this because it's lapis. But I can let you have it for seven pound. That ought to give both of us a profit."

Beulah paid him with fingers that trembled a little.

He wrapped up the buckle tongue in tissue paper and gave it to her, saying in a cheerful, paternal fashion, "A good day's work for both of us, I hope."

She felt bound to linger a little, chatting pleasantly. When she did leave the shop she walked at an astonishing pace to the



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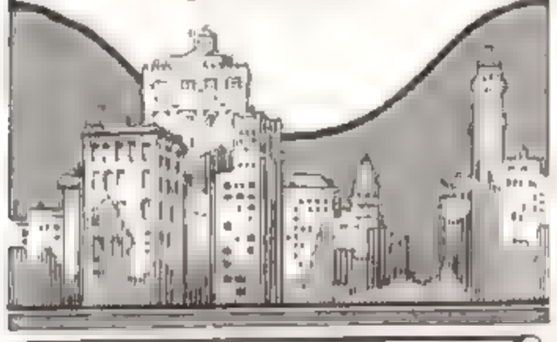

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Maison Lyons and ordered a cup of chocolate and a cream bun, a costly and luxurious repast in which she seldom indulged. Then she unwrapped the two buckle tongues.

It was an astonishing find, but it did not greatly astonish Beulah. Those who traffic in beautiful things and love them live in a world of strange chances, a world in which there seems to be more good luck and more bad luck than in the world of the commonplace. The two buckle tongues had been carved from the same piece of lapis lazuli, certainly by the same man. The heads of the kylins were alike to a millimeter, as only an Oriental could get them. But a slight variation in the curve of the shank of the new one made it finer and more delightful than the first.

As she drank her chocolate and ate her cream bun she studied and studied the two buckle tongues and pondered. Yes; the new one undoubtedly had it. In the end she decided that that was the one she would keep, for all that by handing over the old one to Lord Scredington she would let him have his way exactly.

She came out of the tea house radiant, the spirit of spring in a close-fitting, three-and-a-penny hat. A happy thought had come to her; she would not give Lord Scredington a complete triumph by handing the buckle tongue over to him herself. Though she would lose money by it she would sell it to Mrs. Mackarthur. She went straight to South Street; and Mrs. Mackarthur, as she wrote out the check for sixty guineas, congratulated her enviously on looking so fresh and well.

Beulah paid the check into the bank and went home rejoicing. It is given to few to have their cake and eat it too. On this occasion it was given to her. She had the sixty guineas and she had the most beautiful piece of lapis lazuli in Europe, probably in the world.

In a pleasing satisfaction she waited for Lord Scredington to come to crow over her. She had not to wait long. On the afternoon of the second day he came into the shop wearing rather the expression of a cat that has got at the cream and got away with it. Deceitfully he asked if she had picked up any hard stone during the last day or two. When she said she had not he moved about the shop, talking feebly about the pieces in it which he had seen so often. Beulah waited; it was coming. It came.

"I've got something to show you, Beulah darling," he said in quietly triumphant accents, and drew the buckle tongue from his pocket and held it out on his open hand.

She looked at it calmly and said quietly, in a matter-of-fact tone and with little interest, "It is a nice piece."

He looked more than a little taken aback; his coup had fallen flat. He had expected her to display temper and plenty of it on learning that, in spite of her, he had gotten his own way. Then she added, "But it isn't so good as mine."

"Yours?" he exclaimed. "But it is yours!"

"I'm talking about my new one," she said in careless accents. "Of course yours is by the same man, and carved from the same piece of lapis. But he got a more beautiful curve in the handle of mine."

He stared at her with incredulous eyes. She took a silk bag from a drawer, drew her buckle tongue from it, and handed it to him. He almost snatched it from her and compared the two with wide-open eyes.

Then he looked at her. She smiled at him kindly, a quite tremendous smile.

His lips were parted; and he blinked. Then he said softly, "You little—angel!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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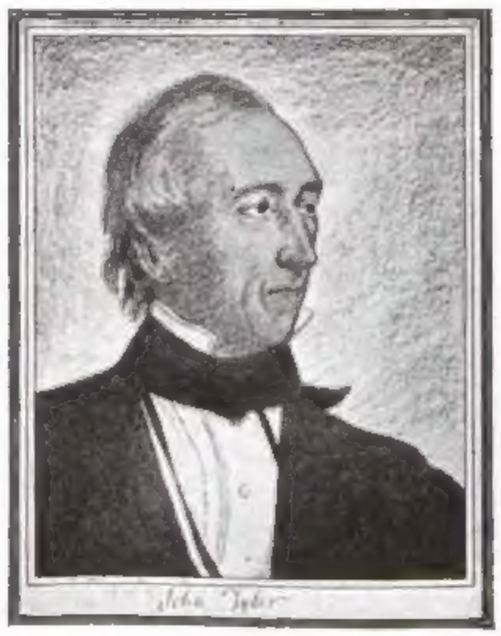
Citizens of New York greet President Tyler and his bride. The horse-drawn barouche, the quaint costumes and the rustic appearance of the city offer a striking contrast to the automobiles, the dress modes and the skyscrapers of 1924.

While Tyler rode through New York streets in 1844

THE President of the United States has taken a wife. Cheers rend the air as President John Tyler rides with his bride through the streets of New York City.

The wheels of the horse-drawn carriage of Tyler were encircled with bands of iron, which brought many a jolt of discomfort to the distinguished passengers they carried. Yet children who saw Tyler and his bride in 1844 lived to ride comfortably and silently through city and country on air confined in pneumatic automobile tires by Schrader Tire Valves.



John Tyler, tenth President of the United States, 1841-1845. On June 26, 1844, he married Miss Julia Gardiner, of New York City. After the wedding a coach drawn by four white horses bore the bridal pair through the streets of the city to a waiting warship.

In this same year, 1844, August Schrader opened a small machine shop in New York. Then and there was founded a business destined to be an important factor in the development of the modern motor car.

First Schrader Tire Valves

Schrader had invented valves that successfully confined air in diving suits, air pillows, air cushions, and other pneumatic products. This led the first manufacturers of pneumatic bicycle tires in this country to come to Schrader for aid in producing tire valves.

A few years later came the first automobile. But the development of the automobile did not begin until after the manufacture of pneumatic automobile tires. For the first of these tires Schrader made valves that were essential for retaining air and helping the tires give their full service.

Into every Schrader Tire Valve made today goes eighty years' study of the best methods to confine air and thirty years' experience in making tire valves. Today, as in the past, Schrader Tire Valves are standard on pneumatic tires made in this country and Canada. They are holding air in pneumatic tires used in all sections of the civilized world.

No matter how perfect a Schrader Tire Valve is, any motorist can destroy its efficiency by not using all the Schrader Valve Parts shown and described on this page. Every one of these parts is necessary to protect tire valves and tires.

Over 100,000 Schrader dealers

More than 100,000 dealers in this country and also dealers in Canada, England, France and other countries of the world sell Schrader Valve Parts. Always carry extra Schrader Valve Parts in your kit.

Own a Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge, too, *to help maintain correct air pressure in your tires at all times.* You can get these gauges and valve parts at motor accessory shops, garages and hardware stores.

Ask your dealer for air booklet

Our new booklet, *"Air—the most elusive prisoner,"* tells how to care for tire valves. It will help you get maximum service from your tires. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and address and we will mail you a copy direct.

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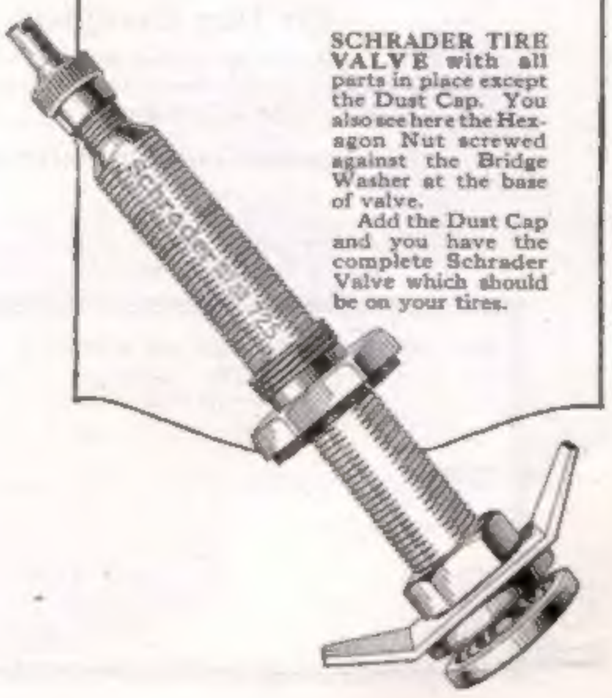
SCHRADER TIRE VALVE with Dust Cap as it appears on tires in actual service.

SCHRADER DUST CAP. Goes over the valve and protects the valve stem threads. Can be attached and detached with a few turns of the hands.

SCHRADER RIM NUT BUSHING. Holds on Dust Cap. Centers tire valve and prevents tube from creeping. Tighten against wheel with small wrench.

SCHRADER VALVE CAP. Prevents dirt from entering mouth of valve. Acts as secondary air seal. Attach or detach by hand.

SCHRADER VALVE INSIDE. Placed in the mouth of the valve. Permits quick entrance of air. Also prevents escape of that air once it is in the tube.



SCHRADER TIRE VALVE with all parts in place except the Dust Cap. You also see here the Hexagon Nut screwed against the Bridge Washer at the base of valve.

Add the Dust Cap and you have the complete Schrader Valve which should be on your tires.

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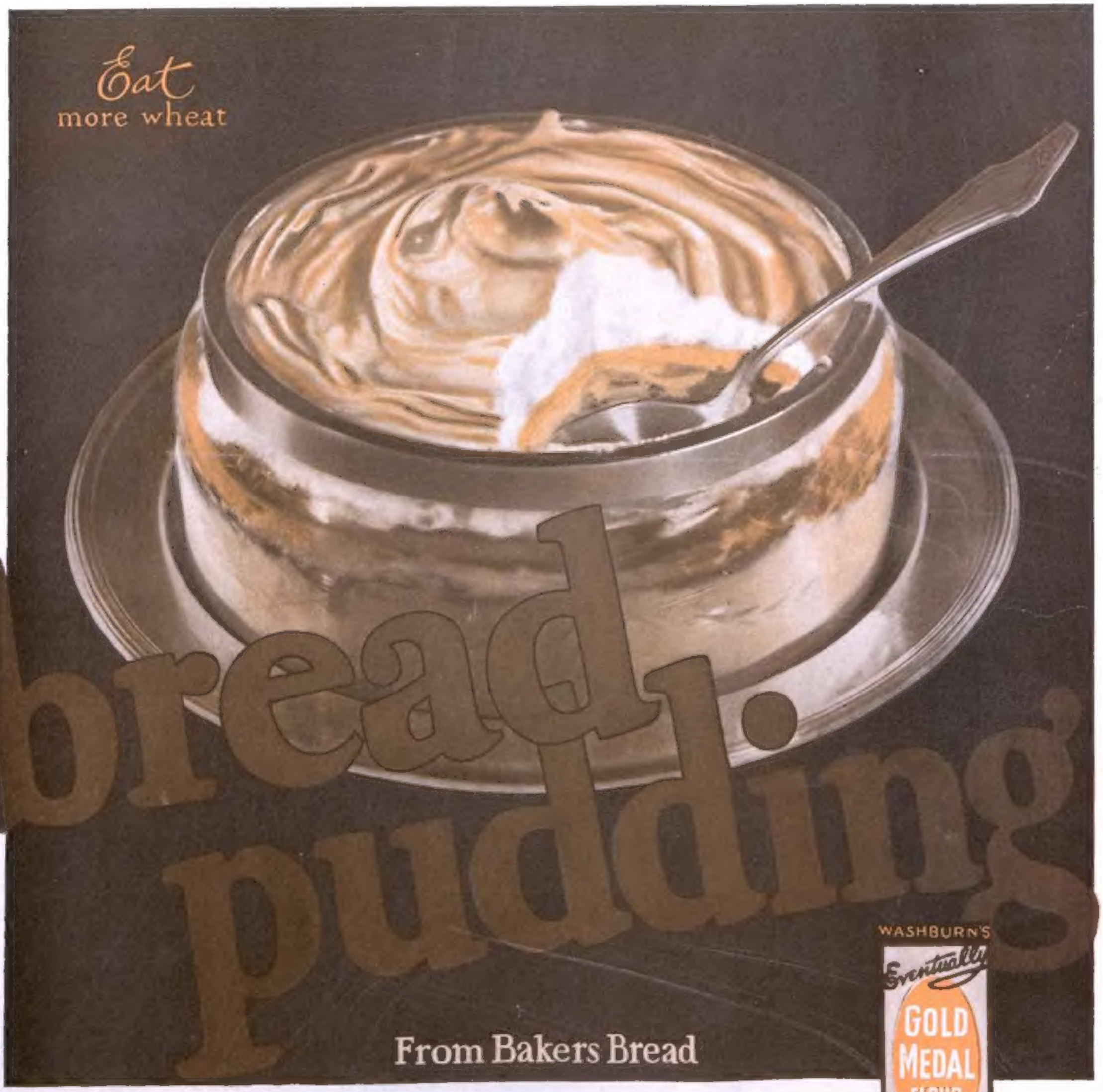
"I would miss the flavor it gives, as I'd miss the economy and convenience of Pet Milk, if I had to keep house without it."

Pet Milk recipe book sent free on request. Pet Milk Company, (Originators of Evaporated Milk) 836 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



ANOTHER one of the many delicious uses of bread is bread pudding. Here is a splendid new recipe, so good you need not be afraid the family will think you made it just to use up bread. It is the kind you go out to the baker's and buy a loaf specially for. It might be called "bread-and-butter pudding" on account of the novel touch of spreading the bread first.

Bread Pudding

8 slices of bread (not too fresh) (cut from average sized loaf)
1 egg — 1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla — ½ cup sugar

Meringue

2 whites of eggs
4 tablespoonfuls granulated sugar

TO MAKE—beat egg whites until stiff—carefully fold in the sugar; drop lightly on top of pudding.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING: Slice bread one-half inch thick without removing crust. Spread slices with butter and cut into one-half inch cubes. Put into buttered casserole. Beat eggs and sugar, add vanilla and milk. Pour liquid over bread cubes. Bake one hour in moderate oven (350°). One-half cup dates or raisins may be added before baking if desired. When done add meringue and brown slightly in moderate oven. Serve hot. Enough for six people.

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